FORUM

VOL. LXXXII—No. 5

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

"AMERICANISM" is a word that we do not hear as much as formerly. It has got into rather bad odor from association with libel, super-patriotism, loud cheering, and riveting. Nevertheless, most Americans who travel abroad find themselves engaged in the pleasant game of trying to discover common denominators for American habits of thinking and doing which mark us off from the ways of other peoples. In defining our national characteristics three modern American critics, among others, have made constructive headway against the chorus of negative derision: Stuart P. Sherman, Henry Seidel Canby, and Walter Lippmann.

STUART SHERMAN, after years of investigation, was about ripe for a new gospel of Americanism when a capsized canoe cut short his career in 1926. In his essay "Toward an American Type" he finds that the great majority of Americans exhibit the happy faculty of taking hold of circumstances at the right end. Casting about for common characteristics of these fortunate millions, he discovers six outstanding American qualities, "six things that our people agree upon: cleanness, health, becoming intelligent, swift mobility, athletic games, and publicity or standing inspection." Most of us will agree with Mr. Sherman on five of his counts. The sixth, the desire to become intelligent, is still hardly a general American trend; it is held at bay by the popularity of the vigorous cult of Lowbrowism, which fears that emphasis on mental gymnastics is snobbish, narrowing, and unhealthy — European rather than American.

WE AMERICANS SURPASS all other peoples in our desire to keep our skins clean. We have more bathtubs per capita. And we are right. We are not disturbed by an opinion expressed in Munich before the war that Americans wash themselves so energetically that they wash away the germs of culture. We pursue health more energetically than our neighbors in our excessive exercise and our restricted eating. We love swift motion, on foot and in the air; our chariots jostle one another

Contents for NOVEMBER

Is Shaw a Dramatist? *A Novel Form of Debate*

I — Open Letter to G.B.S. . . . . ARCHIBALD HENDERSON 257

II — An Open Answer . . . . GEORGE BERNARD SHAW 258

Cosmic Rays and Cancer . . . . JOHN JOLY, M.D. 261

Is Man a Machine? *A Socratic Dialogue* . . . . . . JOHN B. WATSON *vs.* WILL DURANT 264

Combating Crime . . . . CLARENCE DARROW 271

Prayer for Dreadful Morning. *A Poem* . . . . E. MERRILL ROOT 275

Barber to Midas. *A Poem* . . . . MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY 275

The Drummer. *A Story* . . . . SIL-VARA 276

What I Believe. *Living Philosophies — III* . . . . THEODORE DREISER 279

Shell Shocks of Family Life . . . . SMILEY BLANTON, M.D. *and* WOODBRIDGE RILEY 282

The Passing of the Politicians . . . . JAMES MURPHY 288

De Amicitia. *A First Short Story* . . . . RICHARD SHERMAN 293

The Decline of Women . . . . DEARING WARD 300

The Nordic Myth. *Do the Gods Prefer Blonds?* SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA 304

Don Juan. *Or the Youth of Byron, Part IV* . . . . . ANDRÉ MAUROIS 309

Opinions About Books. *Reviews by Ford Madox Ford, Gilbert Seldes, R. L. Duffus, Frances Warfield, T. S. Matthews, Arthur D. Gayer, Franklin Neuman, Burton Emmett* VI

Travel. *Brawn and Color in Czecho-Slovakia* . . HENRY GODDARD LEACH XLII

Our Rostrum. *Quack or Ostrich?* . . . . . . HENRY KNIGHT MILLER XLVIII

Downtown. *Investment Trusts* . . . . DONALD REA HANSON LIV

Table Talk. *The Pessimism of Protoplasm* . . . . . DONALD F. ROSE LXIV

Toasts LXVIII

▼

THE FORUM is published monthly by The Forum Publishing Company. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord. N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1929, in the United States and Great Britain.

FORUM

Next Month

SHARE MY CELL!

Ralph Chaplin

When a series of prison outbreaks occurred in rapid succession last summer, the public was alarmed. Officials gave a few hurried explanations of the conditions which incited these desperate men to mutiny, but no official dared tell the whole story. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any official, however alert, knows half of what goes on in the lives and minds of convicts condemned to a living death behind gray prison walls. In this article an ex-convict tells many things which wardens and guards can only guess at and never reveal. It is the vivid record of a typical day in a prisoner's life — only one of an endless chain of similar days that slowly string themselves out into weeks, months, years, and lifetimes.

WHERE IS EASY STREET?

Roger W. Babson

The Odyssey of a man who searched from Maine to California for an economic El Dorado, where his income would be large and costs of living low — with an account of where and how he finally found it.

WHAT I BELIEVE

Fridtjof Nansen

The philosophy of a modern Viking — an inspiring creed based on tolerance, good will, courage, and the determination to face reality and not be overwhelmed by it.

CAN WE MAKE OUR CHILDREN BEHAVE?

John B. Watson vs. Will Durant

A Socratic dialogue, sequel to the one in this issue. The discussion turns on the application of Behaviorism to the training of children. Incidentally, Dr. Watson's theories are checked up by Donald F. Rose, who may be termed "a professional father" since he has ten little misbehaviorists of his own.

IS BUSINESS DISHONEST?

John T. Flynn

Fifty years ago, big business was dominated by a few tough-skinned old buccaneers who knew what they wanted and would stop at nothing to get it. It was the era of "The public be damned!" and it laid the foundations of industrial America. But times have changed and have ushered in an era of "The customer is always right." Mr. Flynn believes, however, that the transformation is one of manners only, and not of morals. Behind the immaculate shirt front of the modern business man, he sees the same old catch-penny pirate who has perfected his sharp practices to a fine point and panned them off on the general public as "business ethics."

WHAT TO TEACH MY CHILD ABOUT RELIGION

Frances Alderson

A modern mother who has cast off many of the beliefs that were taught her in childhood, refuses to bring up her own children on "pious lies." How can she make them understand that virtue is its own reward?

SCIENCE AND SORCERY IN MENTAL TESTS

H. M. Johnson

A devastating exposé of the buncombe in psychological tests, by a scientist who believes they are more nearly akin to sorcery than to science.

FOREWORD

Continued

on the highways. Our love of standing inspection is something altogether new in the history of nations. We advertise the most personal happenings in our households in the press of all the land. These five American characteristics manifestly distinguish us from other nations.

Mr. Sherman concludes his memorable essay on another note, which is really his seventh American attribute: self-restraint or athletic asceticism. "The whole upward movement of our late American culture indicates a type of athletic asceticism as the necessary and corollary of our civilization. Asceticism is a Greek word which means gymnastic. It is the rule and discipline of the athlete. It is the voluntary choice of the man who is in training for power, in training for joy. Asceticism is the discipline of a man who knows what he wants, and takes all the means to get it, and rejects all that interferes with his getting it."

So much for Sherman's seven scores in Americanism. Now Henry Seidel Canby in his last book, *American Ideals*, finds a Puritan hallmark which is still a common American characteristic. This is the will to achieve, to accomplish. Differently described, this is really the same virtue as Sherman's last exhibit, athletic asceticism. In contrast to us the European is more apt to be egocentric, to luxuriate in purposelessness.

Walter Lippmann's last book, *A Preface to Morals*, indicates that the Puritan taboos of our sexual life have pretty well broken down. Personally regulated erotic behavior on a scientific plane of well-being has displaced fanatical obedience to axioms no longer true. In this Americans are of course akin to Europeans. As a corollary to Lippmann we recognize this difference: we have retained from our Puritanism a measure of self-discipline to guide us into the Good Life that gives us a Spartan advantage over our more Athenian neighbors. We Americans have, of course, our bootleggers and our futilitarians, but a widespread admiration for asceticism when indulging in æsthetic pleasures is surely a dominant characteristic of the American mind.

On asceticism as a differentiating strain these three critics, Sherman, Canby, and Lippmann, agree. And we owe this quality to the Puritans, however much we differ from them in other modern habits of mind. In addition to this praiseworthy selfish attribute, let us concede to America another claim to distinction — magnanimity; generosity. The two can be combined and stated thus. Generous asceticism is the dominant American virtue.

New HARCOURT, BRACE Books

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN by *Virginia Woolf* is a very pointed consideration by the author of ORLANDO, of woman's peculiarly ignominious past, rather doubtful present, and possibly interesting future. She is aided by lunching off partridge in a men's college and dining on prunes and custard in a woman's dormitory, — and finding that whole sections of the British Museum are full of books about woman, — written by men. $2.00

BROTHERS AND SISTERS by *I. Compton Burnett* is the English literary discovery of the year. HUGH WALPOLE says of it, "a novel almost entirely of conversations among the most remarkable in English literature. As real and vivid as Jane Austen." RAYMOND MORTIMER writes, — "I wish everyone interested in fiction would try *Brothers and Sisters*." $2.50

THE CRADLE OF GOD is a frank and moving story of the birth of Christianity. With the heart and mind of a pagan, *Llewelyn Powys* evokes the mysterious spirit that broods over the immemorial acres of Palestine, The Cradle of God,

—from Abraham, stern and lusty partner of the newly begotten God, to the crucifixion on Calvary. $3.00

THEN I SAW THE CONGO is a modern African adventure by *Grace Flandrau,* author of BEING RESPECTABLE. $3.50

KEPT WOMAN is the new novel by *Viña Delmar*, and fulfills the *N. Y. Herald Tribune's* prediction that "BADGIRL introduces a talent mature, vigorous, and significant." $2.50

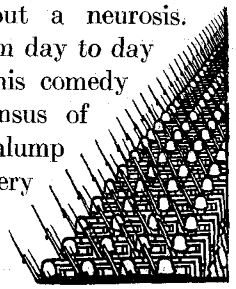
THE HOUSE OF GOLD is *Liam O'Flaherty's* most powerful novel and is described by the *Philadelphia Ledger* as "flawless. Its convincing characters, perfect construction, credible plot, beautiful language, smooth style and power, place it high among the best novels of the year." $2.50

CHICAGO: THE HISTORY OF ITS REPUTATION by *Henry Justin Smith and Lloyd Lewis.* $3.75

SEVEN IRON MEN is *Paul de Kruif's* new book about the seven iron hunting Merritts and how they won — and lost — the greatest iron mines ever discovered in our country. The first great romance of the Age of Steel, — by the author of MICROBE HUNTERS. $3.00

A HOUSE IS BUILT by *M. Barnard Eldershaw* is the Australian $5,000 prize novel. ARNOLD BENNETT "finds it hard to discover faults with this extraordinary book. Its quality is epical. Time marches through it in the grand manner. It is a phenomenon of modern fiction." $2.50

SCHLUMP: THE STORY OF A GERMAN SOLDIER. Here is a war hero without a neurosis. Schlump just lives along from day to day asking no questions, taking his comedy with his tragedy. The consensus of the German press is "What Schlump has experienced is what every front soldier has suffered. It is the *folk-song of the war.*" $2.50



HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York

OPINIONS about BOOKS

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

FORD MADOX FORD
GILBERT SELDES
R. L. DUFFUS
FRANCES WARFIELD
T. S. MATTHEWS
ARTHUR D. GAYER
FRANKLIN NEUMAN
BURTON EMMETT

Salute to Adventure

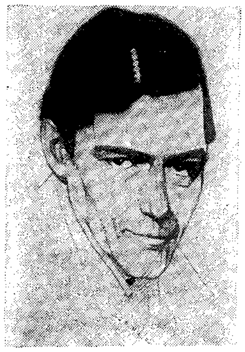
DUMAS, THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS, by Herbert Gorman; Farrar and Rhinehart, $5.00.
Reviewed by FORD MADOX FORD.

IN THE CIRCLES amongst which I was brought up, one used to dismiss Dumas with the remark, "*qu'il écrivait comme un cocher de fiacre.*" I remember my grandfather, who was French by birth, violently abusing my father for publishing in *The Musical World* something light which purported to be by Dumas. And I remember my father forbidding me to read *The Three Musketeers* because it was, he said, a dime novelette. I did not, therefore, read Dumas, though naturally — since it had been forbidden — I certainly did consume great numbers of dime novels, doing it, for safety, in the coal cellar by the light of a dim gas jet. But I was enough of an infant prodigy, and so sufficiently an infant snob, to abstain from reading what my elders said was the work of a man who wrote like a cab-driver.

I must, of course, between the ages of ten and forty have read *The Three Musketeers* and some of the *Impressions de Voyage*, but I did not like them much. I was then engaged, along with Conrad, in evolving an impressionistic technique, and whatever the *Impressions* were they were not impressionist. Moreover, Dumas is read and championed in England by a class of noisy and authoritative persons that I do not like — I mean elderly stockbrokers, family lawyers, bankers, colonels, and the podagric generally. But the adapter of the adventures of d'Artagnan had his revenge, subsequently, as far as I was concerned, and a revenge that he would have liked because it was at the expense of Anatole France.

When in the front line, I decided to reread the works of all the writers, from W. H. Hudson to Turgenev, to whom my faith had till then been pinned. I wanted to see whether they would stand what must after all be the supreme test of books— the test of holding the attention while one was under fire. And they all stood it except Anatole France, whom I found to be too thin and inhuman. But *Lord Jim*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *The Letters of a Sportsman*, and all the rest, I could read under the heaviest shell fire or sitting on bully-beef cases on a G. S. transport-wagon going down into the line.

And then I read *The Three Musketeers* and *Twenty Years After* — and by the revenge of Destiny I read them in Armentières, in a cellar, by the light of a tallow candle, while the Germans were blowing the hotel to pieces over our heads. Civilian policemen brought in civilians all smashed to pieces; doctors operated under our eyes; peasant women screamed when the gendarmes would not let them bring their precious cows down the steps. But there I was in Armentières.


Courtesy New York Evening Post
HERBERT GORMAN

Oh, but not the Armentières of September 1916. Rather, that older city of d'Artagnan, Aramis, Athos, and Porthos. I was seeing, not the commonplace details pertaining to shelled towns, but the swordplay of the Musketeers, the scarlet of Richelieu, the ambushes along the long road to London. . . . And a quadroon's features. For when I read a book I always seem to see the writer's face looking up at me through the pages.

I suppose I shall never read *The Three Musketeers* again. I attained then to a kindly estimate of Dumas and do not wish again to endanger that feeling. He was not a writer and his books are *biblia abiblia* from the standpoint of any school of the art of writing. I have often thought of writing about him myself because he presents such a curious problem. But that, too, I shall never do now.

The reader may console himself, for Mr. Gorman has done it consummately. I have never read any of the romanticized or pictorialized biographies which are now the rage, so I cannot say that Mr. Gorman's *Dumas* is the best book of its kind in the world. But I will hazard the dictum that there cannot be a better. It is very vivid in its portrayals of atmosphere; it is exciting; it makes you want Dumas to succeed whether you like him yourself or not.

I don't know any better rendering of the early struggles of the Romanticists — and, heaven knows, I know enough. And I don't know many better renderings — and heaven knows I know thousands, including my own — of the grey, old Paris in which those struggles took place. And in it Dumas — who was half negroid, half marquis — is alive and moves before you.

I won't say that I am amazed at Mr. Gorman's erudition, for I know that there is an immense mass of Dumas-ana attainable without any great difficulty. But I am amazed at the air of erudition that Mr. Gorman conveys to the reader. And in a work that must be half erudite, half artistic, it is enormously important that the writer should convey the idea of erudition — because then the reader trusts him. I don't say that Mr. Gorman is not erudite; heaven forbid it. But there are many Dumas maniacs who could present the aspect of erudition. I do not, however, believe that anyone else could at one and the same time appear so erudite and yet present his subject in so spirited a manner.

NEW BOOKS FROM MACMILLAN

THE WHIRLWIND

A New Novel

By William Stearns Davis

A master of historical romance tells a magnificent, quick-paced story of the French Revolution. $2.50

CHURCHES OF FRANCE

By Dorothy N. Arms
Illustrations by John Taylor Arms

A beautiful book with fifty reproductions of exquisite etchings of churches of France by Mr. Arms. $20.00

Limited Edition $100.00

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE

By Charles Guignebert

A notable interpretation of the French people which attempts to explain French life, culture and ideals in the light of history rather than to tell that history in infinite detail. 2 vols. $12.50

YOU CAN ESCAPE

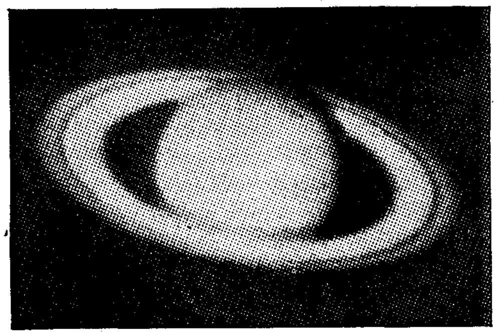
By Edward H. Smith

"There are nineteen thrilling stories in this book taken from the records and I confess that some of them made my hair curl."—*Harry Hansen.* $2.50

The NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA of MUSIC and MUSICIANS

Edited by Waldo S. Pratt

A new revised edition "which every musician, professional or amateur, should add to his library." $3.00



"A Classic of Scientific Exposition"

THE UNIVERSE AROUND US

By Sir James Jeans

"One of the world's foremost astronomers has now written about his subject for the layman . . . I had the sense of learning more things of fundamental importance in the course of a few evenings than I can remember ever learning in a similar time."—*N. Y Sun* $4.50

A. S. Eddington's Books

The Nature of the Physical World	$3.75
Science and the Unseen World	$1.25

"An admirable exposition of modern physical science", and the most striking discussion of science and faith in our changing age.

THE HAWBUCKS

A New Novel

By John Masefield

John Masefield turns from the sea to the rich variety of rural life in England during the Victorian age. $2.50

VENICE AND HER ART

By H. H. Powers

An unusual blend of scholarship, understanding and charm marks this new travel and art book by Dr. Powers. $5.00

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

By Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian

Already established as the greatest survey of English literature since Taine, this work is now presented in a new one-volume edition, with a larger type face and new format. $7.50

FOUR SQUARE

By John R. Oliver

Author of Victim and Victor

Victim and Victor was recomended unanimously this year for the Pulitzer Novel prize by the Novel Jury. *Four Square* is a book of equal merit by Dr. Oliver. $2.50

The Official Biography

MARSHAL FOCH

By Major General Sir George Aston

This story was written by a distinguished British officer, with the aid of Madame Foch and members of the Marshal's staff. $5.00

PROCESS AND REALITY

By A. N. Whitehead

The author of *Science and the Modern World* presents a new cosmology and complete system of philosophy. $4.50

FEEDING THE FAMILY

By Mary Swartz Rose

A new revised and enlarged edition of "an indispensable handbook for proper feeding and nutrition" *Home Edition* $5.00

Remember Also These Two Best-Selling Books

MEN AND MACHINES

By Stuart Chase

A PREFACE TO MORALS

By Walter Lippmann

An Intimate Biography

THE PRINCE OF WALES

By W. and L. Townsend

The colorful story of a romantic figure, who emerges from the pages of this interesting biography as the human being he really is. The narrative is anecdotal and animated throughout. Illustrated $2.50

HOW TO FLY **By Lieut. Barrett Studley, U. S. N.**

One of the foremost instructors in flying in the Navy has written out of his long experience this practical book for beginners. $4.00

Prices subject to change on publication

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 60 Fifth Ave. **NEW YORK**

New and Complete One-Volume Editions

John Masefield

COLLECTED POEMS

For the first time all of John Masefield's poetry is brought together in a single, complete volume. $5.00

Edwin Arlington Robinson

COLLECTED POEMS

Both *Tristram* and *Cavender's House* are included in this complete collection of Mr. Robinson's poetry. $5.00

HARPER

THE METHODIST FAUN

By Anne Parrish

Author of "The Perennial Bachelor"

The story of a youth who longed for beauty and mystery and the three women who offered him escapes. $2.50

THE GOOD COMPANIONS

By J. B. Priestley

Author of "The Old Dark House"

"The Pickwick of Mr. Priestley's career . . . a novel full of the zest and humor of English life."—*Hugh Walpole.* Chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club. $3.00

FIVE AND TEN

By Fannie Hurst

Author of "A President is Born"

"Only a novelist of great vision and understanding could write this enduring story of the thirteenth richest man and his family.—*Boston Transcript* $2.50

BLACK ROSES

By Francis Brett Young

Author of "My Brother Jonathan"

"His is the most beautiful mind among the younger men writing in English." —*John Masefield* $2.50

THE HARPER PRIZE NOVEL

THE DARK JOURNEY

By Julian Green

"Holds you with the tenseness of the most pulsating mystery . . . Has the majesty of an epic."—*Chicago Tribune* $2.50

BEETHOVEN THE CREATOR

By Romain Rolland

Author of "Jean Christophe"

"One of the highest peaks in all Beethoven literature."—*William Soskin in the New York Post* Illustrated $5.00

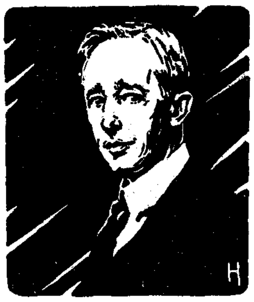
"Today the HARPER *imprint is a genuine cordon bleu."*—Saturday Review of Literature.

Books

History's New Hero

THE TRAGIC ERA: THE REVOLUTION AFTER LINCOLN, by Claude G. Bowers; Houghton Mifflin, $5.00.
Reviewed by GILBERT SELDES.

IF MR. BOWERS means the same thing that Charles and Mary Beard meant when they called the Civil War and its aftermath "the second American revolution," he has not orchestrated his theme to make it effective. There was a revolution after Lincoln, the revolution in political thought and action which came with the defeat of the doctrine of State Rights and which led, ultimately, to centralization of authority in the Federal Government. As a political philosopher who had the intelligence and the courage to set Hamilton and Jefferson before the convention which nominated Alfred E. Smith last year, Mr. Bowers knows how significant the years after the Civil War were in creating the psychological change. He knows also how in those years the industrialists set themselves openly against the agrarians. But his material would not run a simple course and he has followed it into branches and backwaters.



CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Regardless of this theme, he has rewritten the history of the Reconstruction. I do not mean that he has written a new history book about that period, but that he has done so searching and significant a piece of work that all history of that era will have to be modified accordingly. How long it will take, I cannot say. It is the habit of Americans to teach their own history to children and adolescents, so that all one remembers of Johnson, for instance, is that he fought with the Senate which tried to drive him out of office; and of the Reconstruction one recalls only the names "Ku Klux" and "carpet bagger" until, with a brightening of the eye at the thought of America's nobility, one lights happily on the era of reconciliation.

The effective change which Mr. Bowers' book makes is in placing Johnson before us as a man of integrity and sound sense who followed the principles of Lincoln, as far as he could, against the machinations of Stevens and the Radicals of the Senate, against the fervid passions of the old Abolitionists. Johnson stood against granting immediate suffrage to the negro, but more important, he stood for a definite principle in regard to the Secession states, a principle which made it impossible to refuse the right of suffrage to the southern whites. He wished the southern states returned to the Union and denied the right of the Federal government to interfere with and oppress them. One can see why he is a hero to Mr. Bowers. But apart from political prejudice, he appears actually heroic in his dignity and courage.

The position of Grant in relation to Johnson, of Blaine in relation to Grant, and of nearly all the other great names of the day, is not so pleasing. If we had not had ten years of debunking, these revelations would be more shocking. Mr. Bowers is not a debunker, but an historian.

I find the detail of this book absorbing, blurring the main outlines. The dubious shiftings of Grant's course of action, the theft of the Tilden election, the war of the Klan, the personal and public scandals, all are brilliantly executed. They appear insufficiently related, however, to the structure of the historical narrative.

I deplore the scattering of footnotes, which only give references, at the bottom of each page — they could well be placed at the end of the book, since not one reader in ten thousand will want to know sources. And I regret even more the slipshod writing which has left hundreds of clauses up in the air: "One of the employees of the State roads, it was all in the day's work to this jolly soul." And the book, impartial in fact, is not impartially written. I do not doubt a single judgment passed by Mr. Bowers, but I feel that the right people are too much praised. Except Johnson, for whom Mr. Bowers' case is made with authority and faultless dignity.

Spectacular City

CHICAGO: THE HISTORY OF ITS REPUTATION, by Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith; Harcourt, Brace, $3.75.
Reviewed by R. L. DUFFUS.

CHICAGO, as the authors of this book point out, has always aroused interest and even amazement in the rest of the more or less civilized world. This phenomenon seems to have been due to two causes — first, the city's abysmal wickedness, second, its majestic achievements. Chicago has never said "I won't" to anything, neither to Burnham's dream of beauty nor to other men's dreams of an open town and a fifty-fifty split all the way up. It is perhaps the greatest display of energy that this continent has witnessed. It gave birth to the Rotary Club, the skyscraper, Mrs. O'Leary's cow, the Union Stockyards, the most successful of the world's fairs, the most ambitious city plan (until a privately endowed committee in New York produced a bigger one),

HUMANITY UPROOTED

by MAURICE HINDUS

PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY writes in his Introduction: "Readers who have not already made up their minds will find the means in this book for reaching a juster and more appreciative understanding of Bolshevist Russia than in any other book known to me. Without display and without pedantry, Mr. Hindus has evidently absorbed into himself Russian history, Russian literature, the psychology of each of the classes he so brilliantly depicts. To read these pages with sympathy is to travel the road of a liberal education." *Illustrated*, $3.00

ADAM'S BREED

by RADCLYFFE HALL

The winner of a prize in France and in England. By the author of "The Well of Loneliness" and "The Unlit Lamp". $2.50

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

by WILLIAM FAULKNER

The story of a run-down Southern family, living outwardly on the frayed threads of former gentility. "His idiot is better than Dostoyevsky's." — *Evelyn Scott.* $2.50

THE ROBBER BAND

by LEONHARD FRANK

The first novel to appear in America of an author considered by Erich Maria Remarque one of the most promising of the younger German writers. $2.50

KITCHEN RANGING

by PEARL ADAM

Why should a cookbook be as difficult to use as an encyclopedia? Here is one that is practical and yet that makes charming, and even amusing, reading. *Introduction by Mrs. Oliver Harriman.* $2.50

ESCAPADE

by EVELYN SCOTT

When she was twenty years old, Evelyn Scott, author of "The Wave", found herself practically exiled in Brazil. "Escapade" is the book of her experiences there — the full, intimate record of three deeply significant years in her life, in which she experienced love, motherhood, social obloquy, pain, isolation in alien and hostile surroundings, and was forced to wage a constant battle against great odds for everything that was precious to her. $3.00

RABELAIS

Man of the Renaissance

by SAMUEL PUTNAM

Not the Rabelais of legend, or the vulgar buffoon whom Voltaire and Montaigne saw, but — *the real Rabelais.*
Illustrated, $3.50

GODS' MAN

A Novel in Wood-cuts

by LYND WARD

For the first time in America — a novel in wood-cuts by an American artist. $3.00

THE TRAVELLERS' LIBRARY

Each volume, $1.00

The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp
By W. H. Davies
The Craft of Fiction
By Percy Lubbock
Earlham
By Percy Lubbock
Wide Seas and Many Lands
By Arthur Mason
Dog and Duck
By Arthur Machen
Twilight in Italy
By D. H. Lawrence
Roman Pictures
By Percy Lubbock
Later Days
By W. H. Davies
The White Ship
By Aino Kallas
Spring Sowing
By Liam O'Flaherty
Blue Water
By Arthur S. Hildebrand
Stories from de Maupassant
Translated by Elizabeth Martindale
When the Bough Breaks
By Naomi Mitchison
The Flying Bo'sun
By Arthur Mason
Marius the Epicurean
By Walter Pater
Horses and Men
By Sherwood Anderson
The World's Back Doors
By Max Murray
A Poet's Pilgrimage
By W. H. Davies
Selected Essays
By Samuel Butler
The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford
Introduction by H. W. Massingham
The Deliverance
By Mark Rutherford
The Revolution in Tanner's Lane
By Mark Rutherford
Aspects of Science. First Series
By J. W. N. Sullivan
The Bazaar. Stories
By Martin Armstrong
France and the French
By Sisley Huddleston
Napoleon: The Last Phase
By The Earl of Rosebery
The Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air
Compiled by Edward Thomas

Complete prospectus on request

WHEN MAMMOTHS ROAMED THE FROZEN EARTH

by HEINRICH SCHUTZ

A thrilling account of nature and the strange forms of life in that weird period when man was beginning to emerge as a conqueror. *Illustrated*, $2.50

GALAHADS AND PUSSY-CATS

by WILHELM SPEYER

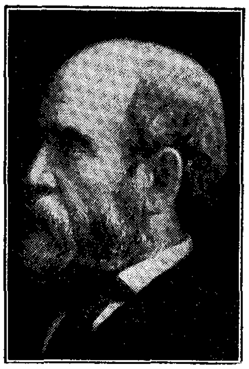
Hailed as "the best juvenile published in Germany within the last generation", here is a book which, because of its literary excellence and delicacy of style, should appeal to adults as well as to older boys and girls. *Illustrated*, $2.50

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 EAST 46th STREET **NEW YORK, N. Y.**

New Edition—(Fiftieth Anniversary)

Progress and Poverty

(UNABRIDGED)



By HENRY GEORGE

"This book has taken its place among the classics, been translated into almost every language, and John Dewey says that no one ignorant of its contents can truly be said to be educated."
—Editorial New York Evening World

"For beauty of style, elevation of spirit, and weight of argument, it is one of the great books written in my lifetime."
—Newton D. Baker

Low Wages, Unemployment, Business Depressions. WHY?

The ANSWER is in this Book

CLOTHBOUND, ONE DOLLAR, POSTPAID

ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
12 MURRAY STREET · NEW YORK

DANGER SPOTS IN WORLD POPULATION

by WARREN S. THOMPSON

A FEARLESS book, making the gestures of peace conferences look futile, and showing that the real cause for war lies not in militarism, but in unequal distribution of the world's land. War in the near future is inevitable: Italy, India and Japan being the focal points. The question of peace rests largely in England's hands.

Not propaganda, but a clear, fascinating explanation of the terrible connection between war, birth-control and over-population (illustrated). $3.50

MAIL THIS COUPON

to your bookseller, or to ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORZOI BOOKS

Name..

Address..

ALFRED A. KNOPF · 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Books

and the first of the modern type of lady murderers — who was, of course, triumphantly acquitted. It has always been rich in personalities — Deacon Bross, first of a long line of boosters; Carter Harrison, who, as our authors say, loved the city like a bride; the great packers, Armour, Morris, and Swift; Burnham, the architect and planner; Debs, the gentlest of radicals; Yerkes, the traction king; Joe Leiter, whose daughter married Lord Curzon; Captain Streeter, who organized the District of Lake Michigan and waged an unequal fight against the city of Chicago and the State of Illinois from his acre of sand on the lake front; Montgomery Ward, whose massive catalogues penetrated remote communities from Maine to Alaska and whose foresight did so much to save the lake front; Bathhouse John Coughlin and Hinky Dink Kenna; Big Bill Thompson and Senator Lorimer; Samuel Insull, Clarence Darrow, and Carl Sandburg; and a whole flock of up-to-date gangsters, including Torrio, Capone, and O'Banion.

Chicago has always done everything, good or bad, in a large way, and usually at the same time. Its fire was the biggest thing that had happened, up to date, in that line; so was its World's Fair; so was its development as a railroad center; so was, and is, its civic corruption; so are many of its business enterprises; so, perhaps, was and is that fine spirit which produced the opera, the Art Museum, the Civic Federation, Hull House, the Symphony Orchestra, and the Wacker Drive. It hung its anarchists, mobbed Negro immigrants from the South after the World War, slugged its strikers and strikebreakers, sold its virtue and bought it back again, reclaimed and glorified the lake front, all with equal enthusiasm. It could plan and carry out the most majestic schemes and at the same time be politically perfectly asinine. It could be as narrow as an upper berth and as tolerant as all outdoors. It could be, it was, it is, "Celtic in its mood" though actually only "five per cent Celtic in population." And in the very diversity of its population it is most thoroughly American.

Messers Smith and Lewis have told the story of their surprising city racily and exuberantly. They are true Chicagoans in that even their gloomiest details do not seem to drive them to despair. Indeed, Mr. Smith, who is in his daily life the capable managing editor of *The Chicago Daily News*, and who is responsible for the second half of the book, seems to get a good deal of innocent fun out of the gangsters and the politicians. And it is true that if one is able to stand a little away from the turmoil, Chicago may appear blessed in the extremely picturesque quality of its sinners. Its dens of iniquity have ever been the hell-roarin'est, its thieving politicians the blandest, its gunmen the

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

STARS to STEER BY...

JOAN LOWELL

ABBÉ DIMNET

JOHN COWPER POWYS

ROBERT L. RIPLEY

WILL DURANT

LIKE mariners on the high seas, readers who would not veer from the course of true literature must occasionally look to the stars for guidance. The time is one of magnificent constellations, aglow with orbs of the first magnitude like *Sergeant Grischa*, *Elizabeth and Essex*, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and *Henry the Eighth*. In a year illumined by such splendors, it is a special satisfaction to *The Inner Sanctum* to have associated with its name a few stars that have been firmly "fixed" in the minds and hearts of hundreds of thousands of American readers.

Just as "one star differeth from another star in glory" so the geniuses behind great books soar and shine in varieties of magnitude.

Even if it had never been a best-seller, *The Art of Thinking* would still have marked ABBÉ DIMNET the clear and steady pole star, shedding the constant light of reason through his pages of wisdom. Entering, as it is now, upon its second hundred thousand copies, and mounting steadily with three thousand new readers each week, it is duplicating the record of that sensation of an earlier season, *The Story of Philosophy* . . . already a steady-shining planet of best-sellerdom.

. . . Meantime the lately-risen luminary, WILL DURANT'S new book, *The Mansions of Philosophy*, continues its winged tour of the infinite for the adventuring mind . . .

As these more serious works pursue their destined orbits of best sellerdom, that bright treasury of thrilling impossibilities, amply proved in prose and pictures—*Believe It or Not!* by ROBERT L. RIPLY—continues its meteoric course among the stars.

Already approaching the zenith of popularity among lovers of true literature, that Betelguese of Books, *Wolf Solent*, the novel by JOHN COWPER POWYS which earned him instant comparison with the immortals, sheds its brilliance as an established star . . . its instant acclaim both here and abroad as a book for the years outstripping the vogue of many a book for the hammocks. . . Then there is that Star of the Sea, the most discussed book of the season, *The Cradle of the Deep*, continuing to rise steadily through public acclaim. In England, now, its brilliant qualities are hailed by critics and populace, echoing the spirited reception it enjoyed in JOAN LOWELL'S own country.

It is written in the stars—and in *The Inner Sanctum's* private portents—that this constellation of best-sellers is destined for even greater things before the season has run its course—that their glory will not dim with the march of the new season, but only be renewed . . . that no matter what great things in the book-heavens may appear, these will remain for countless readers *stars to steer by*. . .

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers · 37 West 57th Street · *New York*

They Grafted on the Hands of a Murderer

to the wrists of a famous French pianist. Will it affect his playing? Read this most exciting account of criminal wheels within wheels in

The Hands of Orlac

by Maurice Renard

THE DUTTON PRIZE MYSTERY FOR NOVEMBER

$2.00

MARTIN LUTHER: A DESTINY

Lucien Lebvre

Read this impartial biography of the man who has heretofor been variously portrayed as saint or devil according to the writer's religious stand. Here you will see him as an interesting man of vivid and startling personality. $3.50

ALICE HAS BOBBED HER HAIR

Since Willy Pogany *has illustrated*

Alice in Wonderland

by Lewis Carroll

The text of course remains the same, but the famous illustrator has brought Alice up to date. Lewis Gannett says: "Willy Pogany's *Alice* is good. I know children will like it."

Regular Edition, $2.00
Limited Edition, $10.00

And NOW:

MEMORY

by William Lyon Phelps

to complete a trio of handsomely bound little volumes. Like HAPPINESS now in its 34th printing and LOVE in its 14th printing, MEMORY is exquisitely bound for gift purposes. A scintillating individual and a brilliant author, Mr. Phelps needs no introduction. Read this book and see why it was said: *"God gave us memory so that we could have roses in December."*

$1.00

Don't go to the party with a parachute attached!

Because it isn't being done and besides if you're thrown from a third story window your parachute might not open. The remedy is simple and inexpensive. Buy today your copy of

Bridge Puzzles

by Fabyan Mathey and Harry Hallahan

After you've solved these you will turn down hundreds of invitations a day and, all joking aside, your bridge game will improve amazingly. Answers in rear of book. $2.00

CONTEMPO

BY RUTH VASSOS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VASSOS

VIVID INTERPRETATIONS OF AMERICA TODAY SUNG AND PICTURED IN THE 1929 METER.

Regular Edition, $5.00
Limited Edition of 167 numbered and signed copies, $25.00

E. P. Dutton & Co.
Incorporated

Books

most ingenious and the best-dressed of any in the country. Even vice in Chicago has had a flair for the dramatic too awful for mere sordidness.

But it is a little too easy to put emphasis on Chicago's crime. The truth is, as Mr. Smith says, that "there are a possible ten thousand criminals listed among the four and a half million." He does not say whether he includes any aldermen or police captains among the ten thousand. We need not look, he thinks, for "a placid or conformist Chicago for centuries — if ever." But he adds: "Dreams matter. . . . The future; that's it. And the red blood in our veins. And the keen, quick actions into which our lake-winds urge us. And the strength to put 'things across.' We'll all be philosophers and scholars some day but now it's too early. Right now we work and we tackle the impossible. What did 'Our Carter' say? 'The audacity of Chicago has chosen a star — and knows nothing that it cannot accomplish.'"

Chicago is even now planning another fair. It will not be another Columbian Exposition. The time for that sort of spectacle has passed. But no one who reads this book, ploughing though he must through many pages of unnecessary details, can doubt that Chicago will put on a good show.

A Female Messiah

Mrs. Eddy, The Biography of a Virginal Mind, by Edwin Franden Dakin; Scribner, $5.00.
Reviewed by Frances Warfield.

Mr. Dakin, disillusioned, leafed through the lives of philosophers in search of a philosophy of life. Arriving at mysticism and Mrs. Eddy, he found a quantity of material ready to be sorted, strained, and seasoned with modern psychology, to taste.

Sibyl Wilbur had written all that good Christian Scientists were authorized to know; Georgine Milmine and her staff had combed New England for everything Mrs. Mary Baker Glover-Patterson-Eddy's acquaintances and neighbors were able to remember. Magazine and newspaper files, books and pamphlets by friends and enemies of Christian Science, and the vast bulk of Mrs. Eddy's own writings, furnished the rest. Mr. Dakin was warmly interested in his job, and fairly well equipped for it. Leaving something to be desired as literature, his exploration of this virginal mind, as he calls it, nevertheless makes a secure place for itself on the shelf with the new biographies. Probably it will also find a place on the Christian Science *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*.

Mr. Dakin has lopped from his story all

BOOKS
PEOPLE TALK ABOUT

ENGLISHMEN, FRENCHMEN, SPANIARDS

By **SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA**

"Stimulating and provocative." — *Art and Archaeology*. "A brilliant interpretation." — *Current History*. "Señor Madariaga writes with deep knowledge and the persuasiveness of good talk." — *Christian Science Monitor*. "A book that deserves to be widely read." — *Outlook*. "Shows both skill and subtility." — *London Times*.
$3.75

A HISTORY OF ITALY

By **BENEDETTO CROCE**

"A splendid volume." — *North American Review*. "An unbelievable achievement." — *The Living Age*. "The product of a mind of the first order." — *New Republic*. $5.00

AMERICA AND EUROPE

By **ALFRED ZIMMERN**

"Mr. Zimmern's richly endowed and supple mind deals boldly with the facts of international affairs." — *New Republic*. "Sound comprehension and fine lucidity." — *Springfield Republican*. "Written from an unusual background of international understanding." — *Boston Transcript*.
$3.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

Magazines Want NEW Authors

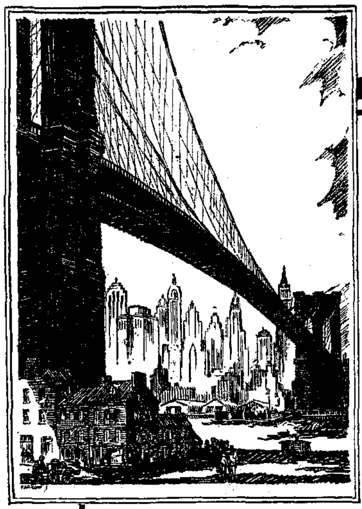
Write fiction for profit. Imre V. Kline, editor of Hydra Book Corp., personally instructs classes in tested methods of writing the Short Story and Novel. Each class strictly limited. Three month course. Class now forming for November. Phone or call for interview. Dept. 411
HYDRA BOOK CORP.
100 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.
(Phone CHElsea 9834)

Call Phone or Write

COMFORTABLE READING

SCIENCE NEWS-LETTER is a publication for the reader generally interested in the wonders of science. It is a weekly that one can take in an easy chair and *forget the humdrum things of life* while wandering over the face of the earth with men who sense the human interest in cold scientific analysis. Science News-Letter is a mental developer, a guide to the times, a fascinating entertainer.

SCIENCE NEWS-LETTER
Introductory offer — $1 for 13 weeks
2105 B St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.



"The Happy Warrior" Speaks His Mind

"BUY, borrow, or beg a copy and read it," "one of the most straightforward, illuminating documents ever printed," "a valuable contribution to the political thought of the day," "an American epic," "a notable addition to the biographical material of our times," "the authentic voice of the City of America"—that is what the press—Republican and Democratic newspapers alike—are saying about Alfred E. Smith's autobiography. The former Governor has once more given evidence of his courage to tell the facts in this volume, filled with new and sensational material.

From the boyhood days on the New York east side, selling newspapers in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, through the Presidential campaign of 1928 Alfred E. Smith has told his own dramatic story, exciting and essentially American. He has reviewed the foremost figures of our times, discussed political issues, faced the problem of the religious issue, advocated reforms—all with the warm and humane outlook that won for him the title of "the happy warrior."

UP TO NOW

An Autobiography by

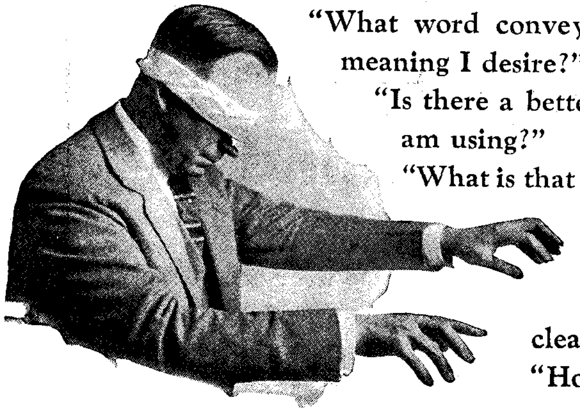
ALFRED E. SMITH

Much of this material, including the religious issue and the last campaign, has never appeared anywhere before. Unusual photographs illustrate every stage of the colorful story. $5.00 at all bookstores.

Ask your bookseller if he has any copies left of the de luxe, limited edition, numbered, and signed by the author. $15.00

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th Street New York City

Are you blindly groping for words to fit your thoughts?



"What word conveys the exact shade of meaning I desire?"

"Is there a better word than the one I am using?"

"What is that word I have forgotten?"

"Is there a word in the language which expresses my thought clearly?"

"How can I avoid this constant repetition?"

STRANGE, isn't it, with all the marvelous wealth of our English language that you should find yourself groping blindly for the answers to such word questions as those above.

Strange, with a language so full of expressive words, that it should be so difficult to find the ones that express your thoughts clearly.

With more than 150 words describing various shades of beauty, or over 400 words denoting various degrees of goodness, for instance, why should it be so hard to find the best one for your purpose?

Yet it is not strange either, when you consider that dictionaries are arranged on the assumption that you know all of the more than 200,000 words in the language and seek merely their definitions — that all attempts to make the language available stopped with merely listing the words by ideas, and then not always in alphabetical order.

No wonder the average working vocabulary is less than 2500 words — that you find it so difficult to express your thoughts and your most powerful ideas become mere vague impressions in the minds of your listeners or readers.

But now comes a new book which revolutionizes word helps — a book which finds the words for you, and at the same time defines them. Now you can have at your very fingertips the definite, living words that fit your thoughts and leave no doubt as to your meaning.

The illimitable wealth of words from which the ablest writers and speakers draw — the whole living language — becomes your working vocabulary through the remarkable invention and eighteen years of untiring effort by a master of words, which gives you **March's Thesaurus Dictionary.**

It places the whole living language at your instant command

No matter what thought you wish to express, or which particular shade of meaning you desire, **March's Thesaurus Dictionary** gives you the word *instantly.*

No hunting through hundreds of words and definitions — just a flip of the pages and your word is before you, grouped with its related words under the part of speech to which it belongs *and defined so that you know you are using it correctly.* In adjoining columns are its antonyms — enabling you to develop versatility of style.

Foreign words and idioms are also arranged so that you can find the words to fit your ideas immediately.

The New Amplified Edition

contains all that has made March's Thesaurus Dictionary "Unmistakably the greatest single-volume reference work in the world" (*Writer's Monthly*) plus the newer words, including those which arose out of the World War and the progress of the arts, etc., and a listing of *all* the important words and definitions of the leading arts and sciences.

In addition, it contains hundreds of usually hard-to-find facts which you need daily; chapters which are complete, concise textbooks on English, composition, word building, Biblical references, geographic and historic facts, lists of the famous characters of literature, American Sobriquet, etc., which increase its value to you beyond computation.

A veritable Treasure House of Words and Knowledge! No wonder the leading magazines are saying of it:

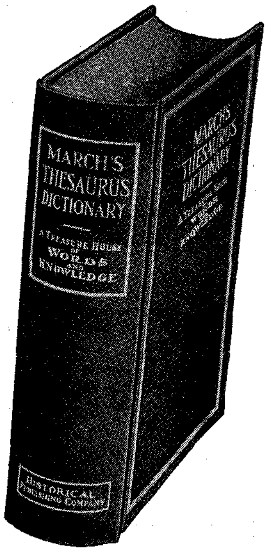
"A real treasure chest of 'English undefiled.' We commend it unreservedly." — Review of Reviews.

"will be of constant use on the writing desk." — American Mercury.

"— cannot be too highly praised." — Forum.

— *"leads the mind to associations wholly unexpected and defines them with shades of meaning so that exactness and fluency are obtained."* — Harper's.

— *"supplies just the right word you need for each shade of meaning."* — World's Work.


MARCH'S THESAURUS DICTIONARY
A TREASURE HOUSE OF WORDS AND KNOWLEDGE
HISTORICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Examine it in your own home — at our risk

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dept. F-11, 1334 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me (postpaid in U. S.; express paid in Canada) the new Amplified Edition of March's Thesaurus Dictionary. I will pay $3.75 on delivery, and if I keep the book will pay you $2.00 per month for three months. Canada, *duty extra;* Foreign, $10.00 cash with order.

If for any reason I do not wish to keep it I will return it in good condition within 10 days and you are to refund my $3.75.

Name..

Address..

Let us send you this remarkable volume that you may judge it in your own home. We want you to examine it at your leisure — to try it for ten days at our risk. We want you to see what complete mastery of the English language its 1462 pages give you. It is bound in handsome buckram — a worthy addition to any library — 7¼" x 10¼" x 2¾", and surprisingly handy because of the thin, lightweight opaque paper used.

Just send in the coupon. If you do not find that it completely answers the word problems which confront you, you have but to return it and it has not cost you a cent.

of the history of Christian Science save that which relates directly to the life of his subject. He establishes the amount and the importance of her debt to Quimby, the Portland, Maine, hypnotist and healer. He traces the literary and theological evolution of *Science and Health.* Mrs. Eddy stands clear of the shadows of mystery, misinterpretation, misinformation, and ridicule in which the popular mind has tended to obscure her. She is presented as a vain, uneducated, flighty but surprisingly able old lady all in a flutter with her complexes. Christian Science becomes more credible; Mrs. Eddy becomes entirely so.

We ask religion to supply what we lack. Mrs. Eddy lacked health and wealth. Therefore, her religion promised both. Obsessed by what we now label a delusion of grandeur, she could not accept the idea of ever relinquishing her hard-won leadership; therefore she toyed with the possibility of personal immortality. But she knew it wasn't so. She knew, too, that surgeons are the proper persons to perform operations, that dentists are indispensable, and that drugs, when one is in pain, are highly comfortable to have. As her own human limitations were borne upon her, she shrewdly provided for them in *Science and Health.* If her followers, burning with a whiter and more youthful flame, were less tolerant toward the machinations of Error, less inclined, on occasion, to call a doctor, that, as Mr. Dakin has ruled, is another story.

Since her philosophy drew to her hundreds of disciples who were unhappy or who were unusually responsive to mental suggestion, she did bring some of them health by wholly explainable means. By improving the morale of her congregations and by supplying her students with an easily-mastered and remunerative profession, she eventually brought wealth to many of her followers as well as to herself. It seems possible that, in the main, her religion did no more harm than good. Mr. Dakin has failed to discover a religion of which any more can be said.

The Accents of Art

THE DARK JOURNEY, by Julian Green; Harper, $2.50.

Reviewed by T. S. MATTHEWS.

THIS THIRD novel of Julian Green's is what critics (or rather reviewers) are fond of calling "a distinguished piece of work." Translated into somewhat plainer English, what does this stereotype amount to? First, it means that the book referred to will not be a popular success; second, that its author never intended it to be a popular success; and third, that the book is depressing, if not dull. Let me hasten to

NEW BOOKS FROM SCRIBNERS

Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind

by EDWIN FRANDEN DAKIN

"The subject is irresistible and the decency of the author's attitude, his fine judgment, his poise, and his common sense make his work entirely praiseworthy."
—GILBERT SELDES in the *New York Herald Tribune.* *Illustrated.* $5.00

The Life of Lady Byron

by ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE, *author of "Byron," etc.*

"This life is more than a restatement of familiar documents, more than a chronological exposition of the career of Lady Byron. . . . It is an astute and profound analysis of a human soul."—*New York Times.*

Illustrated. $5.00

Alice Meynell

A Memoir *by* VIOLA MEYNELL

"An extraordinarily interesting account of her mother's career. . . . Both the charm and the intelligence of Mrs. Meynell are successfully circumscribed."
—*New York Times.*

$5.00

History of Ancient Persia

From Its Earliest Beginnings to the Death of Alexander the Great

by ROBERT WILLIAM ROGERS, *author of "A History of Babylonia and Assyria," etc.*

An authoritative work by a scholar eminently equipped for his task, yet a book for the general reader, not merely for reference purposes.

Colored frontispiece, 63 full-page and text illustrations. $7.50

The Life of George Meredith

by ROBERT ESMONDE SENCOURT

"One of the best lives of a writer that we have."
—ANDRÉ MAUROIS, *author of "Disraeli," etc.*
$3.50

The Man Who Dared to be God

A STORY OF JESUS

by ROBERT NORWOOD, *Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in the City of New York*

A new and daring characterization. $2.50

Poets, Farewell!

by EDMUND WILSON, *associate editor of "New Republic"*
$2.00

Dark Summer

by LOUISE BOGAN, *author of "The Body of This Death"*
$2.50

Present-Day American Stories

by CONRAD AIKEN, THOMAS BOYD, STRUTHERS BURT, MORLEY CALLAGHAN, F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, ERNEST HEMINGWAY, RING W. LARDNER, *and* STARK YOUNG

$2.00

Mad Anthony Wayne

by THOMAS BOYD, *author of "Through the Wheat," etc.*

The fighting general of the Revolution in a vital biography. $3.50

The King with Three Faces

by MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT, *author of "Ballads of the Singing Bowl"* $2.00

The Selected Poems of Conrad Aiken

author of "Blue Voyage," etc. $3.00

A Modern Comedy

by JOHN GALSWORTHY

This book contains three full-length novels—"The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," and "Swan Song"—and two short interludes—"Passers By" and "A Silent Wooing."

798 *pages.* $2.50

A Farewell to Arms

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY, *author of "The Sun Also Rises," "Men Without Women," etc.*

Hemingway's new novel of love amid the war on the Italian front, rich in incident and humor, is being hailed on all sides as his best work. $2.50

River House

by STARK YOUNG, *author of "Heaven Trees," "Encaustics," etc.*

A distinguished new novel by an associate editor of the *New Republic*—a highly dramatic love-story filled with delightful anecdotes of the South. $2.50

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

The Equivalent of
A College Education
In This One Fascinating Volume

Now you may have all that the graduate of a general four-year College course takes with him into social and business life. The broad cultural background and the comprehensive grasp of general knowledge CAN BE YOURS and with it the ability and confidence required for positions of leadership in any circle. No one who was denied a college education need any longer be placed at a disadvantage among cultured, educated people. An amazing book is now at your service — in reality SIX books in ONE — offering the easiest, the most effective, the most lasting, the most interesting method of self-education. A few minutes of reading daily will give you a liberal education in an amazingly short time.

6 Great OUTLINES
In a Single Volume

Think of getting, *in one volume*, The Outlines of HISTORY, SCIENCE, LITERATURE, ART, PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION — the six books you must read to be up to date on every subject! A tremendous range of knowledge, yet each of the six Outlines is thorough and complete. Here is the knowledge that forms the background of cultured, educated people — that can win for YOU the leadership and admiration of your associates — that brings SUCCESS. Written simply to be easily understood; concisely to save your time; in lively, fascinating style to be easily remembered.

The Outline of Man's Knowledge

Written by Clement Wood with such success that the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph* calls it "A University in itself"; and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says it is "The ONE book to read and know." Here is the whole scope of modern education in one thrilling narrative of 700 sparkling pages — the cream of the world's knowledge for quick and easy self-improvement.

Read It FREE

Here is a remarkable opportunity to secure this thrilling book without cost or obligation for a week's free examination. Send no money. The coupon below will bring your copy of the book. If you are not convinced that it is the biggest value for the money you have ever seen, send the book back and owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, pay the remarkably low price on the easy terms shown in the coupon. Don't delay.

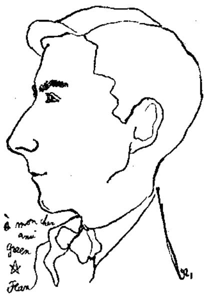
Mail This Coupon Today

LEWIS COPELAND COMPANY, Dept. 560
119 West 57th St., New York City
Kindly send me THE OUTLINE OF MAN'S KNOWLEDGE, by Clement Wood, 700 pages, illustrated, handsomely bound. Within 7 days I will either return the book or remit $1.50 as first payment, and then $2.00 per month for two months, a total of $5.50. (Ten per cent discount for cash with order. Same return privilege.)

Name..
Address..
City....................State...............
If outside continental U. S., send $5.50 with order

Books

add that this general category into which Mr. Green's book is pigeon-holed is only a category; there is more to be said of *The Dark Journey* than that it is distinguished.



Julian Green

The story tells of the gradual but increasingly rapid collapse of Guéret, a man of weak and violent nature, reduced by his own incompetence and poverty to giving tutoring lessons in a provincial French town, while his wife, in whom he has long ago lost interest, takes in sewing. Guéret is not alone in his dark journey, however: all the chief characters in the book accompany or follow him in his decline and fall. Angèle, the pretty laundress of easy virtue who maddens Guéret into the murderous assault on her which destroys her beauty; Mme. Londe, the restaurateur whose custom fails when she can no longer offer her "niece" to her guests; Mme. Grosgeorge, the sadistic spinster-wife of the town's rich man, who ends by finding herself in the intolerable rôle of rival to Angèle, and wrings a last futile revenge from life by betraying Guéret to the police — all these people are struck down in the general ruin, and when we close the book we feel that their stories have been brought to an arbitrary but convincing end. Our consciences as readers are satisfied that there is no more to be said on this score, and we are willing that the story should end where it does. Even the insatiable curiosity of the reader, which always wants to know what happens to the people who remain alive, is stilled by this feeling of completeness, of artistic satisfaction.

This feeling on the part of the reader is an indication, more significant than any intellectual analysis, of the book's limitations. In the course of this well-ordered narrative we are introduced to several human beings, and become fairly well acquainted with them; we even find ourselves on occasion sympathetic with their various dark and conflicting desires; but never for an instant do we enter into them so completely that we lose our identity as readers, and confound them with ourselves. The author has fulfilled the first (and, for the purposes of the ordinary writer, the only necessary) canon of writing: he has subdued us, while he tells his story, into "a willing suspension of disbelief"; he holds us with an eye which, though it does not glitter with the fire of inspiration, gleams steadily with the resigned light of knowledge which is not yet despair. "There is nothing hazardous or mischievous about fate; its treachery, prepared long in advance, only bears the appearance of chance because we cannot see its interior workings."

In "real" life, perhaps the author cannot summon such calmness, such a philosophic fortitude of tone in the face of an alien and incongruous world; perhaps, if he had actually experienced the events he tells of, or (and this is the whole point) if his imagination had insinuated itself more deeply into the hearts of these specimen creatures of his, he could not have made his report with such a conclusive air, nor with such precision. His success — his reasonable, almost convincing, integral, and finished production — is the success of art; his failure — whose nature and extent may be defined in an echo of the same terms — is art's failure.

The Dark Journey is a distinguished piece of work.

Hope for Mankind

The Ascent of Humanity, by Gerald Heard; Harcourt, Brace, $3.00
Reviewed by Arthur D. Gayer.

One approaches with some misgivings still another attempt to construct a comprehensive philosophy of history which shall forcast the trend of civilization. Let us say at once, then, that Mr. Heard's contribution to the growing stream of such essays is highly interesting and most welcome. *The Ascent of Humanity* emphatically is not, despite its title, a string of those thin and facile reflections characteristic of our popular purveyors of snappy philosophy for the masses. Mr. Heard unites extensive scholarship, never paraded needlessly, to a fine balance of judgment. His style, if somewhat elaborate, is suited to the subject-matter; his thought incisive, subtle, well-ordered. The book is decidedly not easy reading, but the effort required is very much worth while.

Mr. Heard's point of departure is the unceasing changeability of human nature. Nothing, he holds, despite traditional beliefs to the contrary, changes more rapidly. In interpreting mankind's history, he confessedly draws his inspiration from psychology. One of his major virtues thus lies in clearly exposing the superficiality of economic interpretations, and his insistence that man's spiritual advance can be understood only in psychic terms. "History may be viewed as the Odyssey of the spirit of man." As a professional economist, it is a position which I heartily endorse.

Our growing knowledge of the past makes it increasingly difficult to deny civilization's repeated retrogressions and

RICHELIEU

By Hilaire Belloc

Mr. Belloc compares the career of this originator of nationalism with that of Bismarck, who completed his work, and strikes a judgment on Richelieu's character and motives as well as his actions. Illustrated with portraits and maps. $5.00

"The founder of modern Europe"

THE MEMOIRS OF LORENZO DA PONTE

Translated from the Italian by Elisabeth Abbott

Edited, Annotated and with an Introduction by Arthur Livingston

These remarkably racy, vivacious and entertaining memoirs of a handsome, amorous and gifted adventurer, librettist for Mozart and friend of Casanova, make fascinating reading. Dr. Livingston's notes form the first serious study of one of the most interesting men of the early nineteenth century. 40 Illustrations from old engravings. $5.00

EUROPE IN ZIGZAGS

By Sisley Huddleston

Travel, personalities and affairs in Spain, Italy, Austria, Germany and the Balkans; delightful anecdotes and serious discussions; a book which gives a vivid picture of conditions and feelings in post-war Europe. 36 Illustrations. $5.00

INDIAN STORIES FROM THE PUEBLOS

By Frank G. Applegate

Foreword by Witter Bynner

Mr. Applegate presents in their own direct style these fascinating old legends, tales of the Spanish conquest and bits of present-day life among the Indians of the Southwest. Illustrated in color by the Indians themselves. $3.50

ABOUT ANTIQUES

By Ella Shannon Bowles

An invaluable guide for collectors of all sorts of American antiques, enlivened with the exciting adventures of one enthusiast. 75 Illustrations and a complete bibliography of books on early Americana. $3.50

THE MYSTERY MAN OF EUROPE: SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF

By Richard Lewinsohn

At last the true story of Europe's most mysterious man, the Greek peasant boy who became the richest and most powerful man in Europe, a director of the destinies of a continent. 8 Illustrations. $3.00

MEET THE GERMANS

By Henry Albert Phillips

Germany is in the news and in the air! Mr. Phillips indicates the many new influences at work, side by side with characteristic old customs, and describes things of interest for both traveller and stay-at-home. 34 Illustrations and a map. $3.00

OLD PATCHWORK QUILTS

AND THE WOMEN WHO MADE THEM

By Ruth E. Finley

The first complete and definitive treatment of this fascinating art, which is bound up so closely in the daily lives of our ancestresses. 96 Illustrations and 100 diagrams. $5.00

New Fiction

CALF LOVE

By Vernon Bartlett

"The most beautiful thing of its kind I have read for years", Gerald Gould says of this story of a boy's first love. $2.50

THE IMMORTAL LOVER

By John A. Steuart

The story of "Robbie" Burns, Scotland's great lover, and the four women who exerted such a profound influence on his life. $2.50

LARK'S FATE

By John Owen

"Here are blended the naturalism of Eliot or Hardy with a certain idyllic quality that is peculiarly Mr. Owen's." — *Boston Transcript*. $2.50

SIR TOBY AND THE REGENT

By Paul Herring

A rollicking adventure novel of the days of Beau Brummell, the Prince Regent and their sporting companions. $2.50

Philadelphia **LIPPINCOTT** **London**

These Great Oriental Classics

famous for a century among scholars and ethnologists

Now Yours in One Volume

instead of four!

Lion-hearted heroes who conquer single handed a hundred foemen, only to be dissolved in tears by the absence of a madly loved lady and to faint in ecstasy at her return; silken veiled beauties who turn from the murmuring of amorous verses to the devising of diabolic tortures for erring lovers; omnipresent Efreets as ready to uncover a mine of jewels for a poor cobbler as to carry a sleeping groom from his bridal chamber in Cairo to an amazed awakening in Damascus; camel trains and flashing desert riders, kaleidoscopic bazaars and insistent calls to prayer, sorcerers and enchanted princes, Sultans prodigal alike with gold pieces and the impaling stake, ingenious thieves and preposterous liars. And lovers! Where but in the East could love flare so tempestuously or lead to so many incredible complications!

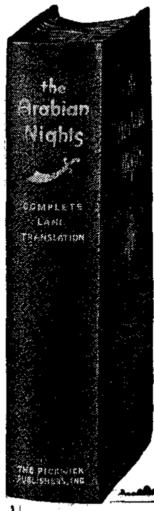
Complete in One Exquisite Volume

Arabian Nights

The Thousand and One Nights

THE GENUINE Lane translation, *complete*, with the translator's famous notes on Oriental customs, is now offered in one luxurious volume instead of the four big books of the ordinary edition. For nearly a hundred years it has been universally accepted as the standard version of this gorgeous collection of Eastern tales. Those who have read two or three of these stories in simplified form will be amazed by the *real stories* (124 in all) which reveal the marvelous life of Baghdad in the golden age of the Caliphs and of Cairo under the Memlook Sultans.

A Volume of Rare Beauty



Bound in soft, flexible Spanish Fabrikoid, maroon with black tracery; Oriental gold designs on front and backbone; maroon parchment end papers; garnet and gold head bands; completely reset in large, readable type and printed from new plates; Durham Bible paper, strong and opaque yet so thin that the *1280* pages of this volume bulk only 1½ inches; round corners and full marbled edges; triply reinforced and whip-stitched to give exceptional durability; *frontispiece in four colors reproducing a painting of Shahrazad and the Sultan by E. M. Stevenson;* boxed in maroon library slip-case; mailed in heavy carton. It is a volume that fully maintains the Pickwick standard of *exquisite books.*

The Coupon Brings It on Approval

THE PICKWICK PUBLISHERS, INC.
220 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me, postpaid, on approval, Lane's *Arabian Nights* complete in one volume. Within five days of receipt I will either remit $6.00 or return the volume.

Name..

Street and Number..........................

City and State.................... Forum 11–29

If you prefer Full Leather binding with gold edges at $8.00, *check here* ☐

If you prefer to send remittance with order you may deduct the usual 5% discount. Full refund if the book is not satisfactory.

Books

relapses. Mr. Heard does not deny them. He agrees with Spengler that the movement is in cycles; but there the accord ceases. To Mr. Heard the cyclical movement is that of a spiral. History repeats itself, but always on a higher level, and nothing is ever entirely lost. Where Spengler sees the western world declining all about him, Mr. Heard optimistically sees mankind ever pushing upward.

The development of consciousness supplies the key to understanding the process. The progression has been from the diffused group-consciousness of primitive man, who lacked all sense of separate identity, to eras of condensation of individualism — such as classical Greece and the Renaissance — then back again to co-consciousness. An individualistic society being a contradiction in terms, society must either choke individualism or be disrupted by it. In this respect we ourselves face the greatest crisis in all history. If we are not now to subside again into a condition of barbarism as in the Dark Ages, we must develop and merge ourselves in a superconsciousness which shall transcend individuality.

The modern age has seen successive violent revolutions, religious, political, economic: but only if man realizes that it is his own consciousness, not his environment, which demands alteration, will the last, and greatest, revolution be successfully accomplished. As to whether we shall manage it, Mr. Heard is not dogmatic; but he sees significant evidences of the birth of a new reintegrating spirit of enlarged sympathy and common understanding. Such signs are the emergence, on the respective planes of intellect and sensibility, of Humanism and Humanitarianism. The trouble is that the two are diverging instead of coming closer together. But though he fully recognizes dangers ahead, Mr. Heard remains unshakably optimistic.

A Musical Rhapsody

BEETHOVEN THE CREATOR, by Romain Rolland; translated by Ernest Newman; Harper, $5.00.

Reviewed by FRANKLIN NEUMAN.

AMONG literary men who love music — to paraphrase from Huneker — Romain Rolland is conspicuous for having written not only that genuinely musical novel *Jean Christophe*, but, in addition to other works on music, a musically respectable monograph on Handel and still another on Beethoven. To this latter early work he has now added the first volume of *Beethoven the Creator*, which deals intensively with that period of Beethoven's life which brought forth the "Eroica" symphony, the "Sonata Appassionata," and

Your Answer may alter your whole career..

Are you by nature a Talker or Writer?

MANY brilliant, able writers are conversationally diffident, shy . . . even awkward. On the other hand, some of the most sparklingly colorful and interesting "talkers" admit that they are hard put to compose a passably interesting letter.

Equal attitude for *both* writing and talking is, it seems, rare in one person.

Is there then a pronounced functional difference in people as regard these two methods of expression? Obviously there is. . . . And the person who possesses the writing instinct — even though it is not fully developed—often feels himself somewhat set apart from the conversationalist type.

In fact, these two schools of expression are in such obvious contrast that backwardness in conversation may, in itself, *indicate* latent, natural ability in the world of letters.

If WRITING seems to be your natural channel of expression, read this

Analyze yourself. . . . Do you enjoy writing? . . . Is this form of expression more natural to you than any other? . . . Is *writing* the easy, satisfying outlet to your thoughts, ideas, feelings?

If so—and you wish to *gauge* and perhaps capitalize that inherent ability—here is the way to start!

Send for and fill in the fascinating Writing Aptitude Test originated by the Newspaper Institute of America. It's a challenge to that latent ability in you, issued by keen, trained, newspaper minds. Here is a practical *way to measure your ability . . . to get a really impartial* opinion of the commercial value of your writing from an authority.

You'll get a thrill out of tackling the Aptitude Test. And what you do with it will be read and judged by N. I. A. editors, just as if you had submitted it for publication. You learn without favoritism or prejudice just what your *prospects are.*

And if you have talent, you will be interested in *this* way of developing it . . . *making it pay.*

For the Newspaper Institute of America's instruction is *practical.* It starts you writing and *keeps* you writing just as if you left your own home and your own job and became a reporter on a great New York daily. Under the Institute's New York Copy-Desk methods of instruction men and women are given actual newspaper assignments. Your write-ups are constructively criticized and blue-penciled by capable metropolitan newspaper men who know how to write the stuff that sells.

You perfect *your* style as they themselves did, by *actual* writing under *competent editorial supervision.*

Test yourself in advance

The Newspaper Institute's Writing Aptitude Test will tell you—and tell us—interesting facts about your possibilities. It costs nothing to try it—yet it may be the first step towards that stimulating, satisfying experience—getting *paid* for the work you enjoy doing. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America,
1776 Broadway, New York.

Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Forum—November

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss

Address..

All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 64K219

Stokes Books for Autumn Reading

What A Novel!

THE RICH YOUNG MAN

By G. M. Attenborough

The story of Samela, a modern Cinderella—and of The Rich Young Man—full of a rare beauty and warmth, an extraordinary savor of life. "Emily Newell Blair says: It has given me more real pleasure than any book I have ever read for a long time . . . Tens of thousands are not too many (to publish) if one novel like this gains a public!" . ***$2.50***

The Man of the Hour!

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

Labor's Man of Destiny

By H. Hessell Tiltman

Just published! The authorized, fully documented, biography of our distinguished visitor, carefully gone over by MacDonald himself. This book carries the great Labor Premier's amazing career up to the moment of sailing for this country—covering the discussion of the Young Plan at the Reparations Conference at the Hague and the Dawes-MacDonald conversations. Fully illustrated. ***$5.00***

"G.B.S." Approves

TALES FROM BERNARD SHAW

By Gwladys Evan Morris

Seven years of waiting for Shaw s permission has finally resulted in the publication of this daring and brilliantly original book. Miss Morris, the well-known Shavian actress, brings out the underlying ideas of ten well-known Shaw plays in the form of sophisticated, witty "jungle tales." A rare treat for every admirer of Shaw—and for every discriminating person. Strikingly illustrated. . . ***$3.00***

THE AMAZING BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Compiled and Edited by J. Henry Smythe, Jr.

Outstanding public figures of the day join in homage to a great man in this unusual volume. An unique memorial to "Poor Richard" and an invaluable epitome for all admirers of Franklin, issued under the auspices of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution. With a foreword by Herbert Hoover. Illustrated ***$3.00***

THE STORY OF MONEY

By Norman B. Angell

A clear, fascinating story of man's experiences with Money, written for the layman. This book shows what money has done to human society—the problems it has solved and created—and explains briefly the great monetary controversy of today. By the author of "The Great Illusion." . . . . Illustrated ***$5.00***

BUY YOUR BOOKS OF YOUR BOOKSELLER

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

A Preface to the Universe
The World Mechanism
Mind and Behavior
Society Today
Problems of Civilization
Art and the Worth While
Religious Life
The World Man Lives In

Bring Your Thinking Up to Date

with these fascinating

Short Cuts to Cultural Knowledge

Now YOU may have that *modern* understanding of the Arts, the Sciences, History, Philosophy, Religion, Society, that is the mark of culture today. This remarkable series of fascinating little volumes offers you an easy understanding of every field of modern thought. In each of the twelve books five famous authorities offer you a quick, thorough survey of one special branch of knowledge.

A Preface to the Universe
By Baker Brownell, T. V. Smith, Clarence Darrow, Edwin E. Slosson, W. Lee Lewis.

The World Mechanism
By W. D. MacMillan, H. W. Shimer, Irving S. Cutter, W. G. Waterman, Austin S. Clark.

Mind and Behavior
By C. Judson Herrick, George Humphrey, Joseph Jastrow, Floyd H. Allport, E. A. Burtt.

Making Mankind
By Clark Wissler, Fay-Cooper Cole, William M. McGovern, Melville J. Herskovits, Ferdinand Schevill.

Society Today
By Edwin E. Slosson, Walter Dill Scott, F. S. Deibler, W. E. Hotchkiss, Stuart Chase.

Society Tomorrow
By George Soule, Earl Dean Howard, Ralph E. Heilman, A. R. Hatton, W. L. Bailey.

Problems of Civilization
By Ellsworth Huntington, Whiting Williams, Jean Toomer, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Thomas D. Eliot.

Civilization and Enjoyment
By Alvin Johnson, Susanne LaFollette, Morris Fishbein, Lawrence Martin, Maurice Lesemann.

Art and the Worth While
By Robert Morss Lovett, Charles Johnston, Llewellyn Jones, Zona Gale, Edith Franklin Wyatt.

Five Arts
By Waldo Frank, Mark Turbyfill, Karleton Hackett, C. J. Bulliet, W. Roger Greeley.

Religious Life
By E. Sapir, Shailer Mathews, Ernest F. Tittle, Rufus M. Jones, Francis J. McConnell.

The World Man Lives In
By Bertrand Russell, M. C. Otto, D. T. Howard, Richard T. Ely, Baker Brownell.

Examine Them Free

These volumes are based upon the Northwestern University course in Contemporary Thought and form a fascinating reading course in the whole field of modern cultural knowledge or in any special branch of it. You may have any, or all, on approval for ten days if you use the coupon below. Easy payments if you wish the whole series, handsomely boxed.

Use This Coupon

D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc.
250 Fourth Ave., New York

Send me the volumes checked below. Within ten days I will either return them or remit $1.75 for each volume I keep.

☐ A Preface to the Universe
☐ The World Mechanism
☐ Mind and Behavior
☐ Making Mankind
☐ Society Today
☐ Society Tomorrow
☐ Problems of Civilization
☐ Civilization and Enjoyment
☐ Art and the Worth While
☐ Five Arts
☐ Religious Life
☐ The World Man Lives in

☐ Check here if you wish all 12 vols., handsomely boxed (12 vols. for the price of 11)—$19.25 payable $3.25 in ten days and $4.00 a month for four months.
(Forum 11-29)

Name..............................
Street and Number..............................
City and State..............................

Books

the opera, "Fidelio." "The 'Eroica' and the 'Appassionata,'" declares M. Rolland, in explaining why his volume does not trace the development of the composer from his infancy to his death, "were in Beethoven's eyes the culminating peaks of his genius. Speaking generally, the works of this period of three years (1803–1806) remain his favorites until his death; to him they recall illuminations and tempests whose breath and whose lightnings we still perceive to-day."

The book does not lose in interest by reason of these limitations; on the contrary, the author, by confining himself intensively to the richest and most significant period of Beethoven's career, has found it possible to dig deeper than most commentators, and so to come reasonably close to the very springs of Beethoven's art. His analyses, preferences, and discriminations reveal the taste of a cultivated musician, yet as a literary man writing on music he does not hesitate also to "interpret" the compositions with which he deals. This he does, however, only as a critic of exceptional insight and understanding can explain the product of genius; and he exclaims quite truthfully: "It pleases you professional musicians to turn up your noses at all interpretations. But your works would not be listened to unless the tissue of their rhythmic and sonorous combinations suggested a web of successive and connected emotions to those who listen to them. And you yourselves (or those of you who can rise above the low-water mark of the mere journeyman) can write nothing that will endure if the forces of your whole being, your ideas as well as your emotions, are not engaged — even if you are unconscious of it."

Distinctly, the book is a contribution to the literature of music which no cultivated admirer of Beethoven will care to ignore — despite its somewhat rhapsodical style and despite such lapses as the author's unphilosophical belief in Deism, which he irrelevantly insists upon here as elsewhere, thereby momentarily bringing the value of his utterances down to the level of an evangelical tract.

M. Rolland's discussion of the cause of Beethoven's deafness is novel. He does not believe that the affliction was brought about by catarrh, nor by typhus, nor by chills and influenza, nor by a fall, nor by syphilis, but advances the theory that it was caused by over-taxing the brain with furious powers of concentration. He adduces medical testimony to this effect, but admits that medical authorities disagree.

The book has been superlatively translated by Ernest Newman. It is curious, in a sense, that Mr. Newman should have been sufficiently attracted to this wholly laudatory work to undertake its translation, for his own controversial volume,

Quick Promotion

and HOW to Get It

One sure way to get ahead, to climb faster than your fellows, is to know **your job** and that of the man **ahead of you.** The college man doesn't always have an advantage, for now any man can have at his **finger tips** all of the facts pertaining to modern finance, factory production, business management, sales management, advertising, accounting, credits and all of the factors so important in **modern business**

Twelve big books, 3400 pages, covering the complete field of **Practical Business** prepared for men who want to get ahead but who haven't the time or the money to go to school, will be sent to you absolutely **FREE!** Yes, not one penny need be paid until you have examined these books; until you have proved to your own satisfaction their amazing value from the standpoint of **making more money.** These books are brimful of information of great value to professional and business men, to department heads, clerks, bookkeepers, correspondents — in fact to anyone in any way interested in **solving business problems.**

The Man Who Knows Is The Man Who Wins

This is always true; there is no doubt about it. Then why not take advantage of our great **Free Offer.** Let us send you these books for 10 days upon our **no money** offer. Look them over; test the new Jiffy Index which makes vital facts **instantly** available. See how easy it is to know what you want to know without long hours of grinding study. Note the accuracy of the answers to **every** business problem.

Extras You Get NOW!

To every man sending now for these newest guides to bigger pay we will send an extra volume containing a complete self quiz reading course free, a membership in the American Technical Society, entitling you to full consultation privileges for one year with 18 business experts, and in **addition to all of these** our guarantee that if you do not find these books the most helpful that you have ever seen anywhere and if you do not agree that the small price and easy terms makes them tremendously valuable to any man, you can return them and owe us nothing.

Thousands of pages, beautifully bound in flexible embossed covers, tell the secrets of the world's prominent executives in a simple, interesting and non-technical way which anybody can understand and use — finance, budgets, production, industrial management, sales, advertising, accounting, higher accountancy, credits, purchasing, employment, auditing, costs, commercial law — all fully covered. Send now, get these books, put them to every test you want to and then **if you are satisfied** send only $2.00 and then $3.00 a month until a total of only $39.80 is paid.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY!

American Technical Society, Dept. B-8197
Drexel Avenue at 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

You may send me the 12 big books on Practical Business Administration on your special offer for 15 days FREE examination. I am to pay nothing but the few cents express charges when the books arrive, and then if I decide to keep them I will send you $2.00 and after that $3.00 a month until the special price of $39.80 is paid. If I am not more than satisfied I will return the books, charges collect, and will owe you nothing. You are to include free the extra volume which contains a complete self quiz reading course and also a certificate entitling me to membership in the American Technical Society with full consultation privileges for one year.

Name..............................
Address..............................
Employer's Name..............................
Employer's Address..............................

RENT BOOKS

25c Rental a week BY MAIL $1 Life membership

Latest Fiction and Non-Fiction by parcel post (transit time allowed). 20% membership discount on purchases. Send for current list of 250 titles.

THE BOOK-A-WEEK SERVICE
Dept. 18, 45 W. 45th Street, New York City

Short Story Writing

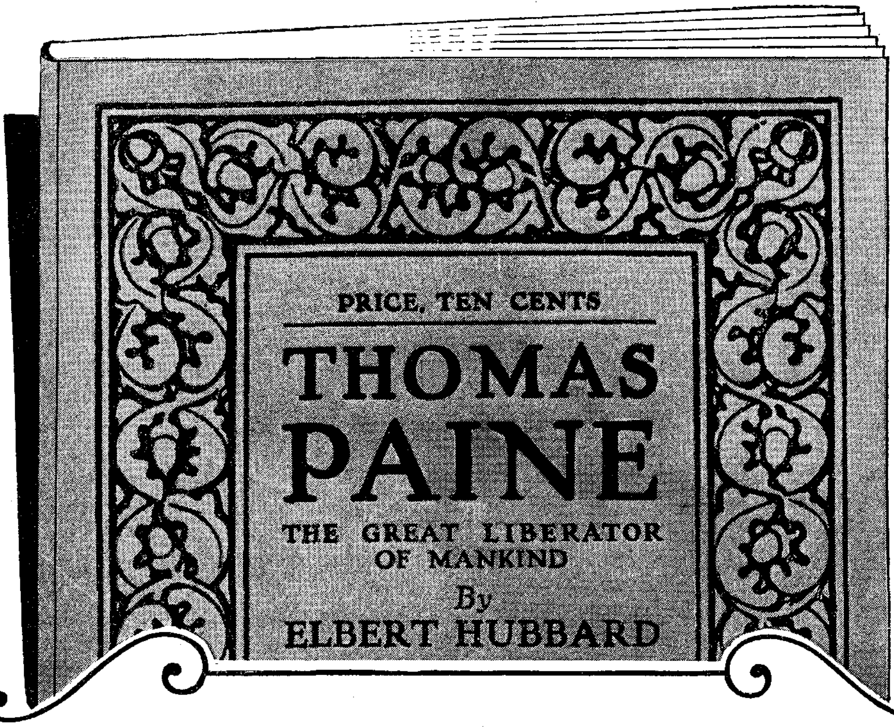
DR ESENWEIN

A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short Story, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, famous critic and teacher; Editor of The Writer's Monthly.

One pupil has earned over $5,000 writing in his spare time—hundreds are selling constantly to the leading publishers.

150 page catalog free. Please address

The Home Correspondence School
Established 1897
Dept. 17 Springfield, Mass.



Send Coupon and 10c

He Was The Man

Who roused the American Colonies to fight for freedom; planned, proposed, and named The United States of America; almost overturned the British monarchy, effecting far-reaching reforms; played a leading part in the French Revolution, and fought a tremendous, single-handed battle with bigotry and prejudice and superstition in a series of world-famous books.

Of course you want to read this exciting account of his life!

Thomas Paine was a liberator of men's minds as well as of their bodies. When Franklin said, "Where Liberty is, there is my home," Paine replied, "Where Liberty is *not*, there is my home."

He gave his life to laboring for mankind. Napoleon said a statue of gold should be erected to him in every city in the world. Washington paid tribute to his sound logic and unanswerable reasoning. Lincoln found his books when a young man, and they became a part of him. He declared: "I never tire of reading Paine."

Thomas A. Edison began reading Paine at 13, and regards him as one of the soundest minds our Republic has ever had. "Thomas Paine," he says, "should be read by his countrymen."

For 10c

PRICE, TEN CENTS
THOMAS PAINE
THE GREAT COMMONER OF MANKIND
ELBERT HUBBARD

Send Coupon TODAY

Thomas Paine National Historical Ass'n.
Dept. 1211, 50 West 47th Street, New York City

You will want this attractive little Roycroft-made book which tells the story of Thomas Paine in the glowing language of Elbert Hubbard. The coupon and 10 cents will bring it to you promptly. The edition is limited, and we urge you to send for your copy *at once*.

Name...

Address...

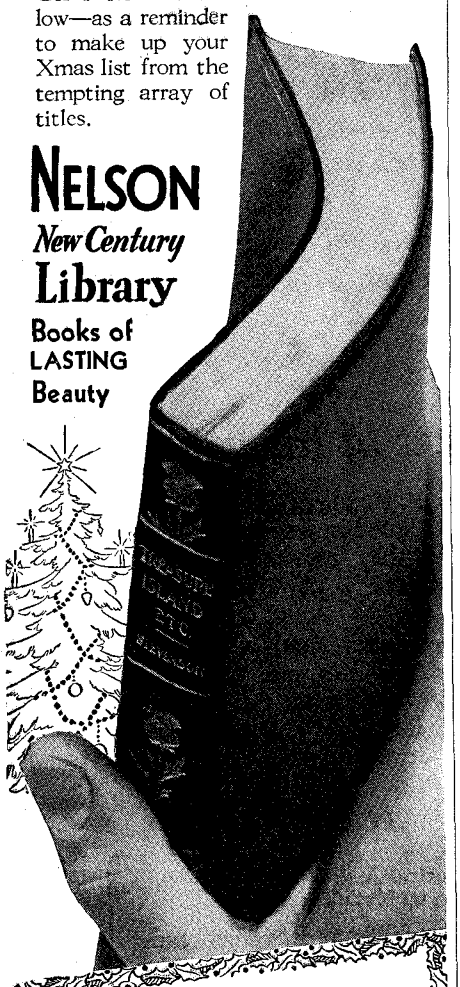
THE JOY OF GIVING *
BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

"WHAT more welcome gifts for those whose taste you respect than these friendly NELSON "New Century" classics—richly bound in dark-hued limp leather—with tops and tooling of gold—clearly printed on India paper so thin (yet opaque) that an 800-page work becomes a pocket volume!

What greater joy than to start a fellow-booklover collecting NELSON "New Century" LIBRARY titles—which comprise 175 volumes of the great novelists, essayists and poets.

Only $2.50 Each

Examine one of these handsome gifts at your bookseller's. Tear off the GIFT MEMO below—as a reminder to make up your Xmas list from the tempting array of titles.



NELSON
New Century
Library
Books of
LASTING
Beauty

* Gift Memo [SEE YOUR BOOKSELLER or send us this memo for Reading Plan, with full list of titles.]

THOMAS NELSON & SONS,
Dept. 111, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City
Please send me the *Reading Year* plan, with full list of titles in the NELSON "New Century" LIBRARY.
(Use Margin below for name and address)

Books

Beethoven the Unconscious, was written in protest against the fact that, with the exception of the Thayer biography, all books on Beethoven tended to support the theory that "the man Beethoven who walked the streets of Vienna habitually lived on the heights of ethical grandeur that he attained in his mighty music." Mr. Newman had no difficulty in convicting Beethoven of slovenliness, habitual discourtesy, arrogance, moral hypocrisy, and even financial dishonesty in his dealings with his publishers. These revelations established the fact that, as Mr. Newman put it, "two beings more completely dissimilar than Beethoven the composer and Beethoven the man could hardly be found," and the news caused ructions among the composer's idealistic idolaters. But the title of M. Rolland's volume sufficiently justifies the author's occasional extravagance; the book deals with Beethoven the musician. And as Wagner long ago pointed out in his own essay on Beethoven, "It is quite impossible to avoid falling into an ecstatic tone when speaking of the true nature of Beethoven's music."

American Decoration

THE DECORATIVE WORK OF T. M. CLELAND: A RECORD AND REVIEW; Pynson Printers, $20.00.

Reviewed by BURTON EMMETT.

THIS IS a retrospective exhibition in book form, with a sympathetic introduction by Alfred E. Hamill, of the work of one of America's greatest living masters of decorative design for the embellishment of the printed page. Glancing perfunctorily at the one hundred and sixty odd drawings and designs, many in full color, which constitute the main body of the volume, and noticing that most of them are in the manner of various early European schools, one might pardonably feel curious as to the justification of so elaborate a tribute to an artist seemingly so lacking in creative power of his own.

Were originality always the chief desideratum, however, one might be similarly put to it, to account for the reputations of Brunelleschi, Bramante, Sir Christopher Wren, and other acknowledged masters of Renaissance architecture. Every one of these men constructed his creations by deliberately, even proudly, adapting and assimilating the materials of illustrious predecessors.

There is evidence aplenty in this book to show that, when he permits himself to draw upon it, Thomas M. Cleland has his own reservoir of ideas and individuality. For his modesty and restraint in using this reservoir so sparingly, and for his devotion instead to the more authoritative sources of the past, only those who recall our advertising and commercial printing of twenty or thirty years ago can be sufficiently grateful. In those hullabaloo days, when novelty was the watchword and good taste was seemingly unknown, when, despite the cry for originality, artists were adapting from each other rather than from sound sources, there was real need for the sobering effects of refinement and dignity, and for the introduction of accepted standards of taste.

It is not alone, then, to the impeccable elegance of his designs, nor to his versatility, nor to the magic dexterity which enables his pen to give us the spirit now of the woodcut and now of the copperplate line, that Cleland owes his prestige. It is due largely to the fact that, just at the time when American commercial art most sorely needed it, he was so eminently a pioneer in restoring the influence of the print makers and page decorators of earlier centuries. Considering the growing demand that this country, too, create a manner of its own for future artists to draw upon, it is comforting to realize how much more authoritative, convincing, and restrained — thanks to such men as Cleland — the resulting style is sure to be.

In publishing this work, executed faultlessly and without hope of profit, Elmer Adler has done a fine, idealistic thing. Abroad, the importance and stimulative value of such books are more widely appreciated. Their production can be, and is, carried on with the ordinary commercial incentives. In this country, high costs and a less awakened market make the publishing of this type of volume a rather heroic endeavor. Not for a long time has any book offered students, collectors, and workers in the graphic arts so admirable an opportunity to respond in the only way that can lead to the publication of more works of a similarly desirable character.

←——→

ENGLAND has again provided us with a book which can best be described as "solid stuff." ULTIMA THULE (Norton, $2.50) is a close relation — and in no sense a poor relation — of Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. It is the third of a trilogy of novels, and — such are the vagaries of publishers — the first of the three to reach America. The author, a woman using the pseudonym of Henry Handel Richardson, has been writing for a quarter of a century, but not until now has she achieved anything other than an extremely restricted, although appreciative, audience. It is difficult to estimate *Ultima Thule* apart from its predecessors, in spite of the fact that it stands on its own feet as regards plot. One feels that the author has a definite architectonic structure in mind and that the significance of this one work will be realized only in conjunction with the first two. However, this much can be said of it alone: it is a grave and, above all, a moving novel. The

Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman

Heywood
Broun

Dorothy
Canfield

Christopher
Morley

William Allen
White

Above—THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

What is involved in joining the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB?

H. G. Wells

Arnold Bennett

Sigrid Undset

Arthur Schnitzler

Thomas Mann

André Maurois

The six distinguished foreign writers shown here comprise our International Advisory Committee.

WE are often asked this question; the answer always causes surprise. You simply obligate yourself to purchase, through the Club, a minimum of four books a year—out of from 250 to 300 books, that are reported upon and recommended by our judges. You never *have* to take the "book-of-the-month". You receive a report upon it in advance of publication, and may take it or not, as you please.

Book readers will be interested to know that assisting our judges now is an international advisory body: H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett for England; André Maurois for France; Thomas Mann and Arthur Schnitzler for Germany, and Sigrid Undset for Scandinavia. These individuals keep our judges advised about the significant books that appear, each in his own country, although they have nothing to do with the actual choice of books for our subscribers.

With all these distinguished writers associated with the Club, you can feel certain that the advice you receive about the new books is both disinterested and authoritative; more so than if you rely, as most people must, chiefly upon advertisements; and, more important still, our system of advance reports and automatic delivery *prevents you from missing those among the new books which you are anxious to read.* Over 100,000 book-readers—the elite of the land in every walk of life—now keep up with the new books in this way.

Your First Book *Free*

—*if you subscribe now*

This is an offer being made now—to make it worth while for those who have thought of joining and have just neglected to, not to delay longer. If you are interested, we suggest that you get full information about our system immediately, and then if you decide to join, do so while you can get the first book free. Mail the coupon below for a booklet which will give you full information.

15-11

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Books shipped to Canadian members through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Limited

A New Bible

Translated into the Language of Today

No longer a sealed book by reason of obscurities — no longer a mystery because of archaic style — but an open book in clear, simple language that reveals its full meaning to the people of today. Here is a new translation retaining that beauty and reverence of the Authorized Version but made crystal clear for the modern reader — a version that invites the lay reader to the *irresistible fascination of the* scriptural story.

The Most Accurate and Understandable Version of the Bible

because obsolete and obscure words and phrases are replaced by the language we speak today; *because* this is a direct translation from original Greek and Hebrew sources some of which were not available to earlier translators; *because* modern research has thrown much new light on the sacred records enabling the translator of this new version to clarify many doubtful points.

"The Man Most Ably Prepared for This Great Task"

Dr. Jowett thus described the author of this translation, the Reverend Professor James Moffatt, D.D., LL.D. Dr. Moffatt is world-renowned as an authority on Hebrew and New Testament Greek — eminent theologian and religious historian.

And Dr. S. Parkes Cadman says of the book, "It is entitled to an honored and necessary place in every man's library who loves the Bible or who desires to know what it actually says."

FREE for Examination

You will want to see this superb limp leather book for yourself. To enable you to judge its worth conveniently we will be glad to send it postpaid for seven days' free examination. If you find it indispensable, you may own it for $5.00. Heretofore sold for $7.50, now reduced to $5.00 that everyone may possess this vivid and illuminating translation of Old and New Testaments. If you do not care to keep the volume you need simply return it to us. *Mail this coupon.*

Use This Approval Form

Lewis Copeland Company, Dept. B-4
119 West 57th Street, New York

Please send me post-paid for free examination **THE HOLY BIBLE, A New Translation,** bound in full limp Morocco. Within seven days I will either return the book or remit $5.00 as payment in full under your special offer.

Name..

Address..

City............................*State*...............

Orders outside of Continental U. S. Cash with order.

Books

story itself is not unusual — merely that of one more individual who is temperamentally unfitted to wage the battle called life. What is important is the skill with which the author reveals the selfishness, the silly pride, the many weaknesses and the pitifully few virtues of her central character, Richard Mahony. Disdaining artifice, capable of true sentiment, yet avoiding all sentimentality, blessed with a fine sense of restraint and an equally fine sense of true climaxes, Henry Handel Richardson has written a book which one feels is a good deal more than "the book of the month."

JOHN KNOX looked on himself as an "instrument"; his opponents considered him a calamity. It is difficult to speak temperately of a man whose own temper knew no bounds, whose words carried arrogance and hatred almost into insanity, and whose personal power changed the fate of a whole country, so that his direct influence may be considered to have lasted almost four hundred years. Edwin Muir, in JOHN KNOX: PORTRAIT OF A CALVINIST (Viking, $3.50), has accomplished his difficult purpose of making comprehensible to this rather indifferent age his violent fellow-countryman. Calmly, steadily, the narrative moves through the scenes of a cruel, obstinately uncompromising day; the victories and the set-backs of the reformer's life rise and break like a surf on a tide in flood; and this tidal movement of the story renders as nothing else could the deep, indomitable will of John Knox.

THERE is a surface similarity between Aldous Huxley and Richard Aldington. Both are brilliant, witty, sardonic. Both deal with a generation which has been insidiously addled by the war. Huxley, however, is deficient in emotional force. He sees man as an abject sort of animal, yet remains coldly detached in the face of so distressing a spectacle. With Aldington it is different. He mocks at his war generation, and at the Victorians who were responsible for its weaknesses, but behind his mocking is a bile and bitterness, a cleansing fire of protest which gives emotional validity to his first novel, THE DEATH OF A HERO (Covici-Friede, $2.50.) On November 4, 1918, Captain George Winterbourne of the English Army deliberately rose from shelter and permitted himself to be riddled by a storm of bullets. Mr. Aldington delves back into the stuffiness and stupidity of two generations in order to lay bare the long train of events which made this suicide inevitable. The concluding section of his book is as magnificent and terrible a picture as one is likely to find of what war can do to a sensitive spirit, of the disintegration which it

WRITING

pays . . . learn to write!

Palmer trained students are successful: *"I've sold two stories lately, one for $110. The other, for which I received $160, has been accepted by the same magazine."* Another writes: *"Today is the happiest day of my life. Received a check for my first story this morning."* Still another tells us: *"My sales will reach $1,000 by the end of the year."*

More than 125 stories and articles by Palmer students have been purchased by editors in the last few weeks. Learn to write. It will pay you in cash.

The coupon will bring you full information about Palmer Courses and other Palmer successes.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
CLAYTON HAMILTON . . . PRESIDENT
Dept. 77Y, Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.

I am interested in:
☐ Short Story Writing
☐ English and Self-Expression
☐ Photoplay Writing
☐ Writers' Criticism Service

Name ________________________

Address ______________________

All correspondence strictly confidential. No salesman will call.

Book on Law Free

Write today for this new book. It tells you how a law training will shorten your road to success. It also carries a vital and inspiring message to every ambitious man. Find out about the opportunities that await the law trained man. Find out how you can learn law right in your own home. No obligations. The book is absolutely FREE.

Write Today—now—while low tuition fee is in force.

American Correspondence School of Law
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 1168 Chicago, Ill.

COLLEGE COURSES

at Home

Carry on your education. Develop power to initiate and achieve. Earn credit toward a Bachelor degree or Teaching Certificate *by correspondence.* Select from 450 courses in 45 subjects, including English, Mathematics, History, Education, Psychology, Economics, the Languages, etc. Write for catalog.

The University of Chicago
439 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.

THE FORUM

Is Available on Passenger Planes of the Following Lines:

UNIVERSAL AVIATION CORPORATION
Cleveland-Chicago-Kansas City, Kan.-Garden City, Kan.
STOUT AIR LINES
Detroit-Cleveland-Chicago
EMBRY-RIDDLE COMPANY
Cincinnati-Indianapolis-Chicago
NORTHWEST AIRWAYS
Minneapolis-St. Paul-Chicago
CURTISS FLYING SERVICE
Chicago to all points in the United States
YELLOW CAB AIRWAYS
Des Moines-Kansas City-Indianapolis

Learn Advertising at HOME

Send your name and address for free booklet giving interesting information and vital facts about Advertising. Find out how we prepare you at home, in your spare time, for the opportunities open in this fascinating business. Practical work. No text books. Old established school. Successful graduates everywhere. Just the plan you have always wanted. Write today. No obligation.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING
Dept. 1168, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

CULTURED SPEECH

AT LAST! Something New!

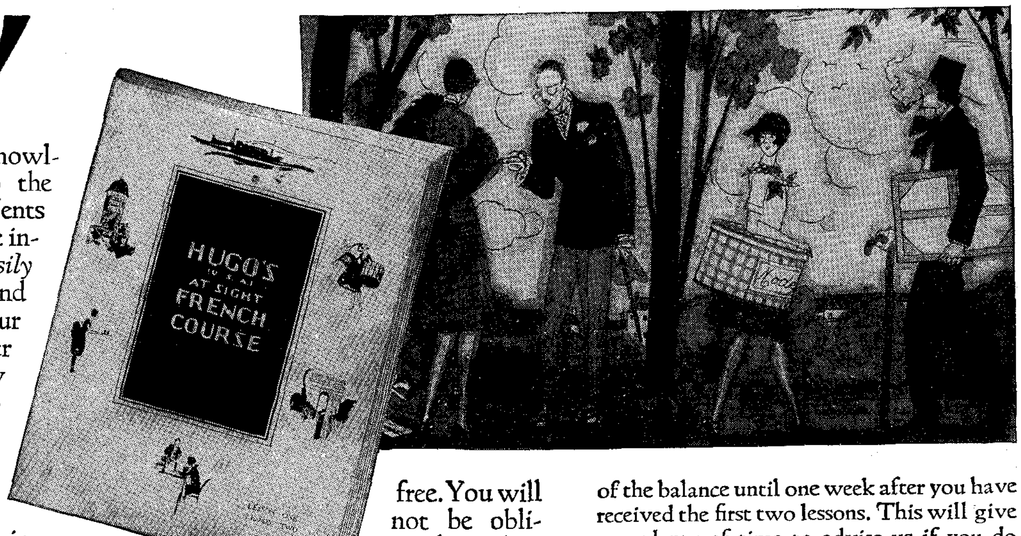
Learn Cultured Speech and Correct Pronunciation quickly from phonograph records. Also increase your vocabulary this new easy way. Be a fluent talker—cultivated speech is a social and business asset of the first importance. This new "learn by listening" method highly recommended by leading educators. Records sent on free trial. Write for information and free Self Test. No obligation.

THE PRONUNCIPHONE INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1168, Chicago

French is as Easy as this:

parlez	par-lay	(*speak*)
bouquet	boo-kay	(*a bunch of flowers*)
beaucoup	bow-koo	(*much, many*)
Anglaise	Onglaze	(*English*)
mais oui	may we	(*but, yes*)
doux	doo	(*sweet*)
l'édifice	laidifees	(*the building*)

Take YOUR First Two Lessons FREE!



NOW, you can add a knowledge of French to the list of accomplishments which makes you the individual you are. You can *easily* acquire a command of a vast fund of conversational French, in your spare time at home. No other attainment of which you may be proud was mastered as quickly as this one may be. Few will be more valuable to you all through life.

If you excel at swimming, at bridge, at riding, driving, tennis or golf; if you play the piano or any other musical instrument; if you are a public speaker or an artist you have spent many days of hard study perfecting yourself. The ability to speak French ranks with the foremost of these accomplishments. French is the most valuable second language in the world. And it can be learned—by the Hugo method—in record time without tedious study.

The few words appearing above illustrate the simple Hugo key to pronunciation. It is impossible to mispronounce a French word if that key is followed. And every other phase of Hugo's FRENCH AT SIGHT is just as clearly and plainly marked, just as easy to master.

Speak French Like a Native

To utterly convince you—to *show* you, not by description but by sight of the lessons themselves—we will send you the first two lessons of this *short cut to usable French* absolutely free. You will not be obligated to buy the course unless you care to. The first two lessons are yours for all time, absolutely free. Send for them at once.

Instead of starting to study French in the schoolroom fashion, with rules of grammar and long lists of irregular verbs, the Hugo method enables you to practically *think* in French, to begin to use actual French sentences with the proper pronunciation and the native accent—*from the very first page of lesson one.* From there on through the course your progress is steady and rapid. Beginning with complete, useful French sentences such as you first learned in English as a child, you become more and more proficient—scarcely realizing *how*, it is so easy—until you can converse in French, read French letters and books and write the language as well.

Send at once for the free sample lessons. Read them over. See how much French you know already. See how much like a game it is. Then, after you have had plenty of time to see its value for yourself, decide if you wish to finish the balance of the course or not. We will withhold shipment of the balance until one week after you have received the first two lessons. This will give you plenty of time to advise us if you do not wish to continue the study.

Mail the coupon now for your free sample lessons. Enjoy the fun of learning without effort. Then, after five days, if you do not wish to continue the course, the experiment has cost you nothing.

If you *do* wish to finish the rest of the twenty-four lessons, you send only $1.85 first payment and $2 per month—while you are learning—for four consecutive months. If you prefer to pay cash in full after you have seen the sample lessons you can *save one dollar* by remitting $8.85 in full payment.

The coupon below will bring you the first two lessons *complete*, absolutely FREE. Mail it tonight.

DOUBLEDAY DORAN & COMPANY, Inc.
Garden City **Dept. F-6011** **New York**

Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., Dept. F-6011
Garden City, N. Y.

You may send me the first two lessons of Hugo's FRENCH-AT-SIGHT absolutely free. At the end of five days I will either mail you $1.85, and $2 per month for four consecutive months, for the entire course, or I will inform you that I do not want the complete lessons. In either case there is no charge for the first two lessons. They are mine absolutely FREE!

Name..

Address..

City..

Will You Accept a

1929 ATLAS

Given to readers of *Forum* who take advantage of this offer now made in connection with

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The Merriam-Webster

The "Supreme Authority"

A Complete Reference Library in Dictionary Form — with 3,000 pages and type matter equivalent to a **15-Volume Encyclopedia,** all in **a single volume.** India-Paper Edition in Rich Full Red Leather or Government Test Tan Buckram Binding, also Regular Edition in strong Red Fabrikoid, can now be secured by readers of *Forum* on the following remarkably easy terms:

The entire work (with 1929 ATLAS)

Delivered for $1.00

and easy monthly payments thereafter (on approved orders in United States and Canada).

You will probably prefer the beautiful India-Paper Edition, which is

Reduced About One-Half

in thickness and weight as compared with the Regular Paper Edition

Over 408,000 Vocabulary Terms and, in addition, **12,000 Biographical Names, nearly 32,000 Geographical Subjects, 3,000 pages, 6,000 illustrations.**

Constantly improved and kept up-to-date. "To have this work in the home is like sending the whole family to college." To have it in the office is to supply the answers to countless daily questions.

The Universal Question Answerer

To Solve **Question Games, Cross Word Puzzles,** whatever your question, you will find the answer in the NEW INTERNATIONAL. It is accepted as the highest authority everywhere.

THE ATLAS Is the **1929** New Reference Atlas of the World," containing 180 pages. Maps are beautifully printed in colors and include recent changes in boundaries, airway maps, and latest census figures, etc., all handsomely bound in cloth, size 9¾ x 12½ inches.

Mail This Coupon for Information

G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.

Home Office, Dept. S

Please send me free of all obligation or expense complete information including "125 Interesting Questions" with references to their answers; striking "Facsimile Color-Plate" of the new bindings with terms of your Atlas offer on Webster's New International Dictionary to *Forum* readers. (11-29)

Name..................................

Address..................................

Books

relentlessly brings about. Hitherto, Mr. Aldington has been known as a scholar and a poet. It seems likely that he is destined to become a novelist of real power.

A FIRST NOVEL of sheer beauty and power is Oliver La Farge's LAUGHING BOY (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). It is the tragic but triumphant love story of a Navajo Indian bred in the pure traditions of his people who is forced to fight the curse of white civilization when he marries a native girl corrupted by the government schools. The tale is epic in its proportions, symbolizing as it does the tragedy of an entire race made manifest in the lives of Laughing Boy and Slim Girl. Mr. La Farge, the publishers inform us, has spent several years among the Navajos, adopting their customs and dress and even learning their language, which he did so well that other tribesmen of the Southwest often mistook him for a Navajo. Out of this experience he has given us a story that moves with stately joyousness through the pageantry of native customs, ceremonials, and dances, drawing its strength from the natural purity of primitive life and its moral beauty from the almost esctatic sincerity with which these Indians toil in their arts and crafts. On closing the book, one may wonder whether La Farge's Navajos may not be a modern counterpart of Cooper's Mohicans, for Laughing Boy combines in himself Keats' love of beauty, Shelley's ethereal quality of poetic feeling, and Benvenuto Cellini's delight in expressing them in gold and silver. But the question is irrelevant. The book is a novel, not a history; and if such noble savages do not exist, it is the fault of the gods and not of Mr. La Farge.

FULL-BLOODED and charged with vitality, SINGERMANN, by Myron Brinig (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50), is calculated to make the current crop of fiction look pretty anaemic. It is the saga of a family of Roumanian Jews who migrated to Silver Bow, Montana, in the days when miners, prostitutes, and prize fighters still jostled elbows on the streets of that raw and colorful town. There were six young Singermanns — each with some share of the rampant emotionalism which characterized the superb old patriarch, their father. Most of them fought life stubbornly, only to encounter frustration or sordid defeat, but their very striving and groping has, somehow, a kind of dignity. "What tawdriness, what majesty, what romance," are the final words of the novel. They are completely descriptive. Mr. Brinig is, apparently, one of those rare people who love life for its own sake — because it is a racy and moving spectacle. Unlike Ludwig Lewisohn, he is ridden by no thesis, by no set philosophy. Despite their lush and prevailing Jewishness, his Singermanns are more than Jews. They are, to an extent unusual in fiction, human beings.

THINGS. And more things. These make up the business life of Rarick, creator of the world's greatest chain of five and ten cent stores, and supply the eighteen thousand dollars necessary for the weekly maintainance of his household. In FIVE AND TEN, (Harper, $2.50) Fannie Hurst's latest novel, one finds the devastation which things and the desire for things can create. If at times the array of figures temporarily overpowers one, if the descriptions of the so-called idle rich sometimes read like sections of the tabloids, it is relatively unimportant. The creation and the disintegration of characters primarily occupy Miss Hurst. Rarick is perfect. Jenny doesn't quite convince. Jennifer is possible, even probable. The greatest delight to be found in any of Miss Hurst's books is in her ability to describe situations and characters in the fewest possible words.

SINCE biography is André Maurois' usual medium of expression, one may be pardoned for feeling that when he reverts to the novel form, it is to become autobiographical. In ATMOSPHERE OF LOVE (Appleton, $2.50), M. Maurois' second novel, there is no plot and less action. The two divisions of the book concern themselves with, first, Philippe's love for his wife, Odile, and his intense jealousy because of his inability to possess every thought and every instant of her time; and second, the attitude of Isabell, Philippe's second wife, toward him — an exact replica of Philippe's own reactions toward Odile. There is a Proustian quality about this novel. Self-analysis is carried to an extremity. While the charm is sustained in the reading of *Atmosphere of Love,* it vanishes with the closing of the covers. More biographies, please, M. Maurois!

PRESUMABLY there are hundreds of readers whose hearts will be agreeably warmed by THE LOVE OF THE FOOLISH ANGEL (Cosmopolitan, $2.50.) The Book League of America, the Book Society in England, and the beneficent Mr. Walpole have all sealed with their approval Helen Beauclerk's pure-minded fantasy. They must know. In case, however, there are those who do not automatically gravitate to the kind of book which blurb writers describe as "tender and exquisite," it might be kind to say a few words about the plot. Tamael, a simple and naïve little angel, unwittingly turns rebel out of love for Lucifer and is expelled from Heaven. He makes so unsatisfactory a resident of Hell that Satan sends him to earth for the purpose of seducing the beautiful Basilea. Naturally, the unworldly fellow falls in love with her and shudders at the thought of marring her virtue. After

Join the Guild NOW Save $21⁰⁰ on Your Books NEXT YEAR

QUEEN ELIZABETH
KATHARINE ANTHONY
THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY
THE TRAGIC ERA
By
CLAUDE G. BOWERS

These representative Guild books have been unquestioned leaders—rushing to prominence upon publication and holding their places through sheer merit. Guild members were *insiders*. They received them before they became famous — at a great cash saving.

CARL VAN DOREN
Famous writer and critic, Editor-in-Chief of the Guild

JULIA PETERKIN
Author of *Scarlet Sister Mary.* Winner of the Pulitzer Prize.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Associate Editor of *The Nation*, prominent psychologist and biographer.

BURTON RASCOE
Well-known columnist, critic and writer.

ONE day toward the first of each month you will receive a *bargain*, a delightful surprise, a beautiful object for your home and a fund of the best reading entertainment IF YOU JOIN THE GUILD NOW.

The thrill never leaves you. When the mailman delivers that compact package with all postage paid your fingers won't be swift enough to get at the heart of that package no matter how long you remain a member. And the pleasure of reading the selections will never wear out because each book differs from all the rest—past or future—in every particular except literary quality and beauty.

In the three years of its existence the Literary Guild has learned—from its membership of nearly 100,000—that there are at least 3,000 *different* reasons for joining the organization. The foremost is the quality of the books you will receive. A few of the past selections are pictured above.

Each of the selected books is beautifully printed and bound *for members only*. Those who stay out of the Guild can get the same titles elsewhere by paying a much higher price for them, but they are not the same books. The Guild edition is painstakingly prepared to gratify the most particular and to please the most critical of readers. Paper, printing and binding are of the highest quality without exception.

By knowing in advance exactly how many books will be needed, the Guild effects a score of small economies which make a grand total. And the saving is passed on to *you*, who will receive twelve of the most outstanding of the year's books—for the price of six.

SELECTED FROM AMONG 10,000

The Editorial Board has access to these manuscripts before publication for the retail trade. From the tons of volumes published each year it selects twelve which you can not afford to miss. These twelve are issued—one a month—in a special edition and mailed to you, postpaid. No matter where you live you are in touch with the very heart of the book world.

Membership is free. The service costs you nothing. The magazine which accompanies the book each month is also gratis. The only charge to you is an annual subscription fee of only $21, payable on convenient terms if you prefer.

The book value given each member for that small sum has created a sensation in the publishing world. The practice of allowing the reader—you, for instance—to share in the profits of the book business was an entirely new one three years ago. The Guild has made it popular. It is fashionable to economize this way.

Start Your Subscription Today

BEGIN SAVING MONEY IMMEDIATELY

Put the Guild books in your home these next twelve months. Compare the bindings and prices with the regular editions of the same books on sale in the stores. Avail yourself of the exchange privilege if you ever care to. Every Guild book is really sent to you on approval. If you do not want it you may return it within a week in even exchange for a previous Guild book or for credit of $1.75, one twelfth of the annual subscription fee, to be applied to the purchase price of any book in print in the United States.

Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed. Mail the coupon today.

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA
55 Fifth Avenue Dept. 101 F. New York, N. Y.

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC.,
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 101F., New York City

Gentlemen:—You may enter me as a subscriber to the Literary Guild of America for one year. I will pay you $4.00 on receipt of your first book, and $3.00 a month for six months only. You will send me one new book a month subject to exchange as stated in this advertisement. I may cancel this subscription by giving one month's notice. In this case you will charge me only the retail price of books received and refund the balance.

Name..

Address..

City................................*State*............

(You save $1 by sending $21 with coupon in full payment)

"As a matter of fact,

"Ulysses" marks a more advanced stage of psychic disintegration than anything that has come down to us from classical antiquity," *says* IRVING BABBITT *in*

THE
BOOKMAN
for OCTOBER

This is one of the striking conclusions in the article on *Coleridge and the Moderns*, by the man who has been characterized as "perhaps the most powerful mind in the whole range of American criticism and scholarship."

"When Booth turned his eyes

upon me, my tongue failed me utterly Never had I looked into such eyes or upon a gentler, more sensitive face."

This meeting with Edwin Booth is only one of scores of fascinating and intimate accounts of the famous personalities of half a century told by HAMLIN GARLAND in his delightful reminiscences beginning in the October BOOKMAN under the title *Roadside Meetings of a Literary Nomad*.

"Mencken is saved the trouble

of facing an issue squarely by taking one man with whom he disagrees and playing him off against another man with whom they both disagree"

H. L. Mencken, Julian Green, Robinson Jeffers, Norah James, J. C. Squire and Jesse Lynch Williams are among those whose names and pictures appear in the witty and pertinent columns of the BOOKMAN'S new department *Chronicle and Comment*, beginning with the October number.

Read these and many other features, entertaining and serious, in the Bookman for October

Please enter my subscription to The Bookman for 1930 and send me the Oct., Nov and Dec. 1929, copies free I enclose check or money order for $5. F 11

Name..........

Address..........

Canada postage, 50c; Foreign $1.00

THESE
ISSUES
FREE

Special Offer: Subscribe now for 1930 and receive the Bookman for Oct., Nov and Dec. *free.*

SPARE TIME TRAINING
THAT LEADS TO BIGGER PAY

Do you want a better position and a higher salary? You can have them if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems through the time-saving LaSalle Problem Method. Our **salary-increasing plan** enables you to prepare during your spare hours, without interference with your present duties. Simply mark on the coupon the field in which you desire success, and we will mail you a valuable book describing the opportunities in that field, together with an outline of our **salary-increasing plan.** Also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." There is no cost or obligation. Find out how the **salary-increasing plan** starts average men and women on the high road to success and financial independence. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

Find Yourself Through LaSalle

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 1196R, CHICAGO — The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Tell me about your **salary-increasing plan** for my advancement in the business field checked.
Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ Business Management
☐ Modern Salesmanship
☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Railway Station Mgmt
☐ Railway Accounting
☐ Law—Degree of LL. B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Modern Business Correspondence
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ Personnel Management
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Telegraphy
☐ Stenotypy
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence

Ten years promotion in one

Free!

Name.......... Present Position..........

Address..........

Books

many vicissitudes, goodness finally triumphs, and two souls are — quite literally — united. Miss Beauclerk, who has a happy gift of style, is completely in earnest and does not dally with satire. According to taste, the reader will either find her book very moving or very, very dull.

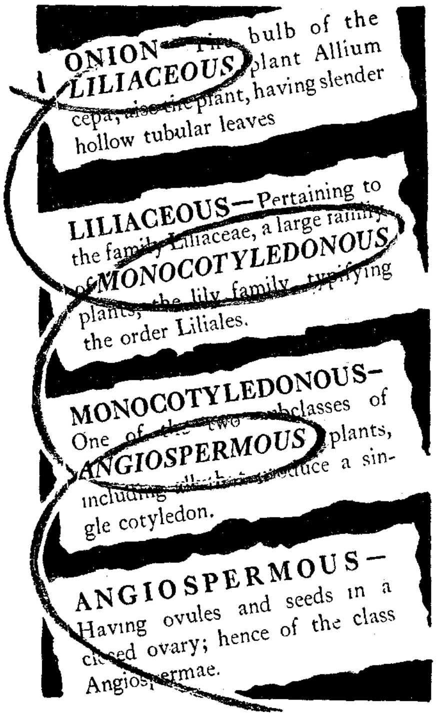
IT IS no small feat to recreate the atmosphere of a vanished world. Consequently GREEK GESTURES, by William Griffith (John Day, $1.50), should properly be an object of wonder. These brief, conversational verses recall not only the manner, but also the spirit, of the famous Greek Anthology. Crisp, pithy, and cleanly whittled, many of them evoke the very accents of Alcaeus or Anacreon. They are not, however, mere scholarly imitations. Mr. Griffith's fragmentary commentaries on Attic life have a pungency, a live wit, which make them equally applicable to this modern age. They perfectly exemplify the author's contention that the Hellenic spirit still persists and still bears fruit.

IN SPITE of the fact that William McFee has called Donn Byrne "the Zane Grey of Ireland," this browser confesses to finding considerable charm in many of Mr. Byrne's novels — notably *Messer Marco Polo, The Wind Bloweth,* and, to a much lesser degree, in *Field of Honor* (Century, $2.50), a posthumous novel. All the usual characteristics of the Ireland of romance (if not of fact) are there, but much of the action occurs off-stage—that is to say, in England and France. Castlereagh, the Irishman most hated by Irishmen, is the central figure, and the background is that of the Napoleonic era. The book is episodic and international in its scope, which makes it tedious at times. However, the study of English politics through the eyes of an Irishman — an unusually rampant Irishman, — is always interesting, if not accurate.

WE SELDOM realize the beauty inherent in English words until we hear them in poetry, where their tonal values are enhanced (as colors are) by contrast, repetition, and rhythm. Historically, the fundamental form of poetry was regular repetition of sound and beat; increasingly sophisticated ears have developed such highly complicated tone, stress, and pause patterns as the verse of R. Ellsworth Larsson. His first book, O CITY CITIES (Payson & Clarke, $2.50), comes closer than any other verse yet published to pure musical form. Moreover it has not lost the quality, essential to articulate speech, of evoking concrete images, which are the precipitations of an intense emotion, with the curious dual power images have of both releasing and sustaining it.

Are YOU Letting a "DETOUR-DICTIONARY"

Waste Your Time *This Way?*



ONION—Th... bulb of the LILIACEOUS plant Allium cepa, also the plant, having slender hollow tubular leaves

LILIACEOUS—Pertaining to the family Liliaceae, a large family of MONOCOTYLEDONOUS plants, the lily family, typifying the order Liliales.

MONOCOTYLEDONOUS—One of the two subclasses of ANGIOSPERMOUS plants, including all which produce a single cotyledon.

ANGIOSPERMOUS—Having ovules and seeds in a closed ovary; hence of the class Angiospermae.

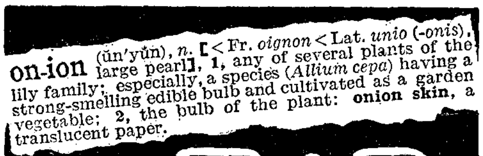
In defining a simple word like "Onion" a certain well-known dictionary "detours" the searcher through three unfamiliar words, themselves needing definition. In contrast, *note the simple, direct definition given (at left) from The WINSTON Simplified Dictionary.*

DOES the dictionary you now use send you on "detours" like the one illustrated here? Does it make you look up three or four other unfamiliar words in order to find one *complete, clear* definition?

Such time-wasting, temper-trying effort can now be a thing of the past — through this New Kind of Dictionary. The new WINSTON Simplified Dictionary is not a "detour-dictionary"! Each of its definitions is given in words of common usage, simple, complete and accurate.

But this is only the *first* of the FIVE secrets of speedier reference which make this the perfect dictionary for busy people — in *home*, *office*, or *school*.

Secondly, each of the 100,000 reference words is printed in *bold* type TWO lines high. Thirdly, The WINSTON gives *first* the present-day meaning that you are usually seeking. Fourthly, the patented, specially designed Thumb Index leads you quickly to the proper page. And, lastly, full-page color plates and 3000 text illustrations (averaging two to each page) save your time wherever pictures can tell a clearer story than words alone.



on-ion (ŭn'yŭn), *n.* [< Fr. *oignon* < Lat. *unio* (-*onis*), large pearl], **1**, any of several plants of the lily family; especially, a species (*Allium cepa*) having a strong-smelling edible bulb and cultivated as a garden vegetable; **2**, the bulb of the plant: **onion skin**, a translucent paper.

The WINSTON SIMPLIFIED DICTIONARY

gives a complete and clear definition of every single reference . . .

THE WINSTON SIMPLIFIED DICTIONARY
ENCYCLOPEDIC EDITION
THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.

Thin paper. Encyclopedic edition. 100,000 words defined. 1500 pages, size 6¾ x 8½ inches. 3000 illustrations. Weight 3¼ lbs.

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Development of the English language; DICTIONARY; Signs and Symbols; Weights, Measures and Standards; Foreign Words and Phrases; Persons and Places; Dictionary of Phrases; Scottish Terms; Christian Names of Men and Women; Historical Events; How to Write and Speak English; Atlas and Gazetteer of the World.

SO up-to-the-present-day in vocabulary is the WINSTON, so easy to use, that it is indorsed by such great popular writers as Booth Tarkington, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Zona Gale. Yet it is so scholarly as to be used in such leading institutions as Harvard, Chicago, Stanford, Columbia, and other famous seats of learning. It is edited by Henry Seidel Canby, Ph.D.; Wm. D. Lewis, A.M., Pd.D., Litt.D.; and Thos. Kite Brown, Jr., Ph.D.

Your bookseller has The WINSTON — or mail the coupon, without money, at once. So confident are we that you will be delighted, we will send it on five days' free examination to responsible people sincerely interested in seeing its many new features. Use coupon below at once. *The John C. Winston Co., 111 Winston Building, Philadelphia, Pa.*

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO., 111 Winston Bldg.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send, all charges prepaid, the thin paper edition (1500 pages, 3000 illustrations) of the New Encyclopedic WINSTON SIMPLIFIED DICTIONARY *in style checked below*. I will return it within 5 days at your expense or remit price.

☐ Artcraft Edition	$5.00
☐ Persian Morocco Edition	$7.50
☐ Red Turkey Morocco Edition	$10.00

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

THE MONEY VALUE OF EDUCATION

MANY people seek more education solely because it increases their earning capacity; but education brings so much more. It is true that if one can increase one's economic value to the world and render better service through more education, then that increased capacity for service should be sought earnestly and used fully . . . But in addition to this direct translation of knowledge into dollars, one gains even greater values. Education brings added satisfaction in life because it develops keener and more accurate thinking. Study brings poise, ease, social advantages, intellectual resources; and its benefits go out to everyone . . . Courses in English, Business, Psychology, Music, or the languages are valuable investments, not only for actual or potential increase in earning power, but also for the greater capacity to enjoy life.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Offers Home Study Courses of University Grade in the Following Subjects:

Accounting
Algebra
American Government
American History
American Literature
Applied Grammar
Astronomy
Banking
Biblical Literature
Biology
Botany
Boy Scouting
Business Administration
Business English
Business Law
Business Mathematics
Business Organization
Chemistry
Child Psychology
Classics
Composition
  Dramatic
  English
  Various Languages
  Lyric Poetry
Contemporary Novel
Drafting
Drama
Drawing and Painting
Economics
Economic Geography
English
English Literature
Essay Writing
European History
Fire Insurance
French
Geometry
German
Government
Grammar
Greek
Harmony
High School Courses
History
Investments
Italian
Juvenile Story Writing
Latin
Library Service
Literature
Magazine Article Writing
Marketing
Mathematics
Personnel Administration
Philosophy
Photoplay Composition
Physics
Psychology
Psychology in Business
Public Speaking
Religion
Secretarial Studies
Short Story Writing
Slide Rule
Sociology
Spanish
World Literature, etc., etc.

IN this country we are in the midst of an adult education movement. University home study courses are one of the important factors in this progressive movement, for they offer expert guidance under educators qualified to direct . . . Our courses have been prepared by our instructors to meet the special requirements of study at home. While all basic material essential to the full understanding of each subject is fully covered, sufficient elasticity is allowed to permit adaptation to the individual needs of the student. Everyone who enrolls for a Columbia course is personally taught by a member of the University teaching staff. Special arrangements can be made for group study . . . The University will send on request full information about these home study courses. A coupon is printed below for your convenience. If you care to write a letter briefly outlining your educational interests our instructors may be able to offer helpful suggestions. Mention subjects which are of interest to you, even if they are not listed here, as additions to the courses offered are made from time to time . . . .

HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSES

COLUMBIA University Home Study Department has prepared courses covering the equivalent of four years of High School study. This complete High School or College Preparatory training is available to those who cannot undertake class room work. We shall be glad to send you our special bulletin upon request . . . . . .

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, University Extension—Home Study Department, New York, N. Y.

Please send me full information about Columbia University Home Study Courses. I am interested

FORUM 11-29

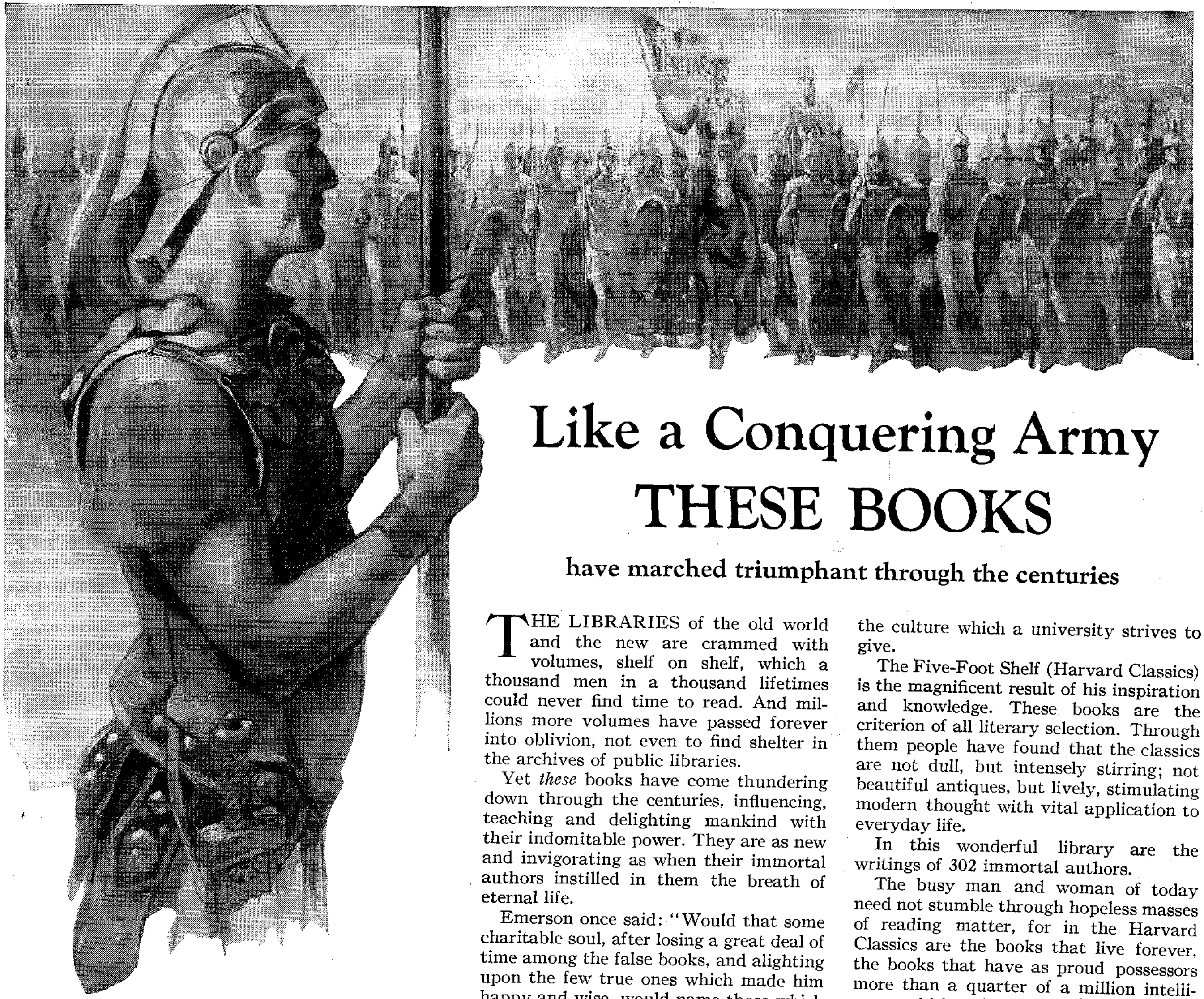
in the following subjects:. . . . .

Name. . . . .

Street and Number. . . . .

City. State. Occupation. . . . .

3120



Like a Conquering Army THESE BOOKS

have marched triumphant through the centuries

THE LIBRARIES of the old world and the new are crammed with volumes, shelf on shelf, which a thousand men in a thousand lifetimes could never find time to read. And millions more volumes have passed forever into oblivion, not even to find shelter in the archives of public libraries.

Yet *these* books have come thundering down through the centuries, influencing, teaching and delighting mankind with their indomitable power. They are as new and invigorating as when their immortal authors instilled in them the breath of eternal life.

Emerson once said: "Would that some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon the few true ones which made him happy and wise, would name those which have been bridges or ships to carry him over the dark morasses and barren oceans, into sacred cities, into palaces and temples."

It was one of the monumental achievements of America's greatest educator, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, to bring together the truly great books, to sift the pure gold from the mass of writing the ages have produced. For forty years President of Harvard University, Dr. Eliot realized the need of a library offering everyone the culture which a university strives to give.

The Five-Foot Shelf (Harvard Classics) is the magnificent result of his inspiration and knowledge. These books are the criterion of all literary selection. Through them people have found that the classics are not dull, but intensely stirring; not beautiful antiques, but lively, stimulating modern thought with vital application to everyday life.

In this wonderful library are the writings of 302 immortal authors.

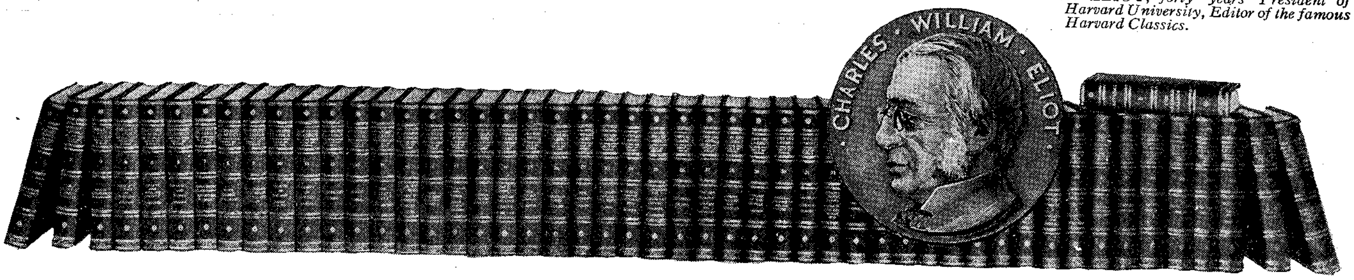
The busy man and woman of today need not stumble through hopeless masses of reading matter, for in the Harvard Classics are the books that live forever, the books that have as proud possessors more than a quarter of a million intelligent ambitious families.

These books stand for stimulation of thought, and above all, endless enjoyment. They are the books which have won for themselves the well-deserved tribute, "A liberal education in fifteen minutes a day."

P. F. Collier and Son Company has published good books since 1875. By the famous Collier plan, you can pay for these books while you are reading and enjoying them.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

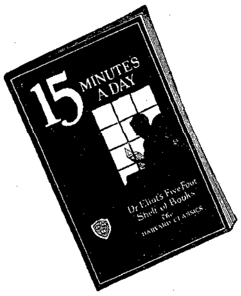
(The Harvard Classics)



CHARLES W. ELIOT, *forty years President of Harvard University, Editor of the famous Harvard Classics.*

This FREE *booklet*

The certificate is for your convenience. Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the famous booklet that tells how to turn wasted minutes into growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.



P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

No. 7192-HCA

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and contains Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

ADDRESS ....

THIS IS YOUR CERTIFICATE FOR THE FREE BOOKLET

6 REASONS

Why you'll like the Review of Reviews

1 BECAUSE — It brings you all the worth while news, both here and abroad. Once a month the *Review of Reviews* gives you the true, sifted substance of all that's going on in the world. A clarifying account, impartially told, of national affairs, political trends, social problems, foreign affairs and trade relations, activities in the world of business and finance — "like a monthly chat with an old friend who knows all about everything."

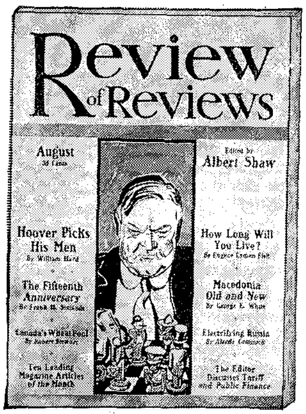
2 BECAUSE — It gives you more than the news. It gives an interpretation of the news. Once a month the *Review of Reviews* clarifies the disconnected, confusing news story you get through your daily reading. It interprets the news in practical terms. It makes you see our busy world in one complete picture.

3 BECAUSE — Each issue contains Dr. Shaw's intensely interesting editorials on subjects of national importance. Each month an article by Frank H. Simonds, the well known authority on European affairs.

4 BECAUSE — It's a digest of other magazines. You can't read them all. Anything that is published in periodicals or books that is too good to miss will be passed on to you in brief in the *Review of Reviews*. It's a time-saver for busy men and women who wish to keep up with the times.

5 BECAUSE — It acquaints you with the outstanding personalities of the day and has departments to cover every field of activity, *Finance, Art, Travel, Science, Books, Religion, and Sport.*

6 BECAUSE — It is the most inexpensive way to carry on a continuous education and no one can afford to stop educating himself.



The Review of Reviews

Is the Leading News Magazine of Today

* * *

It Brings You Reading That's a Real Mental Eye-Opener

* * *

It's a Crystallizer of View Point — It Gives You the Assurance to Express an Opinion

THIS COUPON *will bring you a six months' trial subscription for* **$1**

Review of Reviews Corporation
55 Fifth Ave.
New York City

I enclose $1.00 for a special Six Months' Trial Subscription to the Review of Reviews.

Name. ....

Address.......................

....

FOR 11-29

"AN INTELLIGENT UNDERSTANDING" — Your interpretations of events constitute a unique contribution toward an intelligent understanding of history in the making. — **Charles M. Schwab,** *Chairman of the Board, Bethlehem Steel Corporation*

"INTIMATELY AND GRACEFULLY AND UNDERSTANDINGLY" — I have read the *Review of Reviews* in its new form from cover to cover. It is a wonder to me — always — to observe how intimately and gracefully and understandingly you present the outstanding characters and affairs of the wide world from month to month. — **Irving Bacheller,** *Author.*

"WELL-BALANCED, HIGH-MINDED" — I have been long accustomed to looking forward every month to the well-balanced, high-minded, and forward-looking comments which you have fortunately been able to make year after year for several decades. — **Edwin R. Seligman,** *Department of Political Science, Columbia University.*

ALWAYS HELPFUL — I never turn to it without obtaining both light and leading. — **John W. Davis,** *Democratic Nominee for President,* 1924.

"A SOURCE OF PROFIT AND PLEASURE" — For many years the *Review of Reviews* has been a source of profit and pleasure to me and I would like you to know that, as one of its long time readers, I feel grateful for its change in form. It is as easy to handle as before, and a joy to read. — **Col. Edward M. House,** *Author and Diplomat.*

"ONE OF OUR INDISPENSABLE MAGAZINES" — The *Review of Reviews* has always been one of our indispensable magazines ever since it was founded. You are to be congratulated in making it more indispensable — if that is possible. — **Charles A. Beard,** *Author.*

H·G·WELLS OUTLINE OF HISTORY

Complete & Unabridged
THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY
H.G. WELLS
in one volume
THE OUTLINE OF
THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
The Companionate Marriage
ADVENTURES of an AFRICAN SLAVER
TRADER HORN

and 93 OTHER FAMOUS BEST SELLERS NOW ONLY $1 each

FULL LIBRARY SIZE

Each volume is 5½ by 8½ inches handsomely bound in cloth and beautifully printed.

Which of These 93 Best Sellers Did You Put Off Buying When They Were $2.50 to $5.00 Each

SHORT LIFE OF MARK TWAIN — *Albert Bigelow Paine* Former price, $2.50

WOODROW WILSON AS I KNOW HIM — *Joseph P. Tumulty.* Former price, $5.00

SCIENCE REMAKING THE WORLD — *Otis W. Caldwell and Edwin E. Slosson.* Former price, $2.50

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Former price, $2.00

A BOOK OF OPERAS — *Henry E. Krehbiel.* Former price, $2.50

EDGE OF THE JUNGLE — *William Beebe.* Former price, $2.00

10. **LOVE CONQUERS ALL** — *Robert C. Benchley.* Former price, $2.00

11. **COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE** — *Judge B. B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans.* Former price, $3.00

12. **THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY** — *Mrs. Bertrand Russell.* Former price, $3.00

13. **CLEOPATRA** — *Claude Ferval.* Former price, $2.50

15. **IN BRIGHTEST AFRICA** — *Carl E. Akeley.* Former price, $2.50

16. **BRAIN AND PERSONALITY** — *W. Hanna Thompson.* Former price, $2.00

18. **HAUNCH, PAUNCH AND JOWL** — *Samuel Ornitz.* Former price, $3.00

19. **THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY** — *H. G. Wells.* This world-famous book in one volume. Unabridged, 1200 pages, with all original illustrations, maps, etc., etc. Former price, $5.00

21. **RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE** — *Captain Robert E. Lee.* Former price, $5.00

22. **THE LIFE OF PASTEUR** — *D. Vallery-Radot.* Former price, $3.00

23. **ASTRONOMY FOR EVERYBODY** — *Prof. S. Newcomb.* Former price, $2.50

24. **MY LIFE AND WORK** — *Henry Ford* in collaboration with *Samuel Crowther.* Former price, $3.50

27. **LINCOLN'S OWN STORIES** — *Anthony Gross.* Former price, $2.00

28. **BY CAMEL AND CAR TO THE PEACOCK THRONE** — *E. Alexander Powell.* Former price, $3.00

29. **A SECOND BOOK OF OPERAS** — *Henry E. Krehbiel.* Former price, $2.25

30. **CIRCUS PARADE** — *Jim Tully.* Former price, $2.50

31. **FOUR MONTHS AFOOT IN SPAIN** — *Harry A. Franck.* Former price, $3.00

32. **OF ALL THINGS** — *Robert C. Benchley.* Former price, $1.75

33. **FAERY LANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS** — *Hall and Nordhoff.* Former price, $4.00

34. **SHANDYGAFF** — *Christopher Morley.* Former price, $2.00

35. **THE NEW BOOK OF ETIQUETTE** — *Lillian Eichler.* Former price, $4.00

36. **BIRD NEIGHBORS** — *Neltje Blanchan.* Former price, $5.00

37. **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI** — translated by *J. Addington Symonds.* Former price, $8.50

38. **NOW IT CAN BE TOLD** — *Philip Gibbs.* Former price, $3.00

39. **THE LOG OF THE SUN** — *William Beebe.* Former price, $6.00

40. **"DAWGS"** — *Charles Wright Gray.* Former price, $2.50

42. **ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER** — *Capt. Theodore Canot.* Former price, $4.00

43. **THE SECOND EMPIRE** — *Philip Guedalla.* Former price, $5.00

44. **A BOOK OF PREFACES** — *H. L. Mencken.* Former price, $2.50

45. **CATHERINE THE GREAT** — *Katherine Anthony.* Former price, $4.00

46. **STEPHEN CRANE** — *Thomas Beer.* Former price, $2.50

47. **TRAMPING ON LIFE** — *Harry Kemp.* Former price, $3.00

50. **SIX YEARS IN THE MALAY JUNGLE** — *Carveth Wells.* Former price, $3.00

51. **THE COMMON SENSE OF HEALTH** — *Stanley M. Rinehart.* Former price, $2.50

52. **THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID** — *Walter Noble Burns.* Former price, $2.50

53. **FAMOUS TRIALS OF HISTORY** — *Lord Birkenhead.* Former price, $4.00

54. **AMERICA** — *George Philip Krapp.* Former price, $2.50

55. **THE CONQUEST OF FEAR** — *Basil King.* Former price, $2.00

56. **TRAINING FOR POWER AND LEADERSHIP** — *Grenville Kleiser.* Former price, $3.00

57. **THE BOOK OF LETTERS** — *Mary O. Crowther.* Former price, $2.00

58. **THE NEW DECALOGUE OF SCIENCE** — *Albert E. Wiggam.* Former price, $3.00

59. **THE BOOK OF WOODCRAFT** — — *Ernest T. Seton.* Former price, $2.00

Imagine getting that world-famous best-seller, WELLS' Outline of History, unabridged, 1200-page volume, with all the original illustrations, maps, etc., etc., published originally at $5.00 — for only one dollar! This and 93 other masterpieces of non-fiction the Star Dollar Books now put within your reach — a whole library of the world's best books at $1 a volume. Among the $2.50 to $5.00 best-sellers now in the Star Dollar list are: TRADER HORN; COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL; COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE, by Judge Lindsey; THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY; REVOLT IN THE DESERT; ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER; Lord Charnwood's LINCOLN; THE MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION; and CREATIVE CHEMISTRY — all offered at $1.00. — See them at your booksellers — or send for your choice on 10 day's free examination plan explained below.

60. **NATURE'S GARDEN** — *Neltje Blanchan.* Former price, $5.00

61. **THE MAUVE DECADE** — *Thomas Beer.* Former price, $3.50

62. **FATHER DUFFY'S STORY** — *Francis P. Duffy.* Former price, $2.50

63. **PAUL BUNYAN** — *James Stephens.* Former price, $2.50

64. **JUNGLE DAYS** — *William Beebe.* Former price, $3.00

65. **THE ART OF LAWN TENNIS** — *William T. Tilden 2nd.* Former price, $2.00

66. **LAY THOUGHTS OF A DEAN** — *Dean William Ralph Inge.* Former price, $2.50

67. **A STORY TELLER'S STORY** — *Sherwood Anderson.* Former price, $3.00

68. **LONDON RIVER** — *H. M. Tomlinson.* Former price, $2.50

69. **EDGAR ALLAN POE** — *C. Alphonso Smith.* Former price, $2.50

70. **THE FABULOUS FORTIES** — *Meade Minnigerode.* Former price, $3.50

71. **BEGGARS OF LIFE** — *Jim Tully.* Former price, $3.00

72. **A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY** — *Irvin Cobb.* Former price, $2.50

73. **SUPERS AND SUPERMEN** — *Philip Guedalla.* Former price, $2.50

74. **TODAY AND TOMORROW** — *Henry Ford* in collaboration with *Samuel Crowther.* Former price, $3.50

75. **MURDER FOR PROFIT** — *William Bolitho.* Former price, $2.50

76. **A PARODY OUTLINE OF HISTORY** — *Donald Ogden Stewart.* Former price, $2.00

77. **THE NEW AGE OF FAITH** — *J. Langdon-Davies.* Former price, $2.50

78. **THE NEWGATE CALENDAR** — *Anonymous.* Former price, $3.50

79. **EDISON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK** — *G. S. Bryan.* Former price, $4.00

80. **THE SEVEN AGES OF WASHINGTON** — *Owen Wister.* Former price, $2.00

81. **THE MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION** — *Everett Dean Martin.* Former price $3.00

82. **EMINENT VICTORIANS** — *Lytton Strachey.* Former price, $3.50

83. **REVOLT IN THE DESERT** — *T. E. Lawrence.* Former price, $5.00

84. **MOHAMMED** — *R. F. Dibble.* Former price, $3.00

85. **THE STORY OF MY LIFE** — *Sir Harry H. Johnston.* Former price, $5.00

86. **PSYCHOANALYSIS AND LOVE** — *André Tridon.* Former price, $2.50

87. **STUDIES IN MURDER** — *Edmund L. Pearson.* Former price, $3.00

88. **WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS: HIS LIFE AND WORK** — *Marie D. Gorgas and Burton J. Hendrick.* Former price, $5.00

89. **HOW TO LIVE** — *Arnold Bennett.* Former price, $5.50

90. **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** — *Lord Charnwood.* Former price, $3.00

91. **FATHERS OF THE REVOLUTION** — *Philip Guedalla.* Former price, $3.50

92. **DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE** — *D. G. Somervell.* Former price, $3.50

93. **CREATIVE CHEMISTRY** — *Edwin E. Slosson.* Former price, $3.00

94. **HEAD HUNTERS OF THE AMAZON** — *F. W. Updegraff.* Former price, $5.00

95. **GENTLEMAN JOHNNY BURGOYNE** — *F. J. Huddleston* Former price, $5.00

96. **TRADER HORN** — *Aloysius P. Horn and Ethelreda Lewis.* Former price, $4.00

97. **THE FRUIT OF THE FAMILY TREE** — *Albert Edward Wiggam.* Former price, $3.00

98. **WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS** — *Frederick O'Brien.* Former price, $5.00

99. **THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LOVE AND LIFE** — *Joseph Collins, M.D.* Former price, $3.00

100. **BOB, SON OF BATTLE** — *Alfred Olliphant.* Former price, $2.50

101. **"HOSSES"** — Compiled by *Charles Wright Gray.* Former price, $2.50

102. **PERFECT BEHAVIOR** — *Donald Ogden Stewart.* Former price, $2.00

103. **ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT** — *David Grayson.* Former price, $2.00

104. **COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL** — *Lowell Thomas.* Former price, $2.50

105. **THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY** — *Floyd Gibbons.* Former price, $2.50

SEND NO MONEY

10 Days' Free Examination!

Pay Nothing in Advance —Nothing to Postman

IT is hard to believe such book-value possible at only $1. That is why we are making this FREE EXAMINATION OFFER. Use the coupon to mark the titles you want and mail it without money. Read the books for 10 days. Then send us only $1, plus 10 cents postage, for each title you keep. If you do not admit this the biggest book-value you ever saw, return the volumes and forget the matter. The editions of many titles are limited — don't delay. GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 1011, Garden City, N. Y.

GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 1011, Garden City, New York

Please send me the STAR DOLLAR BOOKS encircled below for 10 days' FREE EXAMINATION. It is understood that I will send you $1, plus 10 cents postage, for each volume, or I may return any or all the books without being obligated in any way.

(Encircle Numbers of Books You Want)

2	4	5	6	7	9	10	11	12	13	15	16	18	19	21	22
23	24	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
42	43	44	45	46	47	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59
60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75
76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91
92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105		

Name ....
Please print plainly
Address ....City..........................

CANADIAN ORDERS $1.10 per book, cash with order.

(1)

(2)

(3)

(4)

Do You Know These Men?

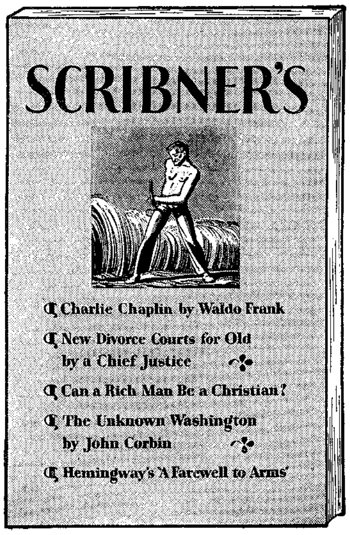
1. **William Lyon Phelps**, Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale. Each month he discusses books, plays, and other things in "As I Like It" in SCRIBNER'S.

2. **Royal Cortissoz**, leading American art critic. In "The Field of Art," each month in SCRIBNER'S, some of his best work has appeared.

3. **Alexander Dana Noyes**, financial authority and economist, financial editor of the *New York Times*, author of many books. He discusses "The Financial Situation" each month in SCRIBNER'S.

4. **Robert E. Sherwood**, famous author, critic, and playwright ("The Road to Rome," "The Queen's Husband"), writes the leading review each month for "Literary Sign-Posts" in SCRIBNER'S.

You should know these men. Their articles each month contribute to that balance of fine reading for which SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is famous. Art, literature, finance, fiction, criticism, biography, essay—each is given its proper value.


SCRIBNER'S

Charlie Chaplin by Waldo Frank
New Divorce Courts for Old by a Chief Justice
Can a Rich Man Be a Christian?
The Unknown Washington by John Corbin
Hemingway's 'A Farewell to Arms'

Each month SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE brings its readers the best in these many diversified fields, the fields of interest to the alert-minded, intelligent person of culture. Articles by the leaders of American business and American thought on the economic and social future of the country. Fiction by such writers as Ernest Hemingway, Don Marquis, Stark Young, Conrad Aiken, and many others equally well known.

The best-balanced magazine in America to-day—we want you to get acquainted with it. Therefore, we make this special introductory offer of six months for one dollar, just one-half of the regular price.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE F-2
597 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

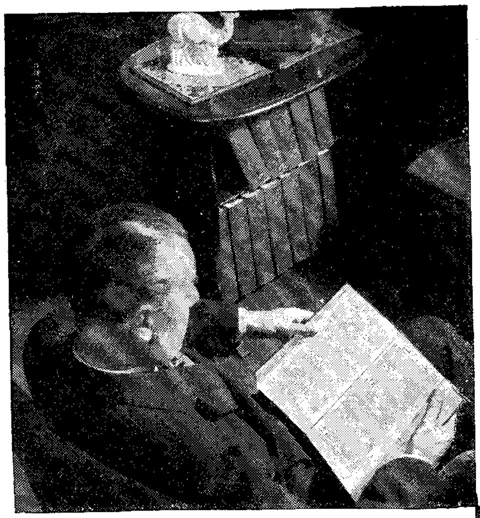
Please enter my subscription to Scribner's Magazine for six months, for which I enclose herewith One Dollar.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

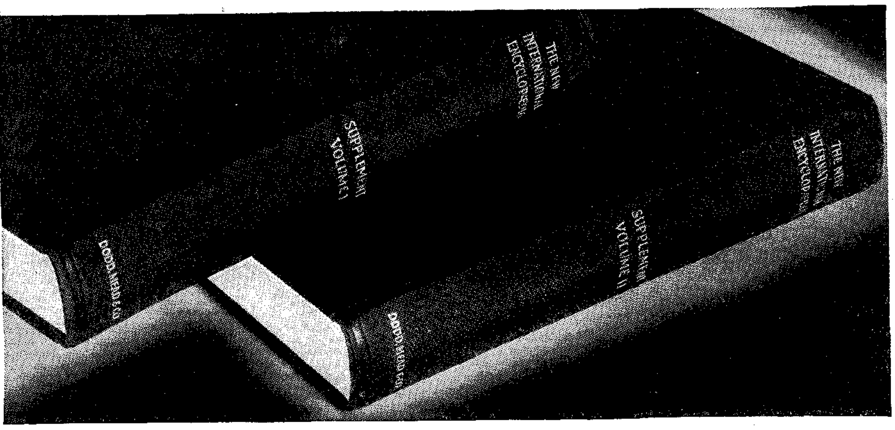
____

SIX MONTHS
FOR
ONE DOLLAR



The great NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA....

fortified by brand-new, exhaustive 2000-page Supplement.... Just coming from the press—Becomes the world's most complete and recent reference work!


THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA
SUPPLEMENT VOLUME I
DODD MEAD & CO
THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA
SUPPLEMENT VOLUME II
DODD MEAD & CO

The Supplement, in two brand-new volumes shown above, included in the 14-volume edition of the Popular Edition, makes The New International Encyclopædia the most complete and up-to-date work of its kind in the world.

Yours today at a saving of nearly $50,

plus a handsome $30 solid-maple, antique walnut tone, especially designed Danersk Book-table included FREE!

WHEN YOU BUY an encyclopædia you will want the most modern one in America. The NEW INTERNATIONAL brought up to date with the NEW 2000-page Supplement—just coming from the press as this advertisement is being written—contains fresher, more timely, more complete information than any other similar work!

The NEW 2000-page Supplement contains the very latest, last-minute, authoritative information on recent scientific developments such as television, talkies, airplanes; the development of the relations of the Federal Government to matters of transportation, investment trusts, holding corporations; the latest in modern art, politics; articles on Mussolini, Stalin, King Zogu; with many fascinating new illustrations, photographs and drawings. The NEW INTERNATIONAL is now the most complete and comprehensive encyclopædia on the market!

Recognized as "Our Greatest Encyclopædia"

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, writes of The NEW INTERNATIONAL, "I find it a most admirable and convenient book of reference.... I congratulate you most cordially upon this new and revised edition of one of our most significant books of reference."

William Lyon Phelps, H. L. Mencken, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, and literally hundreds of other prominent Scholars, Editors, Public Officials, and world-famous authorities recognize The NEW INTERNATIONAL — published in America by Americans—as Our Greatest Encyclopædia. H. L. Mencken states that The NEW INTERNATIONAL, "is the best encyclopædia in any language."

More material than any other work of its kind

The Popular Edition of The NEW INTERNATIONAL is ready for you now! In 14 attractive big volumes bound in the NEW, rich Blue Classic Vellum instead of the 25 single volumes, of the Standard Edition, you save over 30% in price on this edition—nearly $50. Plus a $30 Danersk Book-table FREE. Nearly $80 altogether! Learn how helpful—how invaluable this work is. Send for the illustrated book. The low price—with easy payment plan—makes it possible for every one to have an encyclopædia now. Clip the coupon. Send it in at once!

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY F-11-29
449 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Send me, without any obligation, the illustrated 56-page book describing The NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA with details of Easy Payment Plan, and the Free Book-table.

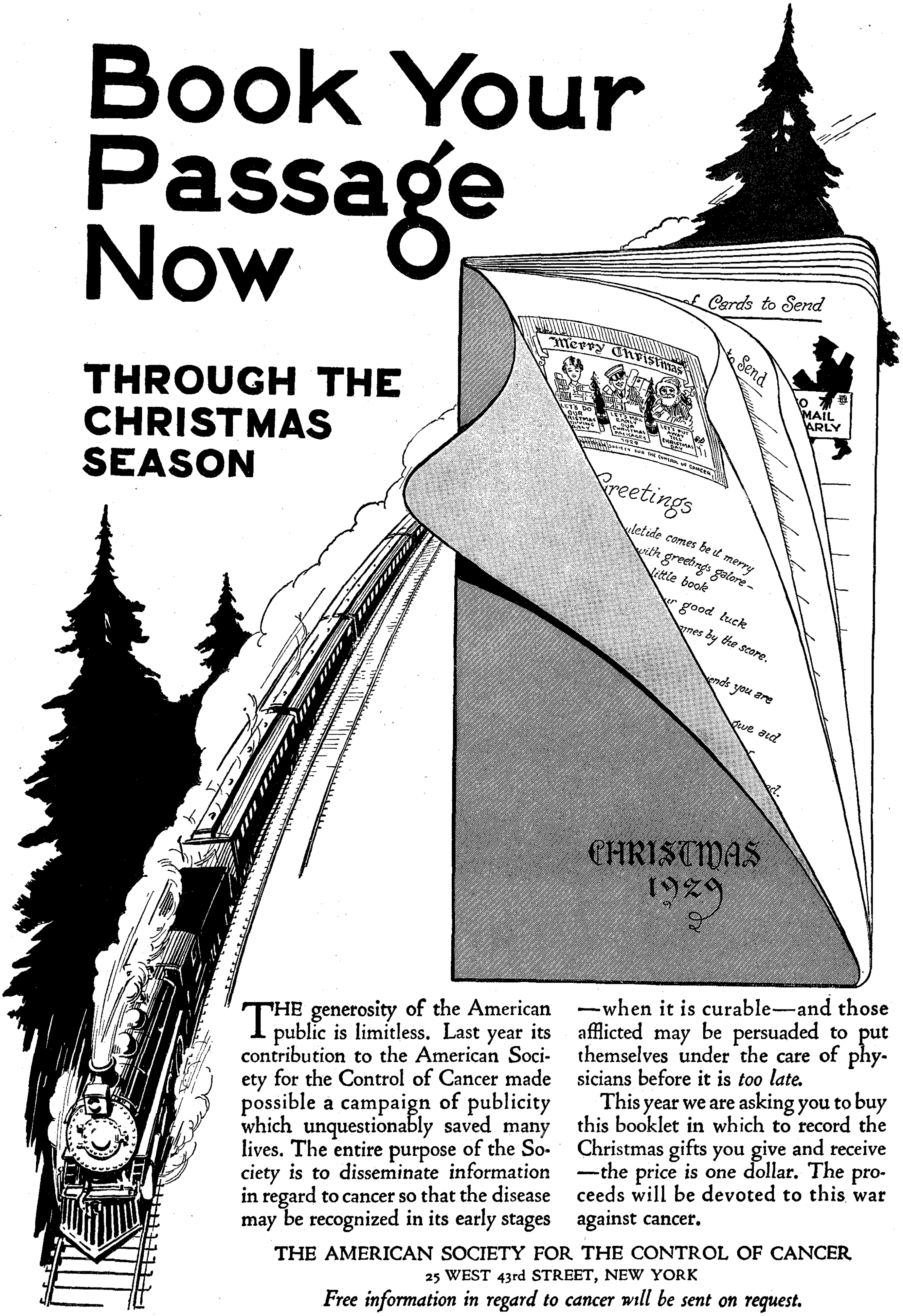
Name ______________________

Street ______________________

City __________ State __________ Occupation __________

Book Your Passage Now

THROUGH THE CHRISTMAS SEASON


Cards to Send
Merry Christmas
LET'S DO OUR CHRISTMAS GIVING EARLY
LET'S MAIL EARLY OUR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES 1929
LET'S PUT AWAY TILL CHRISTMAS DAY
SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER
Greetings
letide comes be it merry
with greetings galore -
little book
good luck
mes by the score.
ends you are
ive and
d.
to Send
MAIL EARLY
CHRISTMAS 1929

THE generosity of the American public is limitless. Last year its contribution to the American Society for the Control of Cancer made possible a campaign of publicity which unquestionably saved many lives. The entire purpose of the Society is to disseminate information in regard to cancer so that the disease may be recognized in its early stages —when it is curable—and those afflicted may be persuaded to put themselves under the care of physicians before it is *too late.*

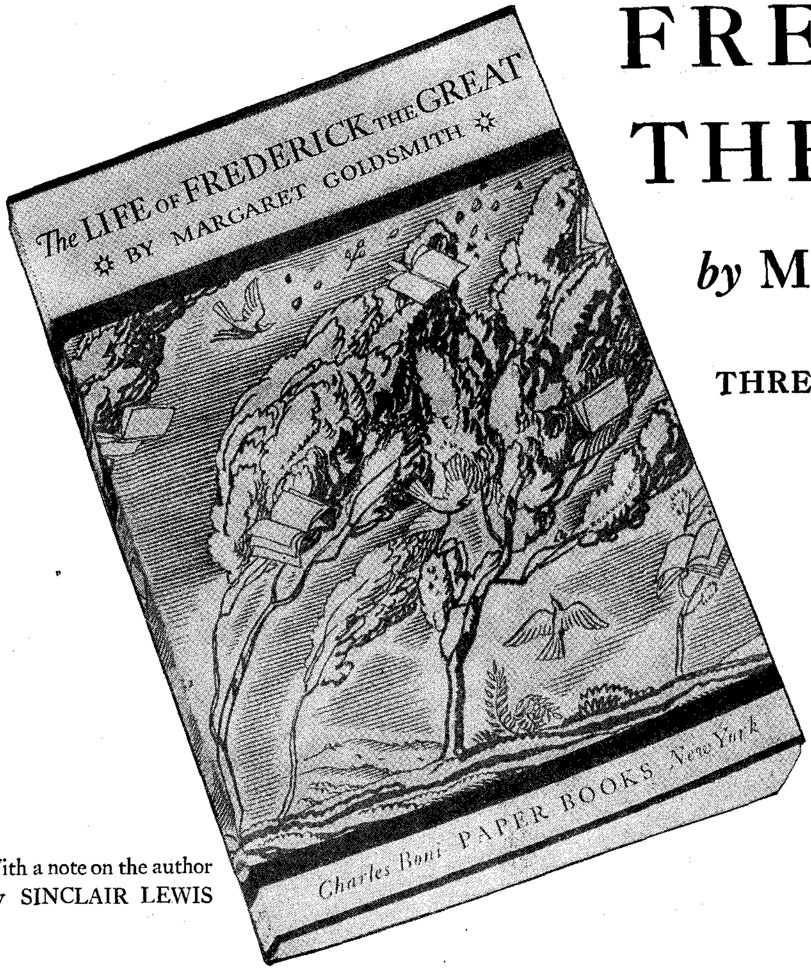
This year we are asking you to buy this booklet in which to record the Christmas gifts you give and receive —the price is one dollar. The proceeds will be devoted to this war against cancer.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER
25 WEST 43rd STREET, NEW YORK
Free information in regard to cancer will be sent on request.

New Book Club Offers

FREDERICK THE GREAT

by Margaret Goldsmith


The LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT
✲ BY MARGARET GOLDSMITH ✲
Charles Boni PAPER BOOKS New York

With a note on the author
by SINCLAIR LEWIS

THREE DOLLARS IN ENGLAND

42¢

HERE

PAPER BOOKS *brings great English biography to America. 12 such books of equal merit cost you but $5 in this remarkable new book club*

THE life of Frederick the Great, just published in England, now comes to Paper Books subscribers at the amazingly low price of 42¢. To get it you simply use the coupon at the bottom of this page.

Frederick the Great lived in one of the greatest ages in European history. Voltaire, Madame de Pompadour, Marie Antoinette, Madame du Barry, all were his contemporaries.

Read of Frederick's fascinating visit, at the age of 17, to the dissolute court of Augustus, King of Saxony. His intrigues with Augustus' favorite mistresses . . . his letters to Voltaire . . . all are told in this vivid, moving story of Frederick the Great.

No lover of fine literature can afford to miss this striking book and so we urge you to clip the coupon and get your entry in before this first edition is exhausted.

A memorable journey into Eighteenth Century Europe will be the reward of those who read "Frederick the Great," the second of the twelve monthly books which will be sent postpaid to all subscribers.

Many members have expressed amazement that we could give 12 books, with Rockwell Kent's designs and Elmer Adler's typography, for 42¢ each. But the answer is simple: quantity production.

Paper Books starts with a new theory of selling. Books are too important in the cultural life of the community to be priced beyond the means of the average person. We select fine books and publish them at a price within everyone's means. Mass production makes the difference in price possible.

We hope to maintain this low price of $5.00 for the privileges of full book club membership. But we cannot guarantee to do so. Therefore do not delay. Mail the coupon now.

Book lovers greeted the Paper Books idea with enthusiasm even before "The Golden Wind," the widely praised first selection, was announced. Now that we have published two books you can see for yourself how fine the Paper Books are.

You will not want to miss "Frederick the Great." So send the coupon below, and get it as your first book. If you like it, send us $5.00. Then for a whole year you will receive a new and worth-while book about the 20th of every month. If you do not feel that out of 12 books for $5.00 you get many times your money's worth, return the book without further obligation.

WHEN WILL THE PRICE GO UP?

Many thousands have already joined Paper Books, receiving a full year's membership for $5. They will get a new book postpaid each month for a whole year. We hope to maintain this low price for membership privileges. But we cannot guarantee to do so. Don't put off joining. Come in while this phenomenal experimental price is still in effect. Send in the coupon now!

PAPER BOOKS

Charles Boni, Publisher, 80 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me "Frederick the Great." Within 5 days after receiving the book I will send you $5.00 for my paid-in-full subscription to Paper Books, or return the book. Send check with coupon if you prefer. (*$5.50 in Canada, $6.00 abroad*)

Name..

Street........................*City*........................

F 6 ☐ Start my subscription with "The Golden Wind" F 6

PHOTOGRAVURE FASHIONS

An extraordinary new feature twice weekly in THE DAILY NEWS

ADVERTISING
REPRESENTATIVES

NEW YORK
J. B. Woodward
110 E. 42d St.

SAN FRANCISCO
C. Geo. Krogness
303 Crocker
1st Nat'l Bank Bldg.

DETROIT
Joseph R. Scolaro
3-241 General Motors Bldg.

ATLANTA
A. D. Grant
711-12 Glenn Bldg.

Member of The 100,000
Group of American Cities

Chicago has never had such a style service as this . . . and a feature more productive of reader interest for the Wednesday Midweek Feature Section and the Saturday Photogravure Section could not easily be conceived.

PHOTOGRAVURE FASHIONS presents in a full page of beautiful photographs the up-to-the-minute styles, selected by the International Fashion Forum, approved by a Chicago board of social and fashion leaders, and *every garment and accessory is immediately obtainable in Chicago shops.*

Because of the unique character of this new fashion service, because it is *practical* beyond all other fashion aids, it will assuredly have the keenest interest of Chicago women.

And whether you advertise women's apparel or other attractive merchandise in Midweek Features or the Saturday Photogravure Section, your share in the interest created by this revolutionary new feature will be well worth while.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

CHICAGO'S HOME NEWSPAPER

A big job is always bigger than a big man

NO MAN ever yet measured up to the full possibilities of a worthwhile job. That's why business is the finest sport in the world.

The place you have reached may look like the goal to those below you, but *you* know it's only a starting point. Or perhaps we are over-rating you. Maybe you are contented in a snug berth with a patron boss to do the worrying and fill the modest pay envelope. If so, don't read any more of this; it won't apply.

The big moment in the life of a business man comes when he realizes that if he wants to get anywhere, he must do it all himself. The Great System is willing that he keep on plodding according to orders, for the world needs workers just as it needs cows. A cow is useful and well cared for, but its life can't be exciting.

The System does not *create* leaders—they are always self-made. The System has no other intention than to get as much work out of you as possible at the current wage. Some call that injustice—others call it opportunity.

Announcing Three New Management Courses

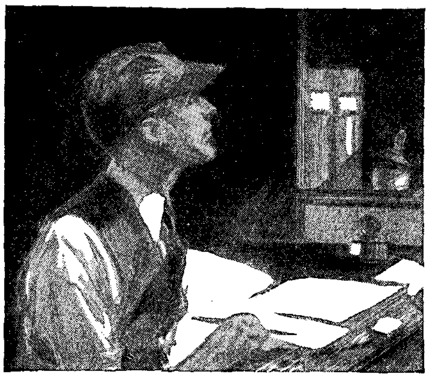
The rapid developments in modern business have brought increasing demand for an extension of Institute service.

To meet this demand the Institute now offers three new Management Courses in addition to its regular Modern Business Course and Service. These are a Course and Service in:

1—Marketing Management
2—Production Management
3—Finance Management

These new Courses are of particular interest to younger executives who want definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

The details of this interesting development in business training are included in the booklet which the coupon will bring you. Send for it.



For the System is powerless to resist the man who has made up his mind to master it.

What's the point of all this? We are simply trying to tell you why you need the help of one of the most powerful forces ever created for the man who has determined, in the white heat of awakened ambition, to be a leader of business.

An impressive proportion of all the executives of the United States and Canada have employed this force of the Alexander Hamilton Institute — hundreds of thousands of them.

What is the Alexander Hamilton Institute?

In twenty years we have never answered that question to our own satisfaction. If we tell you it's a Course of Study, you think of your student days and decide you have neither the time nor the inclination for that sort of thing. If we say it's a Service which will help you to solve the immediate problems which baffle you (and it will do just that), we fail to give you any comprehension of the scope of its helpfulness.

Let us be specific. No man today is as familiar as he should be with the fundamental principles underlying all business activities. You yourself know your own line. You know what experience has taught you. That is all.

Yet in the upper reaches of business, unless you understand basic principles you get up against a blank wall—you are helpless. Then you grope, make mistakes, and perhaps go on the rocks.

Now the Alexander Hamilton Institute gives you a simple, coherent presentation of these basic principles of business in a manner suitable and easy for a busy, driving business man to absorb.

You need it—there's no doubt of that. But you hate to answer advertisements. That cloak of resistance is already dropping over your mind.

Yet there's really a good deal at stake—why not take a chance? If you will send us your name and address in the blank below we will mail you a book which tells all about the Alexander Hamilton Institute, and explains why the Institute is the finest, strongest ally ambition ever had.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

Executive Training for Business Men

To the ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
940 Astor Place New York City

Send me the latest edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," together with full information about the new Management Courses.

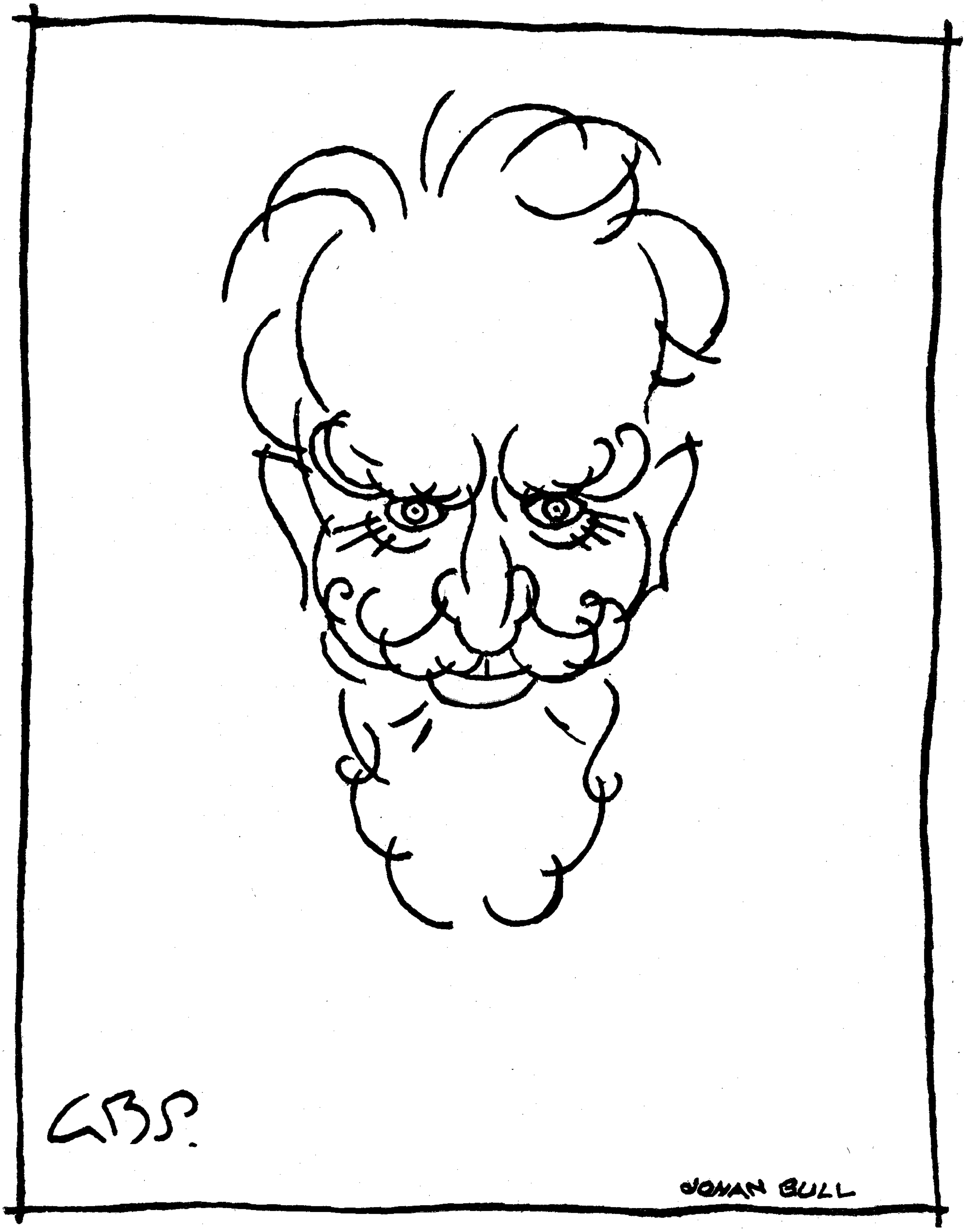
Name..

Business Address..

....

Business Position..

IN CANADA: Address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto.



George Bernard Shaw's skirmishes with his critics have taken place on many fronts in what promises to be — God and G.B.S. willing — a hundred years of guerrilla warfare; now for the first time, thanks to Dr. Henderson's labor and ingenuity, the Philistine sharp-shooters have been cornered *en masse* for a sweeping cross-fire of Shavian wit. For convenience in presentation, Dr. Henderson has summarized the attacks on Shaw in the form of an open letter to him, to which is appended Mr. Shaw's defense of himself, also given in the form of a letter. This defense contains the authentic utterances of Mr. Shaw on many occasions, including excerpts from the unpublished Shaw-Henderson correspondence. The fact that the material is presented in a fanciful *form* should not obscure the more important fact that it is *Shaw himself* who speaks. In a way, the very form which these documents take is a refutation of one frequently asserted criticism of Shaw's plays — that they are simply "dramatized debates"; they could not be that, for that is what this is.

F O R U M

NOVEMBER, 1929 VOL. LXXXII, NO. 5

Is Shaw a Dramatist?

A Debate in which **GEORGE BERNARD SHAW** Answers his Critics
in Authentic Utterances Selected by his Biographer,
ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

I — Open Letter to G.B.S.

My dear Mr. Shaw:

If only three people have ever understood you (Chesterton and Pirandello, you recall, are the other two), perhaps I may venture to remind you that for twenty-five years people have been saying that you are a lecturer, and not a dramatist. Singularly enough, the late William Archer bears the responsibility of producing you as a dramatist — a Frankenstein monster who capriciously upset all his theories about the classic drama, deliberately violated all the rules of play-writing, and yet somehow or other achieved a huge success. Archer always solemnly asseverated that you had no specific talent whatsoever for play-writing!

This seemed to me a pretty steep statement to come from one of the leading dramatic critics of the day. When I taxed him with entertaining so heterodox an opinion, Archer replied (as well as I now recall) in these words:

“In the far away and long ago of the middle ’eighties, I was hankering after the rewards, if not the glories, of the playwright. I hit it off later with *The Green Goddess* — but that's another story. I felt that Shaw and I would make perfect collaborators; and Shaw declared that his dialogue was incomparable. So I supplied him with an elaborate plot, after the Robertson-Byron-Carton formula, of a play, to be called *Rheingold* — and dared him to do his worst. Some weeks later, I heard from Shaw, who wired: ‘I've used up all your plot and have written only one-half the first act. Please send me some more plot by return mail.’ I saw that Shaw was hopeless; so I fell back on my own dignity and assured him that my plot was a rounded and perfect organic whole. Shaw had not used my plot at all; he had merely written a lot of clever dialogue about everything in general and nothing in particular — the way he writes all his plays!

“Months, years passed by. The Independent Theatre was started by Mr. Grein; and one night I recognized my play distorted out of all semblance of reality or likeness to the original plot, as Bernard Shaw's first ‘play,’ *Widowers' Houses*. I reviewed the play, solemnly washed my hands in public of any connection with this mad Irishman, and expressed my view of Mr. Shaw as a dramatist, so-called, in these pessimistic words: ‘*Widowers' Houses* is a curious example of what can be done in art by sheer brainpower, apart from natural aptitude. For it does not appear that Mr. Shaw has any more talent for the drama than he has for painting or sculpture.' "

You will recall that Archer, in his last published work on the drama, affirmed that beside the superb vertebrate structure of a masterpiece like Pinero's *His House in Order*, the technic of your plays is that of a jellyfish. Both Archer and Walkley denied that you knew how to depict human beings or even natural objects veraciously. You once indignantly remarked to me: "I do not satirize types. I draw individuals as they are. When I describe a tub, Archer and Walkley say it is a satire on a tub."

Walkley could never bring himself to think of your plays as anything but fantastic theatrical entertainments. He was wont to exclaim:

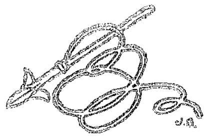
"What! Call *Getting Married*, *Misalliance*, *Fanny's First Play* (Shaw actually *calls* it a play!), *Heartbreak House* plays — in the sense that *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, *La Dame aux Camélias*, or *The School for Scandal* are plays? Certainly not. Shaw employs his diabolical ingenuity in throwing us off the track by labeling his fantastic concoctions, not plays, but conversations, arguments, discussions and the like. In spite of my friendship for Shaw, I have always kept my critical faculty intact. His witty blandishments have never lulled to slumber my unerring sense of dramatic values and my fidelity to classic principles. Aristotle, my master, would never have sanctioned Shaw, who has consistently flouted classic standards and jeered at traditions, especially the glorious traditions of the French stage. Such levity is unforgivable.

"The trouble is, Shaw is such a delightful fellow that he can make an inquest hilarious and a funeral jolly. But I should be false to Aristotle, Sarcey, Brunetière, and Lemaître if I admitted that Shaw's singular compositions are plays. They are conversations, dialogues, debates. Yes, true enough. They are even exhibitions of character — the very peculiar character of Shaw's inhuman stage figures. But where is the conflict? As soon as pressure is brought to bear on one of Shaw's characters, he grins sheepishly and collapses with a pop."

Although I never met Ibsen, I am very familiar with his views on dramatic technic, from conversations with Fru Ibsen and Dr. Sigurd Ibsen and from his *Nachgelassene Schriften*. All of his plays after *A Doll's House* are dramas of discussions; the characters turn their souls inside out. He believed that a modern play must be a discussion as well as an emotional situation. But he would probably have repudiated you — because you kept the discussion and omitted the emotional situation.

All these are serious charges. The public looks to you for an answer. For myself, I require none, having pronounced you on several occasions to be the greatest living dramatist.

Yours,
Archibald Henderson



II — Shaw's Open Answer

My dear Henderson (no use Mistering one's biographer):

The task you set for me is ridiculously easy. I have answered these silly charges a thousand times in print. The public seems quite well satisfied with my plays as they are. However —

You haven't told the whole story about Archer and *Rheingold*. It was a little more trying to Archer than this. When I finished the first act (in shorthand, which he couldn't read), I told him I hadn't come to his plot yet, and had in fact forgotten it. After a little persuasion he consented to tell it to me all over again. It was when, after writing three pages of the second act, I said I had used it all up and wanted some more, that his patience gave out, and he renounced all complicity with my folly. He had his revenge when he went to sleep during my first attempt to read it to him, and thereby put me off play-writing for some years.

You once said that Archer lost faith in me as a playwright with *Mrs. Warren's Profession.* This is a mistake. It was Mrs. Warren that converted Archer. Thenceforth our quarrel was only a technical one. Archer may have said I was not a great dramatist, because I had produced no school of playwriting and had no followers. But I say, Henderson, I don't want any followers. I want to write plays without models or imitators. God knows one Bernard Shaw in the world is quite enough!

As for the Ibsen question, I suppose there is nothing for me to do but explain just what a modern play is. Down to the time of *A Doll's House*, standard commercial plays consisted of an exposition in the first act, a situation in the second, and a getting out of the situation in the best way possible in the third. *A Doll's House* is built like a Scribe "well-made piece" up to the last scene of the last act. At this point Nora, instead of falling into the arms of a reconciled and forgiving husband, suddenly turns on Torvald and says: "We must sit down like two rational beings and discuss all this that has been happening between us." The innovation went like wildfire. *A Doll's House* conquered Europe. Since that time, intelligent audiences demand a discussion as well as an emotional situation.

This is first rate — as far as it goes. But it was inevitable that when the discussion had established itself in practice, and it was discovered that the spectators liked it and wanted it, it should rapidly spread itself over the whole play, instead of being the final scene only, as in *A Doll's House* and *Candida. Rosmersholm*, for instance, is nothing but a discussion of a drama which precedes the rise of the curtain.

It has often been said that my plays are dramatised debates. No: they are debated dramas. In *Getting Married* the almost farcical comedy of the wedding day and its incidents is discussed bit by bit as it happens until it finally rises into poetry and prophecy in the trance of Mrs. George.

It is a mark of my genius that I can take a set of characters, throw them together, and just let them rip. I hadn't the faintest notion of a plot when I wrote *Heartbreak House.* I despise plots. The old-fashioned, well-made plays are simply mechanical rabbits, with wheels and cogs and a spring, but without any life.

Take *Getting Married* once more. It is an argument — an argument about one subject, marriage, from beginning to end. You once said that I have the curtain dropped as a mere concession to the alleged flagging of an audience's powers of mental concentration in attending one of my plays. Not altogether. The two-hour limit of endurance is not that of the audience's mental power. It is the length of time during which a diver can remain under water. In short, a sanitary limit.

If you will look at any of the old editions of our classical plays, you will see that the description of the play is not called a plot or a story, but an argument. That exactly describes the material of my play. It is an argument — an argument lasting nearly three hours and carried on with unflagging cerebration by twelve people and a beadle. While I have dispensed with the customary division into acts and scenes, I have built here a model drama on classic lines — with complete unity of time and place, as in the ancient Greek drama. In a Prefatory Note to this play I said: "I find in practice that the Greek form is inevitable when drama reaches a certain point in poetic and intellectual evolution. Its adoption was not, on my part, a deliberate display of virtuosity in form, but simply the spontaneous falling of a play of ideas into the form most suitable to it, which turned out to be the classical form."

What I have said about the Greek form, with its unities of time and place, is not only perfectly serious but perfectly obvious. The difference between *Pygmalion*, with its reckless disregard of the unities, and *Candida*, *Getting Married*, *Misalliance*, *Heartbreak House*, and the Methuselah plays, in which they are all virtually or literally preserved, is also the difference between *Pygmalion* (or any Shakespeare play) and the plays of Euripides.

I once said that the classical British playwrights all belong to the theatrical dark ages, and did not get beyond sticking purple patches on second-hand rags. In the heat of my championship of Ibsen, I even went so far as to say: "With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so utterly as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his. The intensity of my impatience with him occasionally reaches such a pitch, that it would positively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him." When I uttered this *boutade* (not to say blasphemy), I was really measuring Ibsen's mind against theirs. Nobody who does not remember the impact of Ibsen in England after 1889 can understand how devastatingly he knocked out his predecessors.

I infinitely prefer the moderns — particularly Pirandello and Strindberg. Pirandello has followed me in driving home the view I have constantly stressed that intellect is one of the passions and is capable of giving a more lasting enjoyment than any other passion. And I shouldn't wonder if Strindberg doesn't prove to be the noblest Roman of us all. Their plays are not logical developments of themes and, after all, I am such an old hand at the business that a logically developed play cannot possibly contain any surprises for me. I know what will happen from the beginning, and accordingly lose interest. But when a play goes along without any apparent plan, and when at first no consecutive development or plot appears evident, I am at once intrigued into discovering the plot and outcome. Naturally if the author is mad — as was the case with Strindberg — the play becomes all the better.

To come back to my own plays. The public now demand a case and an argument, vehemently conducted. My old audiences at the Court Theatre would laugh, sometimes immoderately, for two and a half acts until they could laugh no more for weariness. When the curtain finally fell on the discussion, a broken and silenced audience would rise wearily from its seats and crawl slowly and painfully out of the building. That was the secret of my success! I had to make the audience suffer and take its suffering away with it before it felt it had had its money's worth.

All my plays present revolutions in the convictions, in the souls, of my characters. Chesterton rightly says that every play of mine is the story of a conversion. I write the type of play that interests cultivated modern people most on the stage: stories of lives, discussions of conduct, unveiling of motives, conflict of characters in talk, discovery of pitfalls, laying bare of souls — in short, illumination of life.

One of the silliest criticisms of all is that I am a mere gadfly, stinging people but not helping them. Thoughtless critics say that I am merely destructive. Nothing could be further from the truth. My chief contribution to my generation has been my great success in stimulating the thoughts of men and women. With each new play I have brought a message to mankind. In the realm of ideas, I may be called the messenger boy of my time.

Viewed as a whole, my work has been thoroughly constructive. Each play is a testament of my convictions. Take just a few, to illustrate how I always deal with general ideas —

Candida: on love and the relation of the sexes.

The Doctor's Dilemma: on the present sad state of the medical profession.

Man and Superman: on eugenics and the future of the race.

Major Barbara: on poverty and wealth.

Androcles: on Christianity.

Getting Married: on our most licentious institution.

Heartbreak House: on contemporary civilization.

Cæsar and Cleopatra: on genius and greatness.

Saint Joan: on heroism and saintliness.

Back to Methuselah: on the Religion of Creative Evolution.

But wait till you read *The Apple Cart!*

You once asked me what it is that creates a play. Here is my answer: Imagination. If I could tell you more than that, my dear Henderson, I should be famous, not as a playwright, but as the greatest psychologist that ever lived. You select from the unmeaning mass of events which you can record by cinematographing a crowded city street — a spectacle which leaves you as ignorant and bewildered as it has left many a bootblack who has seen it day after day for years — a set of imaginary but possible persons and a set of imaginary but possible actions which make life intelligible and suggest some interpretation of it. When the great dramatists are driven by their evolutionary appetite to do this, and have invented the theatre and the art of acting and the dramatic form in literature to communicate their lesson to the world, then smaller men in the theatre work for smaller ends to raise a laugh, to tell naughty stories in dramatic form, to tomfool or sentimentalize according to their taste and depth and that of the paying public; but the root of the business is our desire for larger and clearer consciousness of the nature and purpose of that wonderful mystery which we call Life, and of which we find ourselves the incessantly tormented and erratic, but still aspiring, vehicles.

You pronounce me the greatest living dramatist. How do you know? A greater may be on the way, either unknown to us or esteemed a ridiculous impostor as I was. I can't help thinking that the Life Force can do better than

G. B. S.

Drawings by Johan Bull

Cosmic Rays and Cancer

by JOHN JOLY, M.D.

The alarming increase of that dread disease, cancer, provides one of the most puzzling questions which physicians and scientists must face. That the disease is increasing seems to be admitted by medical authorities all over the world. Speaking recently of its spread in England and Wales, Lord Moynihan — one of the most eminent of British surgeons — mentioned the terrifying fact that fresh cases are coming in faster than curative methods can deal with them. Indeed, the statistics for England and Wales are appalling.

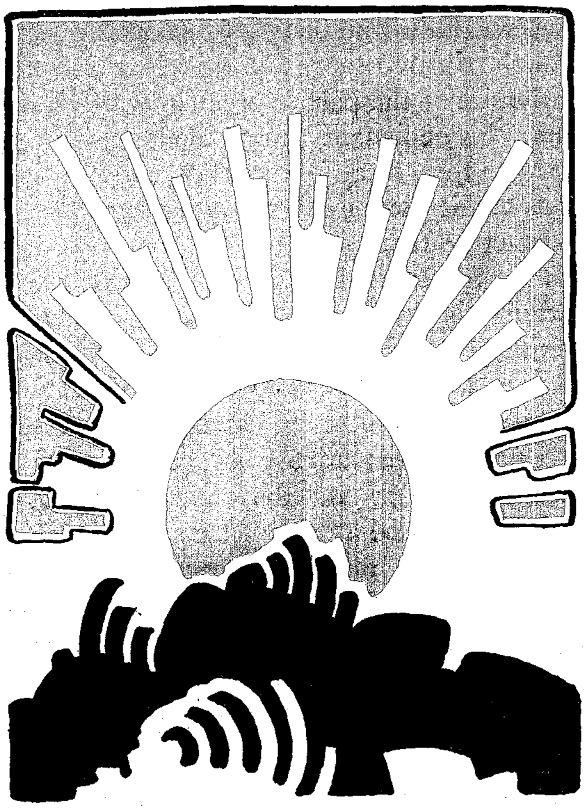
Of the various explanations hitherto put forward, we must admit that none really accounts satisfactorily for the origin of the disease. The dangers attending certain habits or certain articles of diet have one by one been discredited by experimental investigation. The most that can be said seems to be that certain vocations and certain excesses in habits may involve increased liability to cancer. But the advent of the disease appears to threaten all alike — rich and poor — and upon an ever increasing scale.

One of the few things we know is that the cancer tissue resembles the growing tissue of young animals: that is, it consists of cells which grow and multiply without restraint. When the disease appears in adults, the normal body tissues have long since ceased to grow, but the cancer invades the body as a morbidly rapid growth of new tissue, causing a local increase in the size of the part or organ in which it occurs. This malignant growth tends to advance steadily to a fatal termination, and the only hope of the victim depends upon surgery and radioactive treatment.

The reader doubtless knows that radioactivity is a phenomenon of spontaneous atomic disintegration, one element turning into another — chemically and physically different — and in the process of change emitting certain rays. These rays may be material in character — that is, they may consist of particles expelled at high velocity, such as the alpha and beta rays; or they may consist of undulatory motions in the ether — the gamma rays. The alpha rays are of no special value to the surgeon. The beta rays, which are known as "electrons" and carry a negative charge of electricity, are sometimes useful. But for therapeutic purposes the principal rays are the undulatory gamma rays, and these the surgeon applies by inserting in the tumor a hollow metallic needle containing the disintegrating substances — generally radium or its emanation. The walls of the needle are of such density and thickness as to stop all alpha rays and nearly all beta rays while permitting the gamma rays to pass out freely in virtue of their greater penetrating power.

How do these gamma radiations act? It seems probable that they act by ionizing — that is, by electrically charging — certain atoms taking part in the cell growth; and, in doing so, they lead to the break-up of the abnormal cancer cell. It is remarkable, however, that they appear to leave the healthy, normal cell not only unharmed but, according to many authorities, possessed of increased stability.

Up to this point I have attempted to sketch briefly the little we know about the nature of cancerous growths and their radioactive treatment. Let us now turn to a new phase of the problem which has been opened up by the brilliant researches of an American physicist — Professor Robert A. Millikan. Professor Millikan's work has of course not been concerned with the cancer problem. His recent investigations have had to do with the nature and distribution of the penetrating radiations which reach the earth from space. From his discoveries we learn, however, that these "cosmic" radiations are, in character, very much like the gamma radiations emitted by certain radioactive substances in the act of transformation. This means that we are being bombarded by invisible rays which tend to strengthen our normal body cells and tend to destroy the abnormal cancer cells.



Within the great suns of the cosmic system matter yields up its internal energy of whirling electron or proton. Professor Millikan suggests that the débris ultimately cast out into space recombines fortuitously, and, in doing so, gives rise to the cosmic radiations. These radiations possess such extraordinary penetrating power as to effect the discharge of an electroscope submerged beneath many meters of water. And it must be remembered that such rays, in attaining the sea level of our planet, have already traversed matter equivalent to a layer of some ten meters of water.

Millikan has estimated the present energy of cosmic radiations as about one-tenth of that which reaches the earth from the stars in the form of light and heat. Such a small amount of energy is not likely to have any pronounced influence upon us; but suppose the strength of these radiations were increased enough to exert some effect upon the growth and cell division now taking place upon the earth. It seems probable that such an event would cause cancerous growths everywhere to dwindle and gradually disappear. For there is no reason to believe that rays universally applied would act differently from the local radiations applied by the surgeon. Indeed, it seems probable that a much feebler radiation than that applied therapeutically, but continually acting, would secure just the same result. Cancer would then become a thing of the past.

For the purposes of this discussion let us now assume that such conditions actually prevailed in former ages — that the cosmic radiations penetrating to the earth's surface were formerly more intense than they now are. The result, as we have seen, would have been to promote healthful cell division in the organs of the body. Cancer would not yet have made its appearance among the ills that flesh is heir to. But since we have assumed that cosmic radiations were formerly more intense than now, we must also assume that some change has come about within recent times to diminish their strength. What, then, would have been the evolutionary consequence of this change? Would it have affected cell division and growth fundamentally?

Now it is an established scientific principle that an organism seeks suitability with its environment. If the environment changes, as often happens in nature, the organism must change or perish. The whole of organic evolution may be said to turn upon this fundamental fact. So, if the radiations which led to the present conditions of body growth have dwindled, we may say, on general grounds, that this change would make itself felt in the complex phenomena of cell division. Indeed, it has been proved experimentally that X-rays, which are of the same nature as gamma rays, produce variations in the organism by direct action on the germ plasm.

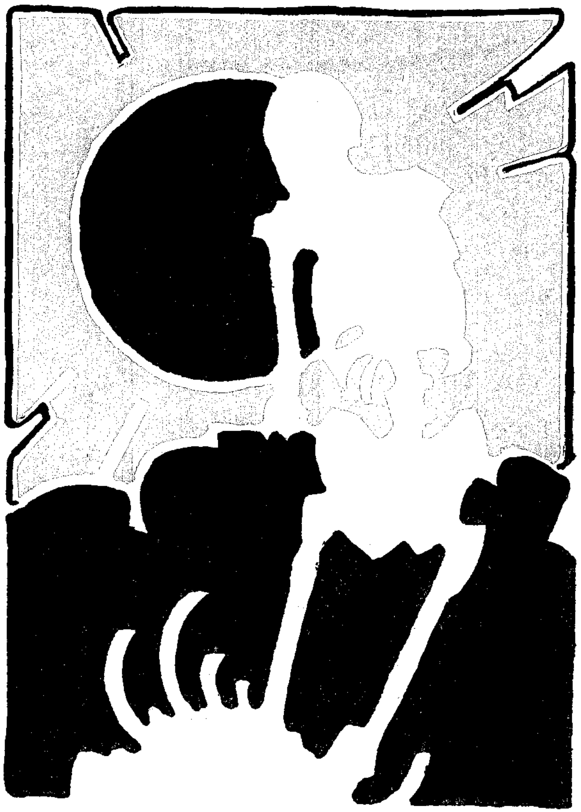
It is not unreasonable to conclude, therefore, that a decrease in the strength of the penetrating radiations which reach the earth from space *may* have led us into our present troubles. The new environmental conditions have not had time to modify the organism through the slow medium of natural selection, and, as a result, we have cancer, which represents just the kind of calamity that assails every organism when environmental conditions change.

If this theory of the origin and cause of cancer should prove to be true, it will explain why the disease has increased so alarmingly in recent times. It will also explain why the gamma-ray treatment is often successful, for with these rays we endeavor to tide the individual organism over its trouble by subjecting the seat of the lesion to the formerly prevailing conditions.

In venturing this explanation of the cause of cancer, we must realize that while the theory seems to be not improbable, we possess no certain evidence to support it. We cannot be sure that there has been a change in the penetrating radiations continually coming in from space. Still, we shall not be unscientific if we admit the possibility of such an occurrence. The movement of our solar system through space might have brought about such a change.

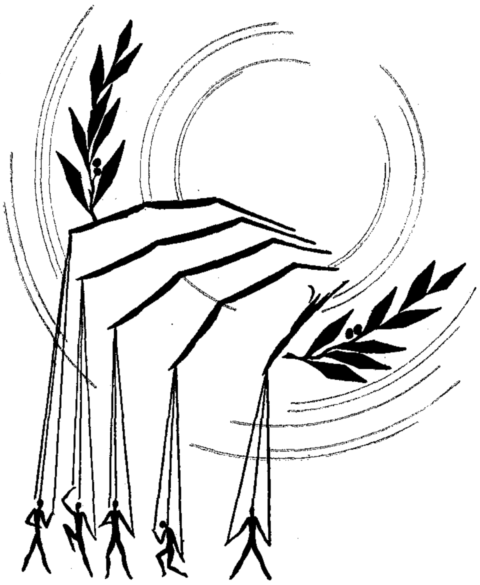
Indeed, a significant result of Professor Millikan's discoveries will be to revise some of our fundamental ideas of the universe in which we have our being. Now, for the first time, we have reasonable grounds for believing that the changes taking place in our environment are cyclic and conservative in nature. Millikan has shown that part of our environment consists of invisible cosmic rays. And we may assume that they are not uniform throughout space but are stronger in those regions nearest the great suns, for it is there that the ultimate alchemy of atomic disintegration is accomplished, and there that the re-creation of the atom must be most actively progressing.

At the same time, astronomers tell us that we are on a long voyage — moving at great velocity — toward a particular part of the heavens. It may be, then, that we have just passed through a region where the cosmic rays were more intense and that now we are passing out of it again. The appearance and increase of cancer would then be the first indication of the way our bodies are reacting to the changed environment. If so, a long period of troubles and sorrows may be in store for us until we can gradually be brought into harmony with the conditions now prevailing. On the other hand, we may be destined, upon our journey, to reach a haven where former environmental conditions will be restored — and which of these two courses lies before us no one now living can foresee.



Is Man a MACHINE?

A Socratic Dialogue



JOHN B. WATSON
vs.
WILL DURANT

Persons of the Dialogue

Will Durant — Philosopher; author of *The Story of Philosophy* and *Mansions of Philosophy*

Henry Goddard Leach — Editor of The Forum

John B. Watson — Psychologist; father of Behaviorism and author of several books on the subject

---

Place — The home of Henry Goddard Leach

Time — After dinner

Mr. Leach. Dr. Watson, is it not the contention of the behaviorist that he can explain any act of man on the basis of previous conditioning circumstances?

Dr. Watson. That is true.

Mr. Leach. Then what made you a behaviorist? Were there any behaviorists working on you in your infancy?

Dr. Watson. On the contrary, I was born and brought up in a very religious family. They even had me slated for the ministry. I think the general conviction that man is an organic machine came from my association with Professor Loeb, who was doing research in physiological chemistry when I was a student under him. In his experiments with the sea urchin he had gone so far that we all began to feel that if man were interested enough in the problem, and could get hold of enough of the physiological chemical units, and could command all the necessary heat and pressure gradients, it would not be long before we could combine them in such a way as to build an organic machine.

Mr. Leach. You think it is merely a question of time before that will be done?

Dr. Watson. Not time so much as necessity. If all our gasoline suddenly dried up, we would have a substitute for gasoline inside of a year, because environment would demand it. And if it were demanded that we make what is called life — and by that I mean nothing but an organic machine that takes in food and lets out waste products, that can grow and form habits and repair waste — there isn't much question in my mind that we could solve the problem in a few years. If we concentrated our energies and resources upon it, we could grow men in test tubes.

Mr. Leach. You mean you think there is hope.

Dr. Watson. It is not proven, I grant you. But there are other indications. The work of Child has shown us that the shape in which a protoplasm is born depends upon the stresses and strains — the physical and chemical environment — in the egg. Even the formation of those things which we call arms and legs probably depends upon the nature of the stresses and strains that the developing egg is subjected to. If those stresses and strains were markedly changed, we should probably have no reason to expect that egg, fertilized by a sperm, to grow into the shape of a man or any other particular form of animal. Now we take this bit of protoplasm at birth — an artificial point, especially with man — and we find it very unformed and not at all prepared to work in the environment into which it has been born. So we build it; that is, we mold the individual's behavior patterns. If we are Chinese, we shape it to eat with chopsticks. If we are Europeans, we train it to eat with its fork and cut its food with a knife. We form it into an individual that worships its ancestors, or we form it into an individual that gets down on its knees and worships a God, or a Jehovah, or what not.

Mr. Leach. You are not limited, then, to influencing its physical characteristics?

Dr. Watson. We shape it physically and ethically and every other way. Now look at the other side of the picture — breaking down the mechanism. We will take the most gifted theologian, the most gifted idealist, or just an ordinary man; we will open up his brain and make a little incision in the area of Broca, and he loses his ability to talk and think. But that is not all. We can take individuals whose brains have been affected in a certain area — either through an accident or through venereal disease — and retrain them, setting up conditionings just as we could when that bit of protoplasm was young. I look upon the brain as merely a series of complex conductors between skin and muscle, between the sensory surface, where the environment impinges upon us, and the muscle as our mechanism for reacting.

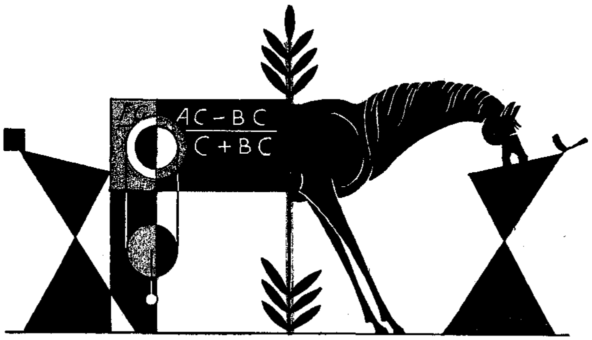
Mr. Leach. Would you say, then, that inheritance . . . ?

Dr. Watson. I don't believe in it. I have often said, in a kind of braggadocio way, that I would as lief go to Macdougal Street and pick out the children of prostitutes, the children of murderers, and bring them into my own home, provided I could get them at birth, provided I could keep them in such a way that the shaping of that bit of protoplasm would be entirely in my own hands — I would just as lief take them as an infant with a long line of distinguished ancestors. Now in dealing with this bit of human material — finding that I can train it to develop in any direction, finding, too, that I can reduce it from a state of maturity to idiocy and then gradually repair the damage — do I need to appeal to any extraneous force? No; I want no God; I want no mind; I want no spiritual force. I want only the ability to handle my clay as the potter handles his clay.

Mr. Durant. To me, the theory that all events in this world are mechanical in their processes — in the sense that they obey or follow the laws of mechanics — is utterly inadequate. I reject the entire theory. Yet when I say that mechanism is false, I do not for a moment imply that I can explain what this other thing is that we call life.

Dr. Watson. But surely, as a scientific man, you must have some conception of the vital principle upon which you base everything.

Mr. Durant. We can't explain what life is because the very word *explain* has come to imply a mechanical explanation. Our terms have taken on, so to speak, a material and mechanical color, and any explanation that is not mechanical seems to be no explanation. When men lived on the farm and saw seeds growing into living things, they naturally thought in terms of life and not in terms of



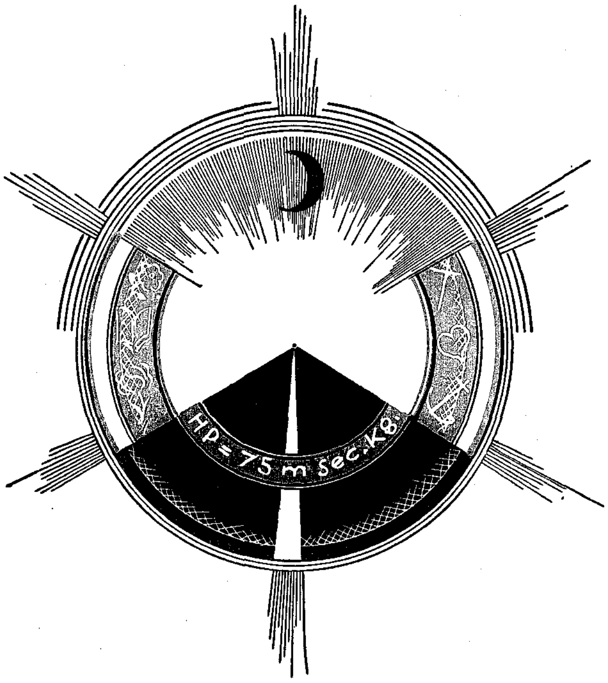
Drawings by John Melching

mechanism. But after leaving that environment and living for almost a hundred years in the presence of machines, they lost the habit of looking at things in terms of growth and decay; they thought in terms of levers, cogs, wheels — mechanical processes in general. And so I should say that the mechanistic theory of existence is just one more reflex of the industrial revolution and the machine age.

Dr. Watson. True or false, that does not upset the validity of the theory.

Mr. Durant. Of course not. That was merely the overture to what I am going to undertake now, if you will let me. I think I can point out to you half a dozen particulars in which the mechanistic theory is inadequate.

1 First, let's consider locomotion. If you wind up a toy automobile and set it going at a wall, it will strike the wall and rebound in the same line in which it approached. Then, the energy of the rebound being exhausted, the energy of the spring will operate again and the machine will once more strike the wall. This operation will continue until the spring is unwound and the energy is exhausted. That is mechanical behavior. Now an experiment strangely like that business of the toy automobile has been performed with living organisms. They have taken the Paramecium — a tiny protozoan, as you know — and put thousands of them in one part of a glass bowl, and at the other end of the bowl some food; in the middle of the bowl they placed a glass partition, open at both sides. The microscope disclosed the Paramecia moving forward in a straight line. They hit the glass and came back in a straight line, quite in the fashion of a machine. But then they swerved and moved diagonally toward the glass, hit it, came back more or less in a straight line, then swerved again in the same direction as before. By the law of chance, they might just as well have swerved left as right; but they kept on shifting in the same direction until they got around the edge of the partition. I think that illustrates pretty clearly what I mean when I say that the principles of mechanics seem to be inadequate in trying to account for organic behavior.



2 And when you examine the process of digestion, you have the astonishing phenomenon of a plant taking chemical elements and synthesizing them into organic compounds. There again you have an illustration of the activity of the organism. It is not passive. It molds its environment as much as it is molded by it.

3 Then you have growth. How anything could grow if it were confined to mechanical principles, I don't know. When I look out of my window in the spring and see buds on all the trees, somehow I feel that Dr. Watson is all wrong. Why these strange little things should insist on coming up, against all sorts of difficulties, I can't understand.

4 The fourth element is regeneration. You all know the experiments of Bergson in cutting off the rays of a starfish, whereupon they grew again. He cut out the heart and left only the rays, and the heart grew again. The vitality of life is continually behaving in a positive way toward its environment, and not merely in a negative way. Just scratch your hand, and you find that it heals. I say to the mechanist, "Explain that in mechanical terms." He will tell me: "I can't do it, but in the future someone will do it. If you will just believe for the next few thousand years, then you will understand everything." I say that that is exactly the sort of argument that mystical faiths have repeatedly employed.

5 Fifth, let us consider reproduction. Loeb, it is true, persuaded the unfertilized egg of the sea urchin to develop to certain stages. He thought he had proved, I suppose, that reproduction is mechanical. But he forgot that he had begun with a living thing — the egg of the female. Instead of proving that this living

thing was mechanical, his experiments only proved that it was far more capable of readjustment, far more vital, than anyone had previously supposed. It seems to me that in reproduction you have the regenerative and readaptive power of life demonstrated in an overwhelmingly convincing way. Imagine any machine that could isolate a small portion of itself as a sort of model machine corresponding to a sperm or an ovum, which could meet with another model from another machine, unite with it, and produce a third machine that would grow and continue the cycle!

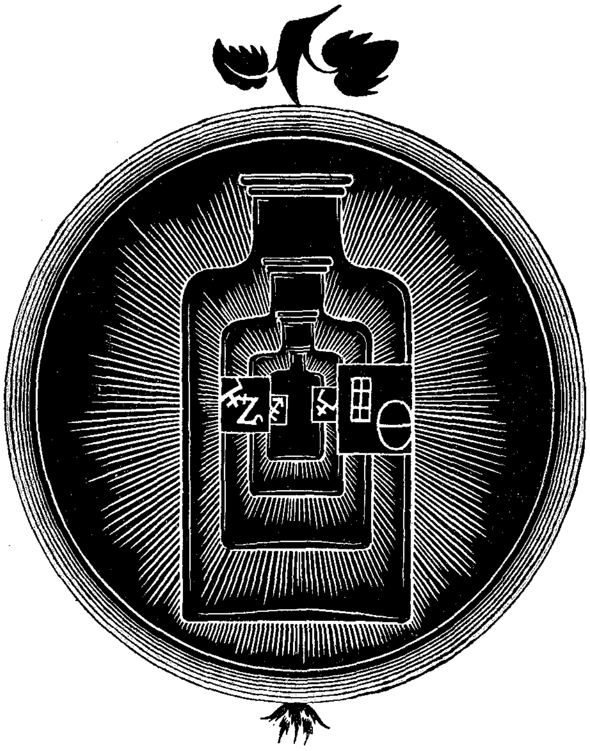
The sixth item to be considered is consciousness. I know that it is impolite of me to mention consciousness in Dr. Watson's presence, but I find consciousness a very real thing. Through consciousness we can foresee. I can think of the future. But how a machine could foresee is very difficult for me to understand.

Finally there is evolution. I find it impossible to conceive how anything could have evolved if it were confined to mechanical operations. I see all through the biological realm a certain upward urgency. You will forgive me for using terms that seem mystical. They seem mystical to you because, unconsciously, you expect me to use mechanical terms. I am just describing what I see. And as to *life* being a mystical term, on the contrary I am more directly conscious of life than of anything else in the world. All other terms will be mystical, relatively, in comparison with that, because I am immediately observant of vitality, of life, in my own self and my own feelings, whereas I know matter only through the sensations that come to me through this vitality.

When I say "an upward urgency," I don't mean it in a theological sense; I mean that life is discontent. Why a machine should be discontent, why anything run on mechanical principles should be discontent, I can't imagine. I agree with Spengler that mechanism is simply the mythology of industrialism. It is a mythology and a theology full of miracles; the scientist has become a new priest and we have allowed him to overwhelm us.

DR. WATSON. I'll have to come back at you for your continued use of the expression *life*.

MR. DURANT. You are going to say that it is vague and mystical. It isn't. When I use the word, I mean that I observe life more directly than I observe anything else, because I observe other things through life.



DR. WATSON. The scientist no longer uses the word *life;* it is a term we have outgrown, like *soul.* It is the exact homologue of electricity. They used to make a great bugaboo about the fact that nobody has ever seen electricity, whereas nobody ever thinks in terms of electricity any more. It is a mere word which we have used to cap a group of observed things, such as what happens when you put zinc and copper together in water.

MR. DURANT. I agree with you that the word *life* is just an abstract term like the word *electricity* — a splendid analogy. We use the word *life* merely to indicate a certain group of phenomena. That is exactly what I mean. It is the only word we happen to have to describe those phenomena.

DR. WATSON. But why assume that these phenomena are any different from any other mechanical phenomena in their operation? The farmer has to water his seed, cultivate it, fertilize it; in other words, he controls the development of the phenomena which you would group together as *life*.

MR. DURANT. I did not mean to suggest that life is a virginal thing, untouched by anything else. Of course not. I know that a seed has to grow in the earth, that it needs certain material conditions for its encouragement. But what effect could all those material conditions have if the seed were not a living thing? Similarly with the brain. It is quite true that if you cut out my brain, I might stop thinking. But you never can tell. You have heard of the man whose brain was removed by a surgeon and who got up and ran away before the surgeon had a chance to put it back again. The surgeon went all over the world looking for that fellow. Finally he found him addressing a Rotary Club.

Dr. Watson. You admit that we can control the development of a plant to a great extent; we can keep it from becoming green, we can make it grow rapidly by giving it more light. Then why do you feel that there is something sacrosanct in that little shell we call a seed? Isn't it just a bundle of the same kind of things we see in phenomena everywhere?

Mr. Durant. No. Unless you have some vitality to start it off, all surrounding conditions are useless. It is like a printing press. You can take all the parts and put them together, but unless some living hand sets the thing going, it will stand there forever, just doing nothing.

Dr. Watson. I will wager you this: that if the world became convinced of Dreisch's principle of entelechy, every scientific biologist would stop work. Jennings himself said to me: "If I believed there had to be an entelechy to tell a nerve fiber when it got to the lumbar region that it had to turn to the right to go and join the gastrocnemius muscle, I would quit work."

Mr. Durant. I agree with you.

Dr. Watson. If I have to believe that God comes in and operates this muscle and that muscle, if I have to believe that God is only working through us, then I am through with science and I want to have nothing more to do with it. I will go out, dig potatoes, and eat and vegetate.

Mr. Durant. Professor Haldane, the physiological chemist, has faced exactly this problem: namely, the question — What am I going to do if I abandon the mechanistic approach? He says: "As a physiologist, I can see no use for the hypothesis that life as a whole is a mechanical process. This theory does not help me in my work, and, indeed, I think it now hinders very seriously the progress of physiology. I should as soon go back to the mythology of our Saxon forefathers as to the mechanistic physiology."

Dr. Watson. If Haldane believes this, then he is getting old. He is getting frightened by death, just as William James was in his declining years. James was a perfectly good physiologist in his younger days. Then he began to play around with theories of cosmic insulation. He believed that occasionally the insulation wore off and that then we could communicate with the dead. So when any man not in his vigorous prime begins to talk like Haldane or William James, I say: "All right! Let's let them pass on. Don't concern yourself with reading about their return to childhood. Let the younger chaps who are vigorous have a chance at this before you try to bring in some kind of extra-mundane principle."

Mr. Durant. I assure you that I am not trying to prove that I have an immortal soul. I am just trying to be faithful to the facts.

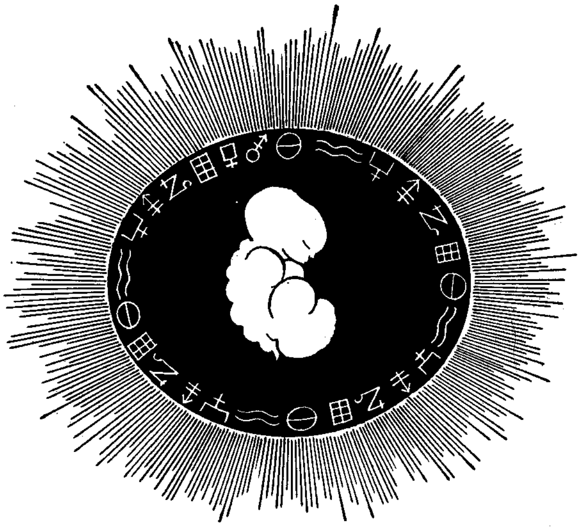
Dr. Watson. I have heard scientists make the same statement, yet I am convinced that in each case it was the fear of death or the criticism of their university's trustees that really moved them to it. Every single one of them — and I have watched a lot of them — prays before he dies. And if you let them get old enough, they will try to find just such loopholes as this for a life hereafter.

Mr. Durant. You are wrong when you intimate that we must either accept your point of view or go back to church and get down on our knees. That doesn't follow at all. The theologians used to give us the same sort of argument, only it was reversed. They used to say to me: "Now look here, if you don't accept our dogmas, you will become an atheist, then you will become a cynic, then you will become a pessimist." Their conclusion was that I would end up by shooting myself, and that the only way to avoid this was to accept all the doctrines of the Middle Ages. My answer was: "I am interested in finding out as much as I can of what is, and if I have to shoot myself, very well." I say the same thing to you. I am interested in describing things as I see them, and I don't care what harm or good it does to religion; that is irrelevant. I think I am just as hard-headed about supernatural entities as you are, but on the other hand I want to be clear-headed about realistic entities, and life is to me the most real phenomenon that has come into my experience. I don't believe that I will live after I die. I wouldn't say that life has a mission, or that it is necessarily good; I merely say that it is living. As long as you let me remain faithful to my observation, you have nothing to fear.

Dr. Watson. I've got to smoke you out on that word *observation.*

Mr. Durant. Smoke up.

Dr. Watson. You insist on being "faithful to your observation." Back in primitive times the Hawaiians saw smoke rising from mountains and attributed it to the fact that somebody had stolen a pig. Their observation was accurate up to a certain point — they saw smoke. But it went off the track when they brought in a non-mechanical force like the gods, who were supposed to be interested enough in pigs to make the mountains smoke when one of them disappeared. Later the scientist came along and gave a very reasonable explanation of why volcanoes smoke. All I am asking you to do, Dr. Durant, is not to put so much faith in this direct observation of yours. You say you see life. I deny that. You are seeing what you *call* life. You are making observations on the same ignorant sort of basis that the primitive man made his upon — the so-called natural phenomena. And just as these phenomena yielded to science, just so these things that you cling to so faithfully now are going to yield to the mechanicians at last.



I spoke a while back of growing men in test tubes. If you remind me that we haven't yet created an organism that will eat, excrete waste products, or heal an injury, I shall reply that all this lies in the realm of the undiscovered features of this peculiar type of organic machine. I am not discouraged for a moment because I can't make my statue breathe. Surely we shall get it, and we should have it now if anybody really wanted to get in and do it, and not just speculate about it.

Mr. Durant. I suppose that is what you call pious hope. I think that you, Dr. Watson, are far nearer to religion than I am, because you have the attitude of a faithful worshiper, just like the fellow in the last act of Eugene O'Neill's *Dynamo* who expects his dynamo to perform a miracle for him. You say: "O God, you have left me out in the dark; I have suffered despite my fidelity to you, but I trust if I keep on being faithful to you for sixteen million years, you will at last produce a miracle that will enable me to understand the growth of my children in mechanical terms."

Dr. Watson. If you are going to introduce an extra-mechanical principle, it is up to you to meet it face to face. I am willing to wait until we can explain things without it. You are not. Very well, then it is up to you to put your extra-mechanical principle in a test tube and examine it. I challenged you once on it, but you rather slid out of it.

Mr. Durant. It is just possible, you know, that I may be able to prove that your solution of the problem is wrong without being able to give the right solution myself. I wouldn't admit for a minute that I am compelled to explain the world just because I say that your explanation of the world is unsatisfactory. But I shall answer your challenge anyway. To the mechanical principle I would oppose the organic principle. Instead of asking, as a mechanist would, "What is the relation of these parts, mechanically, to each other?" — I ask, "What is the organic arrangement of this thing, that the whole should be able to determine the behavior of its parts?" It is this organic whole that I think is missing in our present explanation of things. Science, so far, has been chiefly analytical. It has torn things to pieces and given a fairly good description of the parts lying separated. But in tearing them apart and considering them separately, you are very likely to lose the essential thing — the organic principle. Indeed, I challenge the proposition that science has succeeded so well on mechanistic bases. I would be willing to argue that it has discovered more by asking for what purposes things have been done than by asking through what mechanisms they have been done.

DR. WATSON. That term *purpose* has no justification in science.

MR. DURANT. I know that behaviorists would never use the word, but that doesn't worry me. If I want to understand, for instance, why Mayor Walker did so and so, I can come to an understanding of Mayor Walker's actions sooner by asking what his purpose was than I can by asking what were his reflexes and his mechanisms. I think you are too much afraid of these simple, common terms. You hear, I suppose, that the man in the street interprets human behavior in terms of purpose, and therefore you seek some more esoteric form of explanation.

DR. WATSON. Nothing of the kind. If I see a certain reaction in an individual, I try to track down the situation which gave rise to it — that is all.

MR. DURANT. But don't you see, Dr. Watson, that in addition to these situations that you talk of, there is a living being full of desires? What this new psychology always forgets, apparently, is that at the start there is an organism full of drives.

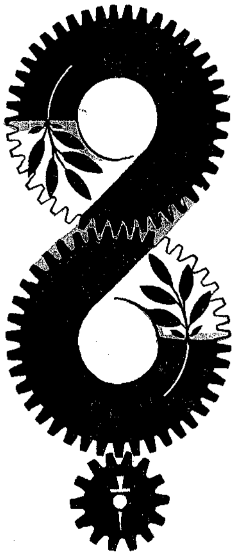
DR. WATSON. I can take those desires out of the individual in half a second. I can remove the sexual responses from a frog by taking the fluid out of his seminal duct. I can restore them by filling the duct with water.

MR. WATSON. You have taken certain living elements out of a living organism, and you must expect it to behave differently than if you had left it untouched. It doesn't surprise me at all to hear that you can interfere with the normal operation of a living being by injuring it. But it does upset your theory when we discover that that living being, after you have hurt it, can repair its own injury. You would be very hard put to explain that on mechanical principles.

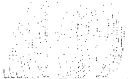
DR. WATSON. I couldn't at all. But can you do any better? If not, neither of us has the advantage.

MR. DURANT. The conclusion is: let us be honest and admit that the mechanical principle does not explain regeneration. It may be that organism won't explain it either. Between you and me, I think that all the "isms" we could ever get together wouldn't explain the reality, but we have to do the best we can and try to arrange an explanation that shall not do violence to the complex facts. We shall never succeed, but it is pleasant trying. My severest repulsion to mechanism is that it is an obviously easy explanation. It is an almost naïve description of the surface of things, and I think it shameful that we should any longer be content with it.

**Next month, another Socratic dialogue between Dr. Watson and Mr. Durant,
in which they debate the application of the mechanistic theory
to the education and training of children**



DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri



Combating CRIME

by CLARENCE DARROW

FROM THE EARLIEST history of the human race the prisons of the world have claimed an endless number of victims, many of whom have been put to death in all sorts of hideous ways, for violating criminal codes. Accurate statistics on crime are not available in the United States, but it is safe to say that at the present time our various penal institutions — penitentiaries, jails, reformatories, and the like — have a population of not less than five hundred thousand men, women, and children. Every right-thinking person would be shocked, if not utterly horrified, at the suffering that is daily endured by this growing army behind our prison walls, many of whom die there.

But the prisoners are not the only sufferers. Every inmate brings torture and misery to at least two others besides himself; for there are fathers and mothers, wives and husbands, brothers and sisters, and innocent children whose lives are blackened and handicapped, and many of them feel the agony and injury even more than the prisoner himself. Nor should we forget the countless victims of criminal acts. When we pause to add up this enormous toll of human anguish, it staggers the imagination and makes us realize that crime and its solution is not just an abstract problem in sociology; it is an intensely personal matter to hundreds of thousands of our fellow beings. This fact alone, quite apart from all other considerations, should lead every humane man and woman to welcome eagerly any reasonable method that may be proposed for combating crime.

Thus far, with the exception of the juvenile courts (of which I shall speak later), the world has entertained but one remedy for crime, and that is punishment. In general, people spend very little time thinking about this multitude of unfortunates in prison and out. It is only when something unusual happens to force attention — such, for example, as the recent epidemic of prison outbreaks — that the public thinks about the problem at all, and then it is with only one feeling: that punishments should be more severe, the number of victims increased, and prison hardships intensified. To interest any number of people in the *causes* of crime, or in humane methods of treating serious delinquency, is a well-nigh hopeless task. Yet students of this question have long agreed that crime, like all other kinds of human activity, has causes, and that punishment is of little or no avail either as a preventive or as a cure.

Confidence in the theory that nothing exists without a predisposing cause, and that the surest way to eliminate an evil is to eliminate its source, is founded on long experience. Careful scientific research has revealed that typhoid fever, diphtheria, and smallpox may be cured by eliminating certain microscopic germs from the human body. To-day these diseases have practically disappeared. Other fields have been investigated with similar, though perhaps with not equally great, success. Man has sought to learn the causes of crop failures, of the growth of cities, of panics, and of wars. Wherever this method has been tried, the results have gone far to justify the belief that earthly existence can be made much more harmonious and livable in the future than it has been in the past. More and more, as man adds to his store of knowledge, he learns to control life; more and more he learns to master situations which he once thought were imposed upon him by accident or by the decrees of fate.

Those kinds of human conduct which we call "crime" would be as well understood to-day as is disease if criminal actions were studied in a truly scientific manner. The trouble is — and always has been — that our investigations into the causes of crime are clouded and confused and turned aside from their real purpose by the passions of anger and vengeance which we feel toward the criminal. (In this discussion, the word "crime" is used in its ordinary sense to mean the kind of conduct which is forbidden by the statutes and for which a penalty is provided. It is plain that no laws can pretend to cover every human delinquency.) Crime has always been supposed to proceed from a willful and malignant heart. This attitude has naturally turned the public's attention from the examination of the criminal's conduct and its causes to the mere condemnation of the individual.

CAUSES OF CRIME

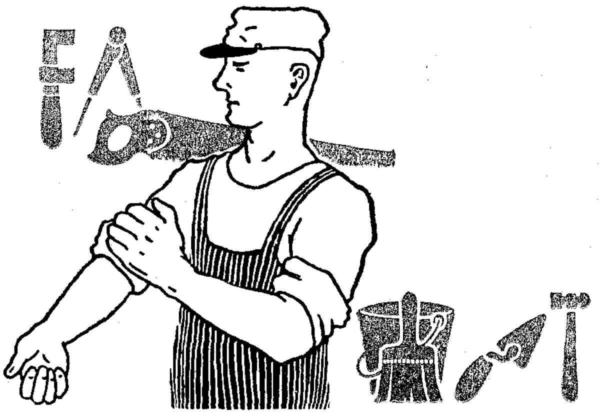
From the earliest times, as I have said, society's only remedy for crime has been punishment — that is, inflicting pain. Now punishment means vengeance: someone has been injured by a person who was wicked and depraved, and the only thing to do is to hurt the aggressor in return. When society was in a primitive state, retaliation was often extended to the offender's family or tribe, all his relatives being thought somehow to share his depravity. However much the social order may have changed since primitive times, the moving force in punishment is still vengeance, and it is administered to-day with the same hatred of the victim, the same satisfaction at his sufferings, as attended it in earlier times. This feeling will always be dominant until those kinds of conduct which we call criminal are regarded as being conditioned by the same rule of law that governs all other acts of man.

As to the causes of crime, there is no longer much room for doubt. Prisoners have so long been placed under observation that their characteristics and their lives are now understood. First let us see what kinds of acts brought these men behind the bars.

At the present time many people are in prison for violating the Volstead Act. Now, whether that law is wise or foolish, it is a new law, making a crime out of a practice that a great many people the world over have always indulged without any consciousness of guilt. No such statute was ever passed that did not bring protest, violation, and defiance. Without a general feeling that forbidden conduct is wrong, general obedience cannot be obtained. For the present, then, convictions under this act must be attributed to foolish legislation; this species of forbidden conduct cannot be classed as a crime for at least a quarter of a century — and then only if the public comes generally to approve the statute.

Most murders are based on property crimes and occur during efforts to escape capture for larceny, burglary, or robbery. Then there are murders of passion which spring from jealousy, anger, quarrels, and diseased minds; and no kind of penalty, however severe, could have the least effect in preventing them. The old stories of the murderer who plans to kill merely for the sake of taking a life are almost never founded on fact, and in the rare instances when they do occur, they are obviously the result of disordered minds. In general, then, it is safe to say that most of the inmates of prisons are there for getting or seeking to get property in violation of the law.

Following the scientific principle of causation, what gives rise to these acts? Here we



Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

must examine the lives of the prisoners. Aside from those convicted in prohibition cases, nine-tenths of the prison population are poor — and have always been poor. To be sure, there are exceptions; now and then a rich man goes to jail — but not often. It does not necessarily follow, however, that poverty is the cause of crime; both conditions may have some other and common source. That source is to be found, I believe, in the ignorance that prevails almost universally among the inmates of prisons.

POVERTY AND IGNORANCE

OF COURSE there are exceptions, but, as a rule, criminals who are poor are also ignorant; they have not had any education to fit them for making their way in the world. A very considerable proportion of criminals are also subnormal or defective. This is often disputed, but I am confident that it is true. Many prisoners who seem to possess average intelligence reveal, on closer examination, that they are lacking in common sense, that in certain important points their ideas are strange and fantastic. I am aware that it is not easy to determine whether lack of intelligence is due to congenital causes or to want of early training, but in either instance the factor of ignorance is present — and this factor is characteristic of the great majority of prison inmates.

It is also true — and important — that these unfortunates have lived in poverty and ignorance since childhood; and here we touch the very heart of the entire criminal situation. Most of the prison population were born and reared in cities, and in the poorest and meanest parts. They did not choose these districts to be born in; they found themselves there because the rents were cheap. From the time of their birth they had none of the advantages so needful in creating habits that would lead to normal lives. This fundamental question of creating right habits in childhood is only now beginning to be understood in its proper bearing upon crime. Even those smug and unthinking people who are quick to condemn and anxious to avenge, who believe in stern and cruel punishments, would never think of allowing their own children to enter upon life without the most careful assistance and instruction.

Every child wants things. He is born with instincts which he strives to satisfy. He has desires and curiosities, and these lead to action. And what is the consequence of this to the neglected child of poverty, who, as we have seen, becomes the criminal of to-morrow? In the first place, he knows nothing about property, which, as we have also seen, lies at the bottom of most crimes. On this subject the child of misfortune inherits no knowledge or feeling. Without training, he has no consciousness that it is right to gratify his wants in one way but not in another. (As a matter of fact, the propriety of some of these ways is subject to constant debate among intelligent men.) So when some object attracts his attention, he acts as any other animal acts to satisfy its longings — in the most direct manner that will accomplish his ends.

JUVENILE COURTS

THE FIRST DELINQUENCIES of such children may not be crimes at all, but if they are left to their accustomed environment and condition, it will not be long before they do commit some criminal act — and then watch the public howl for vengeance! This fact is now so well known that almost every city and town has established juvenile courts where young offenders are treated with care and consideration and are placed in surroundings that give them some chance to adjust themselves to life. The juvenile courts are the first encouraging step that the law has taken in recognition of the supreme importance of early training for fixing right habits and modes of living.

One particular aspect of education, or lack of it in these unfortunates, here presents itself. Most children have no natural aptitude for what passes as education and would get nothing from it even if they could understand

it. To the majority of healthy boys study is drudgery. They would much rather do something with their hands; but this sort of learning is not in the regular course, at least not in many schools. The boy who does not and cannot appreciate a book education gets nothing at all from school. When the day comes for him to go to work — and it comes all too early for the poor — what equipment has he to make his living? He has no trade. He cannot follow a profession. He must work — but at what?

Take a look at the jails and you will find the answer. There you will see the poor, the ignorant, the queer, the denizens of the streets — and practically all of them are people who have never learned a trade. Why are not the rich, the professional men, the skilled workmen in jail? Because they have somewhere else to go. If they went into strange houses at night to steal, they would not only be wicked, but — what is more significant — they would be foolish. Possessing ways to earn their bread, and protected by long-established habits — socially approved habits — they pursue their accustomed paths and robbery does not enter their minds. Like most humans, these more fortunate members of society live in a rut, but their ruts are part of the social order and are deep enough to make them feel secure and almost certain of a peaceful life and death.

The unfortunates who fill our prisons have no capacity or training that will bring them what they want and what so many others around them have. Even if the unskilled workman and the casual laborer are able to earn bare livings, they know that toil, a poor shelter, the bare necessities of life will satisfy only a few of their crying needs. They want what so many others find it easy to get — the glitter of wealth, fine homes, good clothes, automobiles, theaters, restaurants — everything that makes life pleasant. To them, as to every other man, life does not mean a mere existence eked out through hard and casual work. Yet they have no education or training, no trade or calling, no fixed habits to keep them in the beaten path. Such a man ponders his hopeless future. Shall he steal? The prison threatens him. But what if he is not caught? For that matter, what if he is? He will have a steady living and no worries about food and bed. Can you who have the means to satisfy your cravings put yourself in this man's place?

VENGEANCE VS. JUSTICE

EVERY PERSON WITH any comprehension knows that out of the large number of the forlorn and desolate many will in time be locked behind the bars. These are criminals in the making — and not because they have wicked hearts and deliberately choose to do evil rather than good, but because the cards are stacked against them, because they themselves are the products of conditions which they did not fashion. Yet the contented public cannot, or will not, think of any preventive except punishment — which is not a preventive at all. These people constantly repeat the platitudes that judges should be more severe, juries less lenient, lawyers forbidden to defend, more lives destroyed — in other words, that justice should be enforced. But how many of these stern and righteous citizens have the slightest understanding of what justice really means? The young man who sees the iron door of a prison shut him away from the world talks of justice too; he wonders when, in all his miserable life, justice ever looked at him or heard his despairing cry.

Whence comes the blind faith in the validity of punishment? It is born of fear and hate. But

which is wiser, to say nothing of kinder: to prevent crime by striking at its causes and by treating its unfortunate victims more sanely and humanely, or to ignore the causes and go on blindly making punishments harder and longer, and life more hopeless and useless for these unfortunates? It would seem as if intelligent men and women would grow weary of hating and sick of cursing and tired of condemning. Every philosophy and all the religions that men profess to believe have taught kindness and charity and understanding. We have tried sentencing and beating and penning and killing all through the long and dreary past. Is it not time to turn our minds to helping and teaching and sparing and saving?

Prayer for Dreadful Morning

LONG HAVE I loved the terrible clouds that loom
Like galleons of the Armada of the air
Whose carronades flame golden in the gloom,
Shattering houses like some wild corsair.
And I have loved the baying suns that chase
Night, the gray wolf, before their gorgeous pack
In view-halloo across the void of space —
The golden wolf-hounds of the zodiac.
Better the thunder's tocsin, and the torch
Of lightning, and the tempest's Carmagnole;
Better the hounds of flame whose great jaws scorch
Earth's tawny outer soil, man's inner soul,
Bursting in dreadful morning on our gloom —
Than that the world should stay a stuffy room!

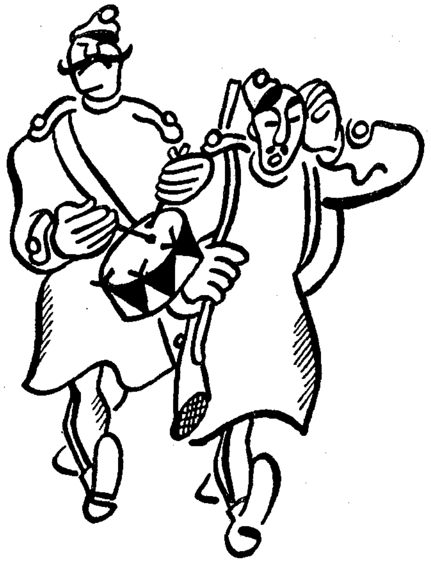
—***E. Merrill Root***

Barber to Midas

EACH MAN has his ambition — and so I,
By trade a barber who must clip and cut
The unkempt yokels seeking out my hut.
Might I not dream my fame had soared so high
That Zeus had bowed his brow beneath my roof?
That in wild bracken I had trimmed Pan's beard
And pointed it to suit him and not sneered
If his goat flanks ran shaggy to the hoof?
Awe would have held me silent if the head
Of one, half-mortal, I had shorn. Instead,
It was humility that made me need
To breathe low revelations to the reed;
For who would boast that he had used the sheers
That showed that Midas had an ass's ears?

—***Margaret Emerson Bailey***

The Drummer



Drawings by Julian de Miskey

by SIL-VARA

TR-R-ROM tr-r-rom tr-r-rom tom-tom, tr-r-rom tom-tom, tr-r-rom tom-tom. . . .

"Confounded idiot! — you're out of time again!"

"Shut your mouth, gypsy," replied the drummer coolly; and proceeded with his rat-a-tat-tat.

The gypsy, sweating beneath his knapsack, was trudging along with the rest of the rank and file. His squinting eyes shone with hatred. He spat venomously.

"The devil take you!" he muttered, and in Serbian, Roumanian, and Croatian he continued to heap maledictions upon the head of the drummer and all his future generations.

The sun beat down upon the gray, deserted highroad. With an almost inaudible *thud-thud* the heavy tread of the exhausted soldiers sank into the soft, dusty ground. Battalion after battalion plodded through the thick dust which whirled up about their faces in choking clouds.

The spindling trees along the roadside afforded no shade whatsoever. As far as the eye could reach stretched a flat, unending plain. Meadows and fields, and again, fields and meadows. Here and there, perhaps, in the remote distance, one could make out a lonely, white, straw-thatched cottage, or the long, oblique pole of a well, or a lethargic cow grazing solitary in the meadow.

On the highway, between the piles of broken, pointed stone deposited in the gutter at regular intervals, the endless, weary columns trudged along under the sizzling noon heat to the monotonous rattle-and-thump of the drums.

And this cursed drummer was still out of time, still beating his confounded drum all wrong. . . .

Miksa the gypsy tramped on mechanically, but as he marched, he gritted his teeth and did not for a moment cease muttering curses. How much better to lie under a tree with a fiddle to your chin; or just to sleep, or sit in a taproom sipping brandy! Would he ever get used to this dog's life? Here it was a year now — a whole year — and still slaving away under the yoke! How he hated them all — color-sergeant, captain, corporal — and especially that damned drummer!

Whenever he remembered that no power in the world could free him from this eternal tramp-tramp-tramp, his blood would rush to his head, as it had a thousand times before, and he felt he would choke to death on the spot! It wasn't that he gave a hang about the dust, or tramping in the heat with a heavy knapsack

— that wasn't any great hardship; but that he *had* to march, that was it! To obey on the instant, to cringe before a hundred thousand superiors, to be continually on the alert for a command — these were the torments that embittered his miserable existence.

So he cursed the major and the captain and the sun's murderous heat, and he cursed this blackguard of a drummer who always beat the wrong time and forced everybody to keep on changing step.

. . . And Miksa's ear, you must know, was sensitive to harmony. In his stride there was a rigorous rhythm which drew along with it every muscle of his body, every fiber of his being. That was why each false drumbeat was like a dagger in his spirit. What were thirst and heat and exhaustion beside this endless torture! . . . If they had only let him keep his fiddle, he would willingly have carried it with him on the march. And how he would have played, for hours at a time! But they'd taken it from him, the gods, that Monday when he hadn't returned to barracks and the guard brought him home from the tavern where he'd been playing. . . . His fiddle!

Furiously he scuffed through the thick dust, stirring up clouds of it to the great displeasure of his fellow marchers.

Tr-r-rom tr-r-rom tr-r-rom tom-tom, tr-r-rom tom-tom, tr-r-rom tom-tom. . . .

Miksa closed his eyes. He wished he could close his whole body and soul against the sound of it.

The drummer was his great misfortune. He was a Roumanian and came from the same part of the country as Miksa. They had known each other from childhood. Miksa was a poor tinker and musician, whereas the drummer was the son of a rich peasant; and both were in love with Erzsébet, the beautiful innkeeper's daughter in Gattaja. Both loved her, but of course she could choose only one of them. And has anyone ever heard of a rich innkeeper's daughter marrying a squint-eyed gypsy? Even when Miksa spent long summer evenings crouching beneath her window, his songs vying with those of the nightingale, sweet and languorous — even then Erzsébet's heart remained deaf to his plea. And this Wallachian dog was his successful rival!

Tr-r-rom tr-r-rom tr-r-rom tom-tom. . . .

That false beat again! . . . Miksa smiled scornfully to himself. What could a Roumanian know of rhythm or music! He couldn't help laughing whenever he recalled the way these people danced, their bearlike, monotonous movements. Two strings of a bass-fiddle were enough to set a whole Wallachian village dancing. He could just see them, the painted village girls and dressed-up young men, of a Sunday afternoon before the tavern, hopping earnestly from one leg to the other. Up went the fiddle bow, down went the fiddle bow; up and down, up and down; that was their whole music.—Pah!

And this Roumanian with no more rhythm in his body than a steer *would* turn out to be the drummer in Miksa's company. Naturally he must have bribed the sergeant — his father was always sending him heaps of money — because a musician's job was certainly easier. You carried no heavy knapsack, nor did you march with the rank and file, but all by yourself, to the right of the company; and all you had to do was to beat your drum a bit in time with your step. And if the others' stride was different — well, they changed it to agree with yours,

that's all! What in hell else could they do?

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The sun's rays were unbearable. The soldiers craned their necks, gasped for air. The columns looked as if they had been dipped in flour; mustaches hung limp and bedraggled; faces shone with sweat and grease; hair and eyebrows were plastered white.

Miksa marched along in apparent calm. He did not smoke or laugh or join in the talk of his comrades, who, in truth, grew more and more silent and apathetic as they continued on their way. But the false drumbeats were driving Miksa mad.

Why had chance brought this Wallachian and himself together in the same company? Wasn't military service painful enough without him? Must he go on seeing him every day, being reminded of Erzsébet and his hopeless love for her? Well, if it came to that, there was plenty of quarreling and bad blood between them. How do you suppose the gypsy had gotten that hole in his head? That was the drummer's work — and a gaping wound in the Roumanian's thigh had been Miksa's cutting retort.

Tr-r-rom tr-r-rom tr-r-rom tom-tom. . . .

Miksa gritted his teeth to prevent himself from howling aloud. He felt as if heat and fatigue had emptied him of every emotion but one — a single, all-compelling feeling for rhythm that possessed him all the more as those everlasting false drumbeats deafened and tormented him.

The heat was frightful. Painfully the men dragged themselves past the never-ending, barren, gray landscape. Even the meadows and fields on both sides of the road lay inert, parched and white, covered with acrid dust.

"Drummer, you're out of time again!" panted Miksa.

But the drummer, marching along to Miksa's right and a few paces ahead of him, did not even turn his head.

"Hold your tongue, gypsy," was the brief retort.

Miksa removed his cap and wiped his sunburned forehead mechanically with his coat sleeve. But there was not a drop of sweat on his burning brow. He tramped along. Strange visions flickered before his eyes on the shifting gray wall through which he marched.

He saw Erzsébet with her great black crown of hair, standing in the inn door. He saw her dancing. Nothing Roumanian about her.

. . . Once, all night through, from eight o'clock till dawn, he had played his fiddle, *csárdás* after *csárdás* without a let-up, without resting his bow; and Erzsébet had danced, danced like mad to his fiddling. He saw her little boots, her full, pleated skirts, the flutter of her red-white-and-green ribbons; he saw her flying tresses — and then all grew dark before him and he put out his hands, thinking he was about to fall. He felt sick at his stomach.

But in a moment he had shaken off the sensation of weakness and was plodding on. The sun burnt hot upon his neck.

. . . He saw Erzsébet again. It was evening and Miksa had gone down on his knees before her in the garden and begged for her love. The girl had turned her back on him and reëntered the house. He had wept with pain and rage. Was it the dust or the memory of that night that was now filling his eyes with tears? As he lay in the hedge before her window, he heard far-off footsteps approaching. They came nearer and nearer; Miksa's eyes started from his head, he gripped his fiddle so fiercely that the wood snapped — it was the rich peasant's son, the Roumanian, softly creeping through the garden. The back door stood open; he slipped inside. . . . Miksa's face was now glowing like red copper. Why hadn't he choked the dog then, who had robbed him of his love and ruined his life? He was trembling with suppressed rage but continued to plod along, left-right, left-right. The sun glared down horribly.

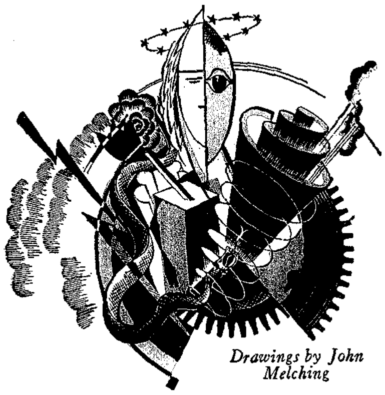
At the end of the road the outlying houses of a large village were visible. This was their destination. The captain sprang past on his horse and gave the command: "Musicians!"

Tr-r-rom tr-r-rom tr-r-rom tom-tom, tr-r-rom tom-tom, tr-r-rom tom-tom. . . .

The Roumanian had missed the beat once more! Miksa, in a frenzy, suddenly felt an oppressive, burning pain in his neck, a buzzing in his ears, a flame in his eyes. . . . Erzsébet — his native village — his victorious rival — the everlasting false drumbeats. "You dog, you've stabbed me!" howled the heat-crazed Miksa, and jerked his rifle from his shoulder. Before his comrades could foresee his purpose, he had brought the butt-end down, square and heavy, and broken the neck of the unsuspecting drummer.

What I Believe

Living Philosophies—III



Drawings by John Melching

by THEODORE DREISER

Author of "An American Tragedy" and other novels

All in All

GOD,
To my astonishment,
Is shining my shoes.
He has taken the form,
In part,
Of an Italian shoeblack
Eager to earn a dime.

Or, again,
He is orating
Concerning some of His own qualities
Or virtues
From a most inartistic pulpit,
In the guise of a minister
Who, a little befuddled
And dull,
Does not entirely believe
In himself
Or his import.

Again,
He is killing His wife,
Having wearied of her;
Or
Is flirting with a girl—
Another phase of Himself—
With whom He would enjoy
Carnal contact.

Reading a newspaper,
To learn of Himself, I assume;
Driving a truck
(The same Himself in another form);
Getting drunk;
Eating a ham sandwich
In order to maintain His strength.

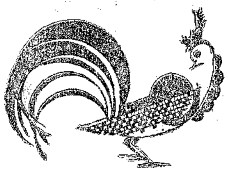
A most varied,
Restless,
Changeful, and moody God,
I perceive,
Who does not seem to know
Quite what He wants;
Who has all power,
Wisdom,
Is all in all,
And yet—
Kicks His heels at a street corner betimes;
Idle
And scarcely knowing
Which way to turn
Or how
To get His next meal.

THE ORIGINAL inquiry which is responsible for the ensuing fanfare requested information concerning my beliefs as to the nature of the world and of man — a spiritual (if only I or anybody knew what that word meant!) as opposed to a material (whatever that is!) last will and testament.

And because all my life I have speculated concerning the mystery of my being here and the (to me) lamentable finish to all the serious moods, sentiments, struggles, beliefs, and what not else to which from time to time I have lent myself, I do not now hesitate to undertake this serious, if ultimately unilluminating, labor. For, Messieurs and Mesdames, to be quite frank, I have thought of but little else. The mystery of life — its inexplicability, beauty, cruelty, tenderness, folly, etc., etc. — has occupied the greater part of my waking thoughts; and in reverence or rage or irony, as the moment or situation might dictate, I have pondered and even demanded of cosmic energy to know *Why*. But now I am told by the physicist as well as the biologist that there can be no *Why* but only a *How*, since to know *How* disposes finally of any possible *Why*.

Yet, just the same and notwithstanding, here I sit at this particular moment, pen in hand and scribbling briskly concerning something about which finally I know nothing at all, and worse yet, about which no one can tell me anything, and yet wishing to know *Why*. To be sure, I can turn to almost any religion and hear that God lives and reigns, that He is all-wise and all-good, and that, assuming ourselves to be sufficiently humble and worshipful, He may "save" us to a more agreeable hereafter — though why He should have chosen to invent such irritable and even ridiculous creatures as ourselves or the several chemical and physical processes of which we are compounded in order to ultimately "save" us is beyond me. He need never have troubled to create, and so might well have saved Himself the trouble of "saving" us.

But not only that. For I am not only puzzled, but even startled and all but struck dumb by the number and variety of the *creations* of this Creator of the religionists, or if there chances to be no such Creative Being, then by the will-less mechanism of the physicist and the chemist which just is and does, but without any traceable intention of doing so — a blind and yet deathless energy possessed of most amazing powers and attributes, but not that of intelligible intention. Sitting in a modern home or automobile, walking through a modern street or building, seeing for oneself what appears to be intention, direction, order, intelligence, and what not else in the way of forms and implements wherewith to protect and preserve as well as entertain and even educate — I will not say *all* of the inventions of this alleged Creator or this blind mechanism, but rather one only — Man; seeing this, one might almost be inclined to exclaim and even insist that here was order and intelligence at work. One might say that here was the obvious handiwork of an amazingly wise, although not necessarily a kindly, intelligence; for some of the adventurings and compulsions of Man in connection with himself and his fellows — those of his own species as well as others — would soon make clear that kindness, although a fractional part, possibly, of the nature or at least the relationship of one individual of this species to another, was by no means the whole of it.



For here among men you soon find vitally and — strangest of all, perhaps — constructively operative: cruelty, greed, vanity, lust, gluttony, false witness, envy, and hatred; with their evoked and hence attendant wars, murders, injuries, and deaths; together with the possibly more admirable qualities of friendship, affection, admiration, charity, generosity, etc. — if, indeed, these qualities often be not mere figments or illusions of the human mind, or *élan vital*, or blood stream, or whatever it is that keeps us functioning in the very peculiar and not necessarily (except to ourselves) admirable forms or shapes in which we find ourselves. For, friends, — and much to my own astonishment it is that I am compelled to conclude this — I find life to be not only a complete illusion or mirage which changes and so escapes or eludes one at every point, but the most amazing fanfare of purely temporary and always changing and ever vanishing and, in the main, clownish and ever ridiculous interests that it has ever been my lot to witness — interests which concern at best the maintenance here of innumerable selfish, self-centered, and cruel organisms whose single and especial business it is to exist each at the expense of the other — no more and no less. If only it were by cutting each other's hair — and no more.

For what other incentive has Man than to feed, clothe, and entertain himself at the expense of others — whether little or much? And when you pass into the realms of animals and the vegetables — of whom Man, by reason of a built-up process of offense and defense, is supposed to be the overlord — what other incentive or incentives do you find there? Love? For the propagation of the species, the progeny of the individual — yes. But for anything other than the progeny of the individual of the species as against the welfare of the individuals and the progeny of all other species? No. And as for understanding of how or why — to what end? Does anyone know what other creatures apart from Man apprehend or understand?

What we plainly see is birth and death — the result of chemic and electrophysical processes of which at bottom we know exactly nothing. And beyond that — murder, the chase, life living on life, the individual sustaining himself at the expense of every other, and wishing not to die. And then beauty, beauty, beauty, which seems to derive as much and more from this internecine and wholly heartless struggle as from any other thing. And yet, beauty, beauty, beauty — the entire process, to the human eye at least, æsthetic in its results if by no means entirely so in its processes.

On the other hand, if I turn from this to the physicists and biologists — or to science *in toto* — I am at once and almost equally confused and confounded. For here, while I find a world whose assertions, if not thoughts, are based (in so far as possible) on previously verified experience in the physical or chemical worlds, or in that third world jointly erected out of the two of them — the biological realm — I am still, at bottom, sunk in mystery. For, as I have said, here is no *Why*, only a *How* — and the ultimate basis of the *How* not known! Instead, only a chemico-physical process which requires endless observation and correlation but with no least belief that it can lead to more than a very limited knowledge of *How* — which, should sufficient ever be known, is to abolish *Why*.

II

BUT LET ME say here that I have no intention of becoming too technical — or rather, attempting to become so. My intention is solely to present my reactions to a world that is as yet completely immersed in mystery — physicist or no physicist, biologist or no biologist. And as for astronomy, history, geology, sociology — well, we gaze or observe and attempt to set down certain laws, but little more. For we have but five weak little senses and with these during the past few thousand years we have begun to perk and pry — the mystery and the æsthetic beauty of it all luring us on. But the wonder to me is that Man is not even more astounded and dumbfounded than he appears to be each hour of his presence here; that he is not more withdrawn from his so-called necessities than he really is, in order to sit beneath a tree, Buddha fashion, and gaze in wonder and astonishment upon the wholly inexplicable world about him.

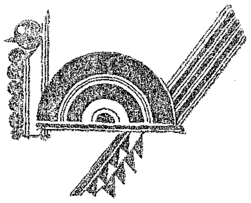
For here I am, as I now choose to inform you, at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-seventh Street, in New York. And the world, or at least a typical portion of our very human American world as it is to-day, is marching or rolling by — busses, street cars, autos, men and women, boys and girls. All, however, human beings, of the seemingly favored *homo sapiens*, who in the wasteful and yet possibly shrewd processes of nature have either succeeded or failed, or half succeeded or half failed. At any rate, here they are.

And now what I wish most particularly to point out in connection with this is that this scene taken as a whole is scintillant, brisk, interesting, forceful. And yet, as I here and now once more ask myself: "For what reason, unless it be that each of these individuals thus hurrying here and there — to work, to pleasure, to acts of duty, virtue, crime, or what you will — achieves a somewhat of something which he or she thinks of as pleasure, here and not elsewhere; and, so thinking, actually at times achieves? Apart from that *here*, what is all this about? What else can it possibly concern? A possible future state entirely different from this?"

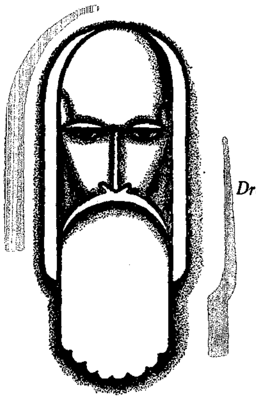
Impossible. These creatures that I see here and now have little capacity for imagining, let alone sensing, any such entirely different state, assuming such a one to exist. Their reactions relate to what they see, hear, feel, taste, and smell *here* — not elsewhere. And except for various vague and curious and, in addition to that, all too terrified, thoughts as to how such a different state might — and worse — is certain to dispose of them, they have no interest in any other state. It does not exist here. Possibly there is no such other state? Yet in the face of much pother and blather on the part of self-seeking religionists or theorists with this and that quack nostrum as to the why and how elsewhere, after death — these creatures know all too little as to the significance of good and evil here (and try to find the ultimate difference!) and are all too willing to contribute something toward the support of these same nostrum venders, lest, in the strange and unbelievable welter and mystery of things, there may be something to what they say — a God or Devil or supervisory (and therefore more or less inimical) Ruler sitting or moving above Man.

The greatest factor in all this is, as you see, the fear of annihilation. For here, now, is one walking with you. He is tense, alert, strong, charming, alive. Then for a very little while, maybe, he is gone from your presence. And then of a sudden that ever appalling word — dead. He is dead. He or she was alive and now is no more. The look, the feel, the voice, the temperament, the dreams, the plans — all gone. No word, no sound. No trace. The effective and valuable and always amazing body that

(*Continued on page 317*)



SHELL SHOCKS of Family Life



Drawings by Lloyd Coe

by SMILEY BLANTON, M.D. and WOODBRIDGE RILEY

JUST AS the idea of democracy arose slowly in the Middle Ages and came into conflict with the organization of a society based on the divine right of kings, so the patriarchal family, with its idea of male superiority, is now coming into conflict with a different type of family organization, based largely on the ideal of perfect equality between men and women. While the present battle is not being fought with rifles and artillery, nevertheless the casualities are serious. In one instance there are the shell shocks of trench life, in the other the shell shocks of family life — and in both, emotional breakdowns.

One of the major causes of these present-day nervous disorders, with their attendant matrimonial difficulties and ultimate separations and divorces, as well as neuroses in the children, may be found in the conflicts and sex taboos which arose out of the patriarchal family. Family life at its best is a finely poised adjustment between individuals. It is too often merely an attempt to perpetuate a pattern established under conditions quite unlike those of this generation. As Havelock Ellis so well puts it: "When a man enters a home as a husband, to sit on his antique domestic throne and to play the part assigned to him of old, he is involuntarily, even unconsciously, following an ancient tradition and taking his place in a procession of husbands which began long ages before he was born."

Now this ideal of the superiority of the male and the consequent recognition of his position as head of the family is so deeply fixed in our culture that it is part of the unconscious inheritance of our civilization. It is preached by the Bible, from the lives of the patriarchs to the Epistles of St. Paul. Next, the church buttressed the Bible with the authority of Aristotle as "master of those who know." Then chivalry came, and while it softened the cruder attitude of men toward women, it also subtly deprived the woman of her individuality by considering her a frail flower or a clinging vine. Finally, both civil and canon law crystallized an ancient tradition when the state counted the husband lord and master of his wife and children, as the king is of his subjects, and when the church in its marriage services repeated this sentiment in the ancient formula, "to love, honor, and obey."

DO HUSBANDS OWN THEIR WIVES?

FORTIFIED by the false analogies of statecraft and religion, the male of the species drifted into the habit of considering himself the monarch of all he surveyed. Petting the patriarchs became the favorite indoor sport of the conventional family. The father might be peevish, but that was his privilege; it was the duty of all to stroke the bear's fur the right way. As Abraham's beard was combed by his favorite wife, so the modern patriarch had to have all the kinks taken out of his life by his devoted spouse. Actually, long beards have pretty well disappeared, but whiskered notions remain. Both Moses and the *mores* still proclaim that the relation of the wife to the husband is analogous to that of property to the owner; that loyalty and fidelity to her husband becomes the highest duty of the wife; and finally, that honor in wives consists in chastity—which means self-submission to the degree which men desire in wives and which the *mores* have approved.

This is the standard of "the good wife" as portrayed by William Sumner in his *Folkways*. It is part and parcel of that conventional pattern of pair marriage which Western society has set up. Meanwhile standards and patterns have changed, and from the timid remonstrance of Jane Austen up to the complete revolt of Lucy Stone one can see that a veritable revolution has taken place. Developments in the last hundred years have made it impossible for the man to retain his dominant position, and the result is matrimonial complications and all sorts of nervous breakdowns on the part of the individual of least fortitude.

The pages which follow will examine various types of failures to adjust as they have presented themselves to a psychiatrist whose experience has been to a large extent in the realm of the more fortunately placed and, in many instances, intellectually superior groups. The breakdowns described are to be attributed not so much to extraordinary weakness on the part of those involved as to the overwhelming odds they have had to battle against—a tradition deeply rooted, which struggling generations have not been able to defeat. It may be of interest to the reader to examine the roots of this tradition before he views the casualties resulting from the combat.

Nowadays the anthropologists pretty well agree that the monogamous, patriarchal family has been the almost universal condition since the dawn of culture. Such a form of family has high survival value because of three fundamental differences between the sexes.

WHY THE MALE BECAME DOMINANT

FIRST, men have stronger muscles than women. The average man can physically overpower the average woman. Even the most ardent feminist would not say that women can play football, or box, or run, or fight in a rough and tumble way as well as men. As one Negro said, in giving reasons for choosing a certain lady as his bride, "I'se sho I can whip her in a fair fight."

Second, woman must carry the infant in her body for nine months, and during much of this time she requires the care and protection of the male. After giving birth to the baby, with great risk and pain to herself, she must then nurse the child for a considerable time. During this period also she must be provided for. These circumstances cause her to have a much closer connection with the child and a different attitude toward it than has the male.

Third, the woman's sex responses are very much more complicated than the man's. In the female the mating process is determined by cultural and psychological factors, and in her there is no such instinctive and automatic physiological mechanism as in the male.

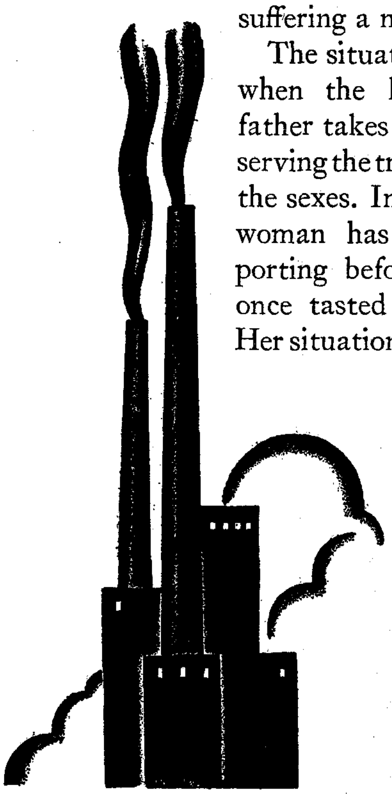
Bronislaw Malinowski has recently pointed out the important part which these factors have played in the development of marriage and the home. "In the higher animals marriage is necessary because the longer the pregnancy, the more helpless the pregnant female and the newborn infant, the more necessary it is for them to have the protection of the male." And he adds: "On the other hand, the care that society forces the male to take of his offspring holds them together and creates a bond of affection in the father." In other words, while the bond between mother and child is instinctive, it is through cultural pressure that the father develops an affection toward his offspring. He gives the child the cultural education of the tribe or race, and culture thus creates a new type of human bond for which there is no prototype in the animal world.

But even if this arrangement has survived because it is most fit, it has always carried with it serious dangers. As Malinowski again says, "Extreme patriarchal institutions in which *patria potestas*, or power of the father, is carried to its bitter end, are the very soil for typical family maladjustments. The psychoanalysts have been busy proving that to us from Shakespeare and the Bible, from Roman history and Greek mythology." All this furnishes the historical background from which the individual finds it so hard to escape. Of course, the modern American or British father may be in the process of losing his patriarchal position, but the drag of the past nevertheless makes the struggle seem like that kind of distressing dream in which one's footsteps are clogged in the mire. Three forces have tended to check any movement toward sex equality — antiquity, the church, and chivalry — and it is strange to note how like inductive currents in electricity these various factors reënforce themselves.

SHELL-SHOCKED WOMEN

The belief still persists that obedience is the natural attitude of the wife toward the husband and of the daughter toward the father. The momentum of a vast antiquity is not to be checked in the short century that has elapsed since industrial reform began in the factory system. The father who will not allow his daughter to work because he is perfectly able to support her is merely struggling to maintain the position awarded him by the institution of the patriarchal family. He feels that he is head of the family and legally owns his daughter. He is like the old Georgia farmer who protested to the draft board that he wanted his son to come back, saying, "I raised him for my own use." He thinks that his offspring exist for his benefit, and senses that the recognition of his ownership will be jeopardized if the offspring cease to be in a position of complete dependence.

This typical attitude of the patriarchal father is the cause of some familiar types of breakdowns in women. The daughter of a large manufacturer had specialized in journalism in college and wished after graduation to take a position in a neighboring town. Her father contended that girls whose parents were able to support them should not work for pay, lest they deprive some needy woman of a chance to earn a livelihood. He suggested that she find an outlet for her journalistic ambitions by working without compensation on a small newspaper in her home town. She yielded to her father's wishes, but working without pay on a small town paper did not bring her satisfaction. A year later the girl was in a sanitarium suffering a nervous collapse.



The situation is not greatly altered when the husband instead of the father takes the responsibility of preserving the traditional relation between the sexes. In many of these cases the woman has already been self-supporting before marriage, and so has once tasted economic independence. Her situation then is not different from that in which a man would find himself if he were asked to abandon his profession and devote his full time to caring for the household and children. From the first he would find it tiresome, despite the most ardent affection; and if, in addition, the wife assumed that his new duties were not arduous, imagine what his feelings would be. All this does not mean that the majority of women — even professional and college women — are not happy in caring for the children during their early years; but it is our experience that such women bitterly resent two things: first, the very common assumption on the part of the husband that such work is rather easy, and, second, the fact that the husband considers it out of his province to look after the bodily needs of his offspring.

A former actress at the age of twenty-six married a rising young lawyer, and in the course of the next twenty years had six children. Recently, with tears in her eyes she voiced this protest: "You know, Doctor, for four or five years I earned my own living. Since I have married, my essential personality has not received any consideration. My husband used to come home late in the afternoon and if he did not find me there, he would upbraid me when I came in and say: 'What do you mean by going away and leaving your children? The place for you is at home!' We have trained nurses and governesses to take care of our children, but I spend practically all of my time looking after them too. Occasionally, however, I feel it necessary to get away for a few hours in order to get some rest. I have to lie to him when I go out, telling him I am called to an important committee meeting or on some civic errand, for only in this way am I able peaceably to get out of the home."

For five years preceding her marriage, another woman — a typical case — had acted as principal of a large city school, earning a salary of three thousand dollars a year. Her husband was a patriarchal, chivalric Southerner, a lawyer with a practice that brought him about four thousand a year. His wife wished to go on teaching, but he, true to form, refused to let her do any work for money. Accordingly she tried to reconcile herself to family life, and although she was happy for a time, resting and devoting herself to social duties, she soon became dissatisfied. The emotional conflict which she suffered transferred itself into physical symptoms — pains of various kinds. At the present time, three years after her marriage, she is a marked neurasthenic type, going from back specialist to foot specialist for diagnoses of disabilities which actually lie not in the realm of physiology but of psychology.

In two of the cases cited, the man and tradition stood strongly together, and the woman, defeated, resorted to a defense not unlike the wartime neurosis termed shell shock. The adjustment of family life to current conditions was impossible because the man refused to face the facts regarding the sex emancipation of the woman. In the example of the daughter, there could be no adjustment because the father would not take into account the growing economic independence of women.

The industrial revolution, which began well over one hundred years ago, was also a social revolution. When women began to work in the mills side by side with men, the slogan that "woman's place is in the home" simply evaporated. The factories have taken from women many of their domestic functions. What the Yankee farmer's wife did in the way of canning and preserving — to mention but a single function — is now a kind of embalmed tradition in the delicatessen shop. Add to this the services of the corner grocery, the department store, and the gas and electric company, and it would seem as if the old New England belief that "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do" had come true, if one judges merely by the frivolous uses to which some women put their leisure. This, however, is a rash Puritanic generalization, for what enforced leisure for women has more often done, is to drive them not to gossip and drink but to developing their minds. While the tired business man may not be drawn to symphony concerts and club lectures, yet his wife, in spite of exhausting afternoons at bridge, often does go in for culture.

CHANGING SOCIAL HABITS

THE INDUSTRIAL revolution has had a profound indirect influence upon women's education, and through education upon marriage. Large fortunes have been amassed and used, in part, to endow women's colleges; and the education of women has been fatal to the continuance of the patriarchal family. The well-meaning patriarchs who assisted in the organization of women's colleges little dreamed that they were destroying one of their most cherished ideals — the womanly woman who worshiped her husband and submitted dutifully to all his wishes.

To all this there has of course been a reaction more or less conscious. The old chivalric ideals still flourish. Outward fashions may change, but not inward notions; our modern Lancelots do not wear armor, but they try to perpetuate the feeling of male superiority in many ways. This is curiously illustrated at the University of Wisconsin, where women are not allowed to enter the front door of the University Club, but have to come in by the side door. The men rationalize this by saying that they want to protect the women from the cigar smoke and the rough conversation of the red-blooded males (many of whom have their muscles atrophied from lack of exercise), but the psychologist calls it an obvious virility striving in which the cloak of chivalry is used to hide the sex antagonism. And this situation extends beyond college circles. The patriarchal male is rarely able to get along with women in the business world. Here curious situations often arise. A man may slip into a position of such dependence upon his secretary that the relationship develops into that of a small boy toward his mother. Just as a mother has to find Willie's gloves and his overshoes, and see that he gets to school on time, so the secretary has to find her employer's notes and see that he meets his appointments.

In family life the husband's dawning realization of the equality of the sexes may manifest itself in ill-temper and cruelty; or, again, it may give rise to an attitude in which the husband tries to dominate the wife by being a baby. Many intelligent women, sensing the intent of their husbands to dominate them by infantile methods, thoroughly resent it and act in a curt and ill-tempered manner. They overcompensate and step on the man's foot before he steps on theirs. So rise the Lucy Stoners, who, by ignoring fundamental sex differences, contribute their quota of sex irritation and conflict.

SHELL-SHOCKED MEN

AS WE HAVE shown, it is usually the wife who suffers most from the shell shocks of family life; but the husband does not always escape. If a man of strong patriarchal ideas marries a woman who proves herself to be his equal, or even his superior, this realization may induce real psychoneurosis in the husband. This occurs more often than is generally thought. Let us cite two fairly typical cases. The first was a man who had been the youngest child and the only boy in a family of five sisters. His mother was the type of "beautiful wife" who regards her husband as head of the house, one whom she must "love, honor, and obey." This boy was graduated from a men's college with high honors, and three years later obtained his degree in law. Soon after starting practice he was elected district attorney, and later he became the political boss of his section of the state. In due time he married a banker's daughter who had not been permitted to go to college, since the woman's place is in the home. Her intellectual possibilities found outlet in caring for three children and in directing the rather elaborate social life which her husband's position made necessary.

Then began Act II in this domestic drama. After ten years of intense work, the husband developed an incipient case of tuberculosis. He turned over his practice to an assistant, but his wife gradually took over his business interests. She acquired skill and confidence, and by the time her husband's eighteen months' confinement in a sanitarium was over, his business affairs were in much better shape than before he fell sick. Having tasted success in work, she wanted to continue, but her husband wished her to withdraw to the narrow confines of her former life. She refused, and started a cafeteria — which was so successful that several branches were organized.

At this point marital conflict led to a marital complex. The husband became moody, sarcastic, and irritable, and suffered from headaches and fatigue. This time nothing could be found physically wrong with him. Having declared that he was too ill to work, he successively engaged in stock raising for two years and failed, went into partnership with a construction firm and failed, disappeared for six months, during which time he lived the life of a tramp, and at last settled down at home, doing occasional small pieces of work and still claiming that he was so ill he could not engage in his former activities. In this case it appears that the husband's nervous breakdown was caused by his realization that his wife was not only his equal but his superior.

The second example deals with a man and wife who had been college classmates. Both had been brilliant students in journalism. The husband took a position with an advertising firm, and the wife, after the birth of two children, was employed by a local paper as society editor. Her articles were so witty that she was given a column in the paper, and presently she began to write articles for magazines. In a short time she was earning more money than her husband.

And now a curious development took place in their domestic relations, for the husband became surly and irritable. After a time he announced that he had accepted a position in a distant state which he thought offered him a better opportunity. The wife did not think that he was improving his condition, but she gave up her work and followed him. In the second town she secured employment editing a magazine for a large business concern, and again her income was larger than her husband's. Then he again grew irritable and began to object to her working. He complained of headaches, and although his physician found no physical basis for the trouble, he gave up his position, saying he needed a vacation. He urged his wife to go with him to California, and when she refused, went by himself. After three months away from home he returned, but within the last five years he has not worked more than six months. His wife supports him.

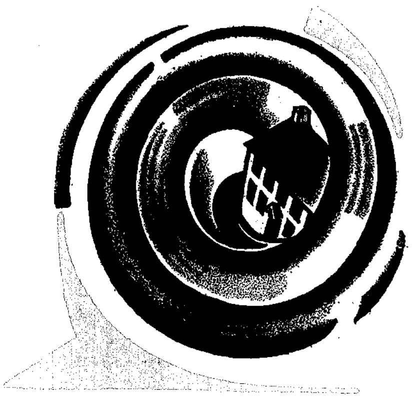
SUCH CASES NOT ABNORMAL

IT MAY BE claimed that it is only the abnormal individuals who make use of such defenses. But against such a claim may be put statements from hundreds of mothers who have sought consultations regarding the training of their children. Even their anxiety neuroses may be traced to the mental conflicts arising out of the patriarchal family life and the accompanying sex taboos. Many women will, of course, deny this. They have subdued their natural impulses in various directions and have adjusted themselves to conditions as they are. They have acquired a certain feeling of security in the *status quo* and will be the first to resent any suggestion of change. It is therefore to be expected that those of us who try to fit the coming generations to meet the newer conditions will receive, in some quarters, vigorous opposition and bitter and unfair criticism. Such is the inevitable result of unconscious attitudes which have come to us through cultural inheritance.

It will, of course, take several generations to accomplish the transition from the patriarchal type to the new type of culture. It will not come in our time, for it is difficult, if not impossible, for anyone — no matter how intellectual — to avoid inherited biases. Meanwhile, perhaps, we can help the process by teaching young people to understand the conflict that is going on and the wisest way to meet this problem. Teach them not to overcompensate by having a bitter feeling of sex antagonism or by an unwholesome type of revolt. It is through the women, very largely, that we can educate the men. If the present college generation can be properly trained, they, as mothers, can at least pass on to their sons and daughters insight and ideals which will help them to adjust themselves to changing conditions.

In the meantime, while this modification of our culture is going on, man, with his unconscious feeling of superiority, his ignorance of woman's subtle sex life, his repression and shame of the art of love, his insistence on dominating by force or by infantile methods, is undergoing a severe emotional strain that is causing him to break down with an actual neurosis or else to develop an unhealthy overcompensation which shows itself in cruelty, marked sex antagonism, or pompous efforts to put women in their places. Like the poor savage fighting with bows and arrows against machine guns and modern artillery, he is bound to go down to defeat. But out of this defeat will arise a new type of relationship between men and women in which they are both equal and complementary.

Miss Dearing Ward's article on page 300 indicates that some women may disagree with the major assumptions of Dr. Blanton and Mr. Riley.



The PASSING of the Politicians

> The men that worked for England,
> They have their graves at home:
> And bees and birds of England
> About the cross can roam.
>
> But they that fought for England,
> Following a falling star,
> Alas, alas for England,
> They have their graves afar.
>
> And they that rule in England,
> In stately conclave met,
> Alas, alas, for England,
> They have no graves as yet.
> — G. K. Chesterton

by JAMES MURPHY

I

I found myself repeating the above stanzas one day as I sat by a country roadside in France. Opposite me, on a bare knoll beside the road, stood a large cross of white granite with the laconic inscription *A Nos Morts*. No ambiguous circumlocution about heroes fallen for the defense of civilization. *To Our Dead.* That was the simple and almost savage phrase which this peasant community had adopted to characterize the romance of the World War.

DAVID

While pondering on the significance of the inscription and thinking of the hasty manner in which our political leaders landed us in the most ghastly war of history, I began to be conscious of a rhythmic sound drawing nearer and nearer from the lower reaches of the winding road. I could not see anything as yet, but I heard the monotonous drone of a yokel calling to his team.

"*Allez, allez, allez-oop,*" he kept shouting, with the regularity of a hieratic chant. The tom-tom of the axle against the socket of the wheel beat an accompaniment to his drone. As the music grew to a definite crescendo, I saw two ears shape themselves on the turn of the road. The shadows on the ground flapped and waved as if answering to some errant wings overhead. Then appeared a huge donkey hitched to a heavily laden cart. The driver followed. He was a typical French peasant, wearing a white smock and an army forage cap of faded blue on his head. The face was round, good-humored, and ruddy, with roguish brown eyes that twinkled at you like those of a ferret.

He bade me "*Bon jour,*" and I returned the salute. The donkey stopped, by way of seconding the resolution, and turned sideways on the road, as donkeys will, to ease the pull. But the Frenchman was obviously not in a leisurely mood.

"*Allez-oop,*" he shouted rather abruptly. The donkey immediately registered a determination to uphold the other side of the argument. He planted his feet firmly into the ground and peeled back his ears in defiance.

"*Allez-oop*," roared the Frenchman, in a commanding, drill-sergeant way.

The long ears flopped from one side to the other, definitely waving a flag of defiance.

Then the driver grew angry. His face reddened. He drew back toward the side of the road and took a run at the animal, with a motion of the right leg that threatened a dire assault on the donkey's ribs. At the same time he shouted out in a voice that reverberated down the valley: "*Allez-oop, Mussolini*."

This brought me to my feet. "*Pardon, monsieur*," I said, "is that the name of your jackass?"

"*Pas du tout, monsieur, pas du tout*," he remonstrated, as if one were to say, "God forbid!"

"But then," I said, "why do you address it so?"

He shrugged his shoulders impishly and said, "*Une plaisanterie, monsieur*," making a courteous salaam and opening out the arms with a ceremonious sweep toward the ground. There was something of the biting grace of a Voltaire in the gesture and an air of detachment that made it all the more venomous.

"A pleasantry," I mused, half to him and half to myself. "That means a joke. But what kind of joke can you be making of the Italian Premier by giving his name to the donkey?"

"Monsieur is a stranger in France?" he suggested.

"In so far as anybody could be a stranger in France," I answered.

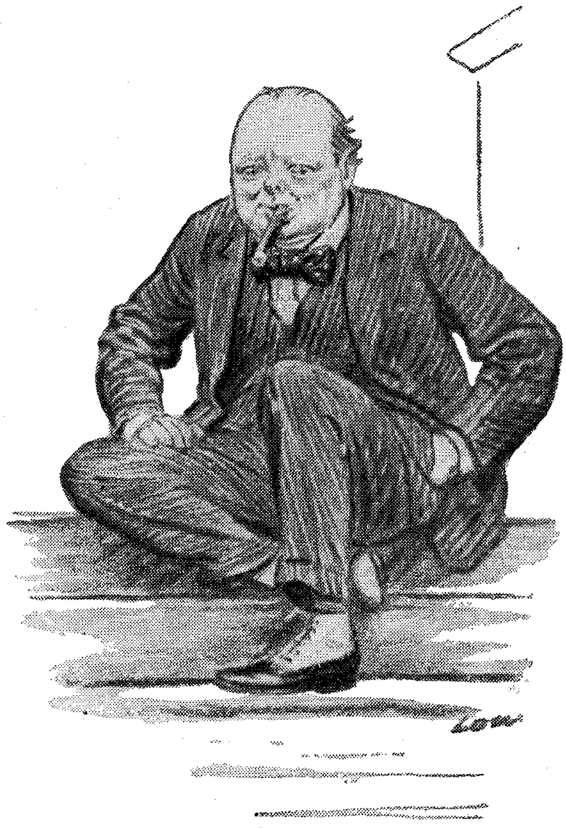
"Ah, well then. Monsieur may not know that with us here in France when we wish to mock people who annoy us — public humbugs and politicians and so on — we give their names to disreputable objects such as pigs and refractory jackasses. *Une plaisanterie francaise, monsieur*." Again he made the courteous bow and put on a knowing smile. I was face to face with the eternal wisdom of the peasant.

II

THE ATTITUDE of that Frenchman may be taken as the concrete symbol of an apocalypse which has brought the light of a great historical truth into the postwar mind of Europe. This revelation has not yet reached America, except in a few of its scattered rays. During the past eighteen months I have endeavored to act as the precursor of it in a long series of lectures which I have given throughout the United States, doing my hard best to knock into American heads a realization of the fact that the experience of the war brought about a veritable *Gotterdämmerung* of our political theocracy. To the visiting European no phase of the American mind can be much more striking than the naïve faith which even the better educated classes still have in the magical power of political practitioners to direct and control the destinies of the world.

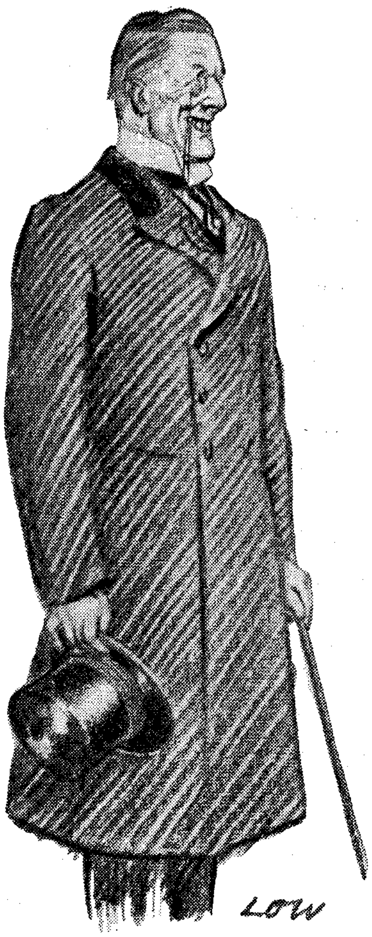
The Kellogg Pact is an example in point. It was genuinely ideal in its conception and was quite a magnificent gesture on America's part; but it called forth little popular support in Europe, despite the official speeches and the newspaper propaganda. The reason is that the great masses to whom war is no far-away tragedy, enacted on a foreign stage, realize that political compacts for the safeguarding of peace essentially mean the entrusting of our future fate to the hands of the very same technique which brought upon us all the calamities of the past fifteen years. The European politicians signed the Kellogg Pact readily, because such pacts and treaties are part of their stock-in-

WINSTON



Cartoons by Low from "Lions and Lambs"
Courtesy Harcourt, Brace & Co.

trade. Without an adequate supply of them it is difficult to see how a *casus belli* could suddenly be improvised if an international crisis should arise once again. Without the 1839 treaty, which guaranteed Belgian neutrality, how could the politicians of western Europe so readily have mounted the popular case against Germany? And if they had not so ready a means to mount a case, perhaps the outbreak of the World War would have been delayed long enough to admit of wiser counsels to prevail. We know from the memorandum of Lord Morley, who was a member of the British Cabinet in 1914, that the question of Belgian neutrality was hardly discussed at all in the Cabinet meetings that decided for war. Only after the die had been cast did the British Government raise the question of Belgium as a diplomatic and propagandist rallying cry. They used that treaty as their weapon to conquer popular support for the war. But the secret alliance with France, as Lord Morley categorically states, was the chief consideration that weighed with the British authorities when they made their tragic decision.



SIR AUSTEN

Secret alliances are not treaties; but they have invariably been a functional part of the whole system of political treaties. Without the latter, the former would be ineffective. The general feeling throughout Europe to-day is that blind faith in the power of this political machinery to safeguard public peace and prosperity really amounts to entrusting a devastating weapon into the hands of a particular group which cannot be trusted as to how the weapon may eventually be used.

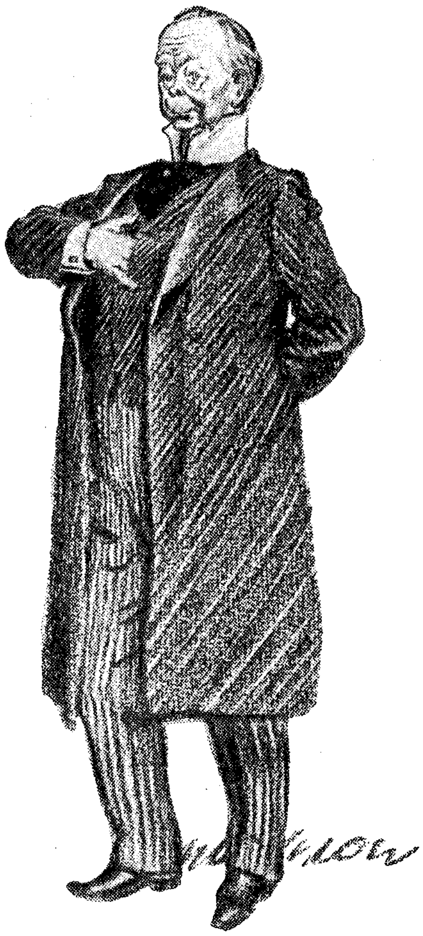
III

Is this feeling only transitory, or is it based on some radical change that has taken place at the very foundations of our public life? The answer to that question touches the heart of the situation.

However, before approaching that answer directly, it may be well to point out that the public leadership to which we have been accustomed since the downfall of feudalism was a hang-over from feudalism itself. And the ideals in the public mind to which that leadership responded, and which it exploited, were also a hang-over from feudalism. Old-fashioned people, even in America, speak of Germany as "she" and France as "she," as if they were speaking of someone whose character and outlook on life and range of interests were exclusively individualistic. That frame of mind and form of speech are inheritances from the political anthropomorphism of feudal times. When Shakespeare, for instance, made Anthony say to Cleopatra, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," he was using the feudal terminology of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The same occurs again and again throughout his plays.

In those days the country was personalized under the name of the ruler. And that corresponded to reality, because the ruler not only owned the country but he legally owned the people. And he could manage both in defiance of all other countries and all other peoples, because the ruler and the country and the people formed what may be called a closed corporation. The physical basis of life was exclusively made up of agriculture and handiwork. Therefore that basis was conterminous with the territorial limits of the nation. And the ideals of patriotism founded on such a basis were ideals that corresponded to the realities of the time.

But the industrial revolution ushered in a change. Roughly speaking, we may say that the industrial revolution laid down a new physical basis of civilization. That basis was found in those great subsoil districts of coal and iron ore, which are the twin elements that constitute the foundation of our industrial and commercial civilization to-day. These foundations are not conterminous with the old national divisions of the earth's surface; for the deposits of coal and iron form distinct regions of their own, and these regions extend throughout the subsoil beneath and beyond the old national divisions of the surface. Let us take a single example, which brought about a tragic realization of this fact immediately after the war. It is the example of Alsace and Lorraine. And here, by the way, we have the key to that transformation which, within the past few years, has brought about the downfall of the nationalist myth and the nationalist politicians in Europe, and is substituting in their place a supernational outlook and a supernational type of public ideals and public leadership. Here we are not dealing with theories or pious humanitarian wishes but with facts that are as undeniable as the coal fields of Pennsylvania.



"JIX"

IN FORMER wars, when countries were conquered and sections of their territorial possessions transferred to the victors, the transference involved only a change of rulership over the conquered provinces. National economy was agrarian. The people and the land they tilled formed a unit. Hence there was no breaking up of the daily avocations of the people when land and people together had to accept a new flag and had to offer prayers in the village church for the preservation of their new ruler. The basis of their economic existence remained intact. This was true when France lost Alsace and Lorraine in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. The industrial revolution had not yet developed in that region. In its economic fundamentals the district was still agrarian.

The Germans developed the iron ore deposits of Lorraine until they brought the output to the enormous total of twenty million tons a year. But the iron ore of Lorraine needs the coking coal of the German Ruhr to be smelted. And it was on this twin basis of Lorraine ore fields and Ruhr coal fields that the Germans erected the great industrial structure which, in 1913, was producing more than three times the amount of steel produced in England and about three-fourths the quantity produced in the whole of the United States.

When the French took back Lorraine, by the Treaty of Versailles, what they severed from Germany was no longer a geographical district of one country or another: it was the vital branch of a great industrial plant which had grown and developed on German soil. Unfortunately for the French, the trunk of the gigantic tree remained in Germany after the severance of Lorraine; and the trunk could thrive without the branch. The Germans bought ore from Sweden and carried on. So well did they carry on that within a few years German industries had forged ahead to the level of their prewar production. In 1926 they imported from Lorraine only 570,000 tons of iron ore, as against the 20,000,000 tons of Lorraine ore they had used in 1916. Obviously the Lorraine mines, which had become the chief basis of that province's prosperity, lost their main economic function when they were severed from the German industrial system.

The men of Lorraine may justly be proud of Monsieur Poincaré as a native son. But the men of Lorraine cannot live without bread. Hunger is too high a price to pay even for the pleasure of following a great politician. And the men of Lorraine must work for their bread, like the rest of us. But they cannot have money to buy their bread unless the product of their work can be sold. The French did not have sufficient coal or furnaces or factories or mechanical demands at home to absorb the output of Lorraine iron ore. Economic distress set in and a vigorous movement was started for political autonomy in Lorraine. Home-rulers and separatists received majorities at the municipal and parliamentary elections. The French imprisoned the leaders. They sequestrated newspapers and blamed the Germans for making separatist propaganda in Lorraine. But that did not get the iron ore sold. And so the autonomy movement went on.

Then the desperate throw came. Under the Poincaré régime French troops invaded the German Ruhr, in the early spring of 1923, the purpose of the policy being to hector the Germans into commercial coöperation with the Lorraine mines. But the Germans refused to work under the French military whip. Europe was brought to the brink of economic ruin. The French franc fell to less than half its normal value. The upshot of the whole thing was that the Poincaré government collapsed and in 1924 a Socialist government took over power in France. One of their first acts was to order the evacuation of the Ruhr.

Political power, using the military arm as the instrument of its policy, as it has done from time immemorial, had here cut definitely athwart the laws of industrial economics, which form the basis of our present civilization. With the inexorable force of a law of nature, the imperative of economic destiny decreed the abdication of the French politico-militarist supremacy.

When the military tumult was over and the captains and the kings had departed, a body of international engineers took the situation in hand. After two years of deliberation and planning, they drew up what may be called an Economic Constitution for the unification of that whole industrial area which covers an extent of some 30,000 square miles, comprising the basin of the Rhine Valley and those of the tributary valleys of the Meuse and Moselle. That one industrial region had hitherto been broken up into a series of political mosaics between Germany, France, Belgium, and Luxemburg. The industrial leaders of these four countries agreed to a common covenant, called the International Steel Cartel, which was signed in September, 1926. The French Government had previously — on August 5th, 1926 — signed the protocol of a treaty with the Germans whereby the French political power virtually guaranteed a policy of "hands off" in regard to any subsequent fiscal measures which might affect arrangements made by the International Steel Cartel for the interchange of metallurgical raw materials and products within the area comprised under the terms of the cartel.

This is only one local example of an epic trend which has set in throughout the whole European world to-day. A large number of international cartels have been formed since the Steel Cartel led the way. These cartels are not the counterpart of the American trusts and combines, though they resemble the latter in many of their technical features. Their historical significance lies in the fact that they are developing into organisms which administer the joint interests of vast human groups irrespective of nationalist divisions. From this administration a new leadership is arising to take the place of the old political tradition.

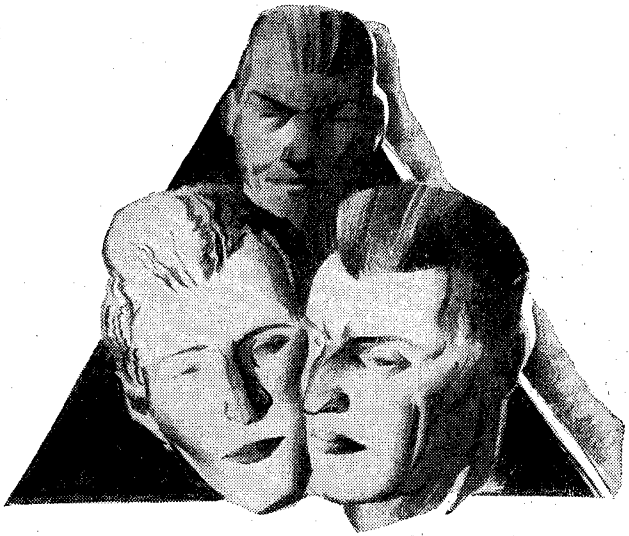
V

HERE WE ARE face to face with a radical change in the substructure of our present civilization. The industrial revolution has finally reached a stage where a new technique has had to be introduced into the art of group government. The authority of the political state, which was originally based on territorial self-sufficiency, is no longer sacrosanct within its own territorial realm. For within that realm new interests have arisen whose radius of action overlaps political frontiers. These interests can live and thrive only by a systematic federation of balance and interchange with kindred interests elsewhere. And the technique of maintaining this balance naturally belongs to that industrial leadership which is born to the manner of its own being.

For this reason it would seem that we are entering a new historical phase wherein the political state will be shorn of many of its traditional monopolies, much as the church was shorn of its political power, and its control of science and education, by the process of change that started with the Lutheran revolt in the sixteenth century. Whether this analogy may or may not eventually be verified to the full, one of the master facts which face us in the world to-day, and especially in the world of Europe, is the passing out of the old political order on the one hand, and, on the other, the creation of these vast supernational organisms — with all their network of social, educational, and technical activities — which give a pulsation that is indicative of a new circulatory system in the social-economic body.

De Amicitia

A First Short Story



Crayon drawings by Thomas Benrimo

by RICHARD SHERMAN

I

PHILIP HOVEY was twenty and a Junior at Harvard when he met Lawrence Hodges. He was mildly unpopular: not in the sense of "Hovey — a disagreeable person; I don't like him," but in the sense of "Hovey? Oh, that chap. No, he's not much fun — let's ask someone else." He didn't particularly care, however — not until he met Lawrence Hodges. It sounds silly and trite, but life really began for Philip Hovey when he met Lawrence Hodges.

When he was a Freshman, he lived in Standish with a Chicago boy — a boy he had known at Exeter. They weren't intimate friends: it was a sort of protective alliance. With thirty boys coming from one school, one can hardly enter the general drawing lists for roommates. At the end of the year the boy left college and went back to Chicago. Philip never heard whatever became of him.

In his Sophomore year he took a room on Mount Auburn Street — not in one of the dormitories, in a private house — where he lived fairly happily alone. He wasn't a hermit by any means; but when one usually eats alone, around the Square or at the Union (which he disliked because of the obnoxious Jews and prattling effeminates), and when more often than not one goes to movies or into town alone, that isn't having friends. And unless one is built to stand such an existence, it isn't pleasant. As a matter of fact, Philip was built to stand it. If he hadn't been, he probably would have known more people. Either that or, like his roommate, left college.

But he managed nicely. He read a good bit and studied more than the average — more than was necessary; had he been shrewder, he would have loafed through. He was athletic in a restrained fashion. If he had had the ambition, he might have been a ranking squash-racquets player; as it was, he didn't know the good men well enough to ask them to play, and the poor ones soon got tired of being constantly beaten. For a while he tried holding off and letting the poor ones win at reasonable intervals. That wasn't the game, however; that wasn't squash.

Without Philip, Hodges would still have been Hodges. Without Hodges, Philip would have . . . but the point is — he met Hodges.

Due to alphabetical arrangement, they were seated next to each other in a course — English 50: Age of Dryden, 1660–1700. At Harvard, classroom neighbors who haven't known each other before exchange, as a rule, as few words as possible; like "Sorry," when one knocks against a notebook, or "Did he say Wednesday? I didn't hear." Hodges, however, was a third-year transfer student from the University of Wisconsin and, this being his first class, he hadn't yet learned the etiquette. Turning, he began an overture to a conversation.

If Hodges had been a Jew, or worn the wrong clothes, or seemed too anxious to talk, Philip would probably have replied civilly and then lapsed into significant silence. Like most boys, he was somewhat of a snob. But after a glance he decided that Hodges was "all right." The man's long, lanky body was jammed into the uncomfortable chair so that his knees climbed up the back of the seat in front of him and his elbows stuck out at angles. He had close-cropped sandy hair, large gray eyes, and a huge Roman nose. It was the nose which gave character to the face.

They liked each other from the first, although of course they weren't Tom and Jerry in five minutes. They had to go through the usual stages — nodding as they passed, stopping to speak, each thinking, "A pleasant sort — nice fellow," and then looking forward to the next meeting. They did all that, going at a rather faster rate than usual, until one day each knew that the other was really a terribly fine chap, that one liked him enormously. Hodges was easy to know. He talked cleverly — not too cleverly, but well enough to be entertaining; and he could be partner to casual, pithy, unembarrassing silences.

Soon there was some one to lunch with, some-one's room to drop into at dinner time, knowing that he would be there and waiting. Oxford Street, where Hodges lived, became familiar, whereas previously it had been to Philip, as to most undergraduates, a sort of *terra incognita* beyond Memorial Hall where graduate students led scholarly, miserable lives. One threaded one's way dangerously across Massachusetts Avenue, walked through the Yard — board walks now, late fall having come with dark, short days and bleak twilights — out past the Delta and down Oxford Street. There was the house, gray and rambling. One entered and climbed rose-carpeted stairs to Hodges' door — knocking in October and then, incomprehensibly, knowing that knocking was unnecessary.

They sprawled around the room, smoking a great deal and earnestly trying to blacken briars in two weeks. The conversation was usually aimless. Sometimes there were highballs. Drinking with Hodges was pleasant — much pleasanter than drinking alone (rotten, but sometimes he had) or with fellows one knew only slightly.

Warmed, stomachs burning, they walked toward the Square.

"God!" said Hodges. "What a sunset!"

"It's all right. Let's go in town and eat. . . ."

Philip was timid and afraid of being a pest. So in the early stages of their friendship he tried restraint. He wouldn't call at Oxford Street to-night. He would eat alone. Still, at six-fifteen there was Hodges' knock.

"Come in."

"Where the hell were you? I've been waiting."

Not a pest, therefore. Hodges liked him.

Philip began to teach Hodges to play squash. Sweating, they ran about the little court until they heard the gong. Then they emerged, dripping, to bundle into overcoats and dash back through the snowy darkness to their rooms, for showers and dressing — Philip down and Hodges up Holyoke Street.

"In half an hour at my room."

"Half an hour!"

At first Hodges was terrible. He never could learn, he was sure. The damned ball bounced to hell and back. Yes, Philip agreed, he was pretty bad; but now, listen, he should hold the racquet like *this*, not like *this*. Unlike most opponents, he apparently didn't mind forever taking the small score. He would grin, sweat trickling down his red face, and together they would pound down the dark, wooden stairway, which smelled so bad that one almost enjoyed it — like Turkish baths.

"God, that last set! Boy!"

The cold air stung their faces.

"Half an hour!"

III

CHRISTMAS came and Philip went home — to Philadelphia. His father noticed that he was livelier, gayer. Awkwardly he tried to discern the reason.

"Getting on a bit better, Philip? Liking it better now?"

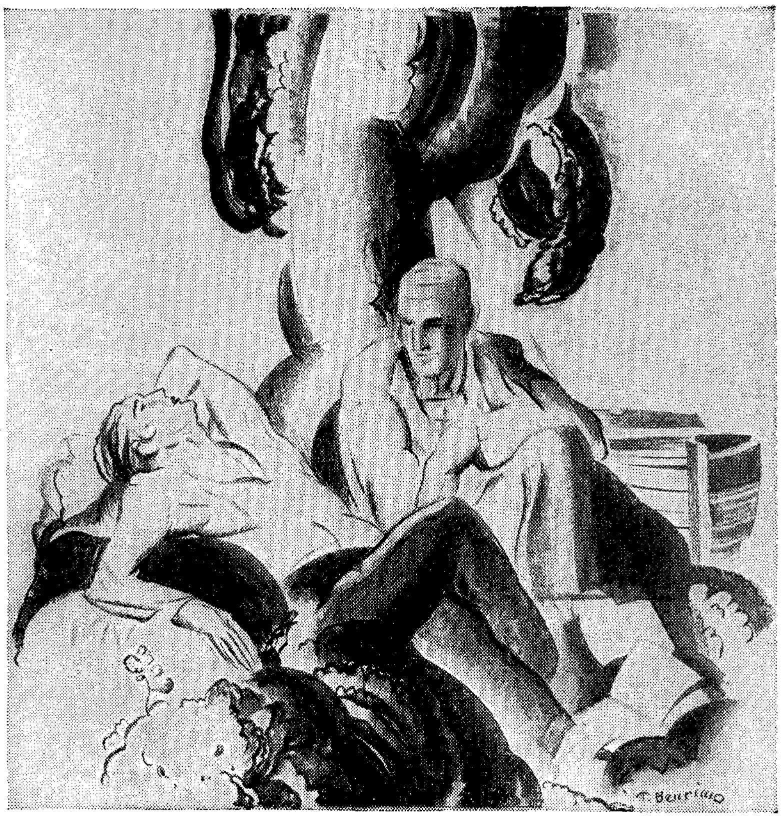
Philip wasn't intimate with his father. His mother's death, when he was fourteen, had left him alone.

"Oh, things are about the same. Nothing much happens. Anyway, I always liked it."

"Yes, but you seem different. You seem. . . ."

Seem what? He loved his father, he supposed, but there were times. . . . He was different, of course. And he knew why. Hodges was such a great guy. Without him he would have been miserable (actually he had been quite contented). But what was Hodges? Not awfully clever, not awfully brilliant. Yet he never tired of his company. He liked his ugly red face, his German haircut. He liked his commonest remarks.

He wished the holidays were over and that he was back in Cambridge.



Then they *were* over and he *was* back — back in a Cambridge buried in midyear examinations and slush. He studied much less. After all, why grind? Sometimes he wondered if Hodges wasn't bored. Then he grew slightly afraid and would suggest that they ask someone else to join them on their sorties.

"Saunders — know him? Lives up in Claverly. We might drop up and see what he's doing."

And Hodges would agree. But Saunders — or Blackwood, or Page, or Ellsworth — never made a permanent trio. Three would have a good enough time and Hodges would seem to like the third. Yet he rarely mentioned including him on other occasions.

Once, daringly, Philip voiced his wondering.

"Since you've been here you haven't got to know many people. That's not being progressive, is it?"

"Know people? Hell, why should I know people? Contacts, I suppose."

Smiling, Philip wanted to clap him on the back, to say, "Why? No reason, no reason." Instead, he said, "I don't know."

Occasionally they went out with Wellesley girls from Philadelphia or from Milwaukee, where Hodges lived. But girls fit special occasions only. Most of the time one wants something of more — was it depth? No, not depth either, for Hodges wasn't deep. Whatever one wanted, one found it in Hodges.

In some ways the winter dragged on, and in others it slipped, dashed, escaped. Seniors were applying for rooms. Without discussion he and Hodges put in their names together. They didn't much care what they got; all Senior halls were good — and then the Yard was fine. Eventually they drew Hollis, second floor — nice rooms. Passing, they pointed up to it.

"Up there."

"No — there."

"You're right — there."

Never had Philip been so happy. Somehow he knew that life now was as it should be and that before, life had not been quite right.

April came — rain — then May, hot and muggy, and they took to spending afternoons up the river. One doesn't want to play squash in airless courts, or to sit through bad movies when the sun is bright outside and the trees are a fuzzy green. Stretched on his back on the warm earth, Philip grew philosophic. He pitied old gentlemen hobbling along cinder paths, although he realized that they, too, had been young once and had had friends. Spring in Cambridge is a form of insanity. Drunk — and they got drunk — or sober, it was enchanting.

Even final examinations failed to wake them to the serious business of life. They took their books up the river and opened them carefully, only to fall asleep or to fall talking of something quite useless. Of the two, falling asleep was much the better thing, for at the end of the afternoon they would rise and stretch. "Well, now we've studied, let's take the evening off and go to Revere."

Oddly enough, they both passed well. One week they worked, then they were finished. Philip was through first. He hinted at staying over, waiting for Hodges in order that they might celebrate. Hodges was adamant. Wait? Not for him. He should get out at once and not be idiotic. He should get out — and be thankful. So, although he would have preferred to remain, Philip went. He wouldn't have minded waiting. His vacation would be long enough — in Maine, with an aunt.

Looking out into the hot, smoking train-yards, he wished that it was fall, and that he was — they were — just returning.

III

In September Philip was the first to come back. Late the next afternoon he was sitting with a book in the only comfortable chair in the room, which was as yet a mess — furniture dumped in the middle of the floor, boxes everywhere. Someone was coming up the stairs; someone was putting a key in the lock. Down went the book and Philip waited expectantly. It would be Hodges.

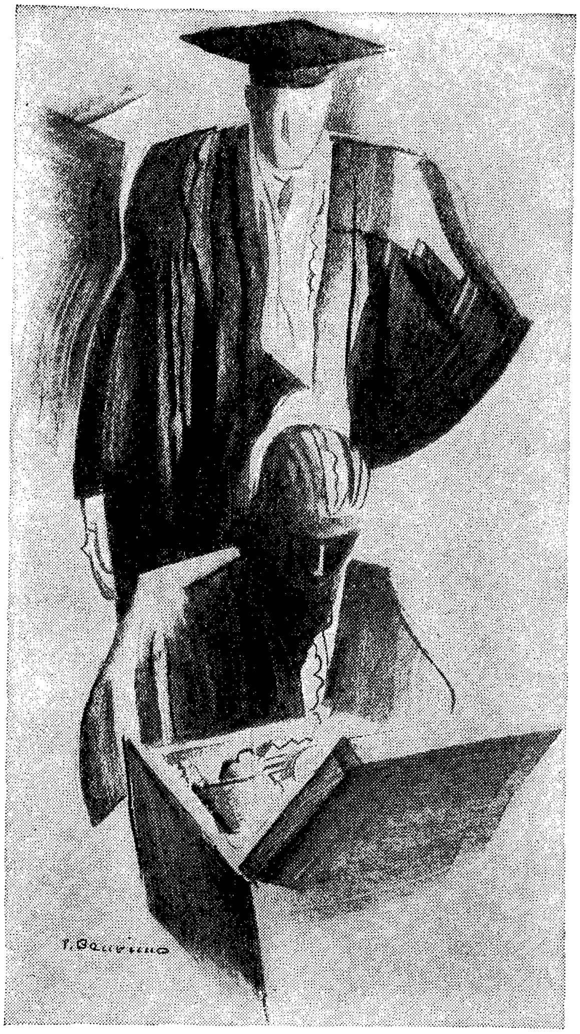
It *was* Hodges (and someone else who remained in the doorway when Hodges planked down his bags and grasped Philip's hand.)

"God, how are you!"

"All right. How are you? Nice summer?"

"All right. Hey, Baxter, come on in. Don't stand there."

Baxter — medium height, slim, brownish hair, and a pleasing smile — came in. He was from Milwaukee also and had been a fraternity brother of Hodges at Madison. Now he was a first-year law man at Harvard. He laughed a good deal — more after they had a drink — and seemed to be rather a wit. For three weeks he and Hodges had been at the same lake resort in Michigan. The two talked about things that had happened there. Philip, listening, thought: "He's much keener than Hodges. He's as keen as a knife."



They went out to dinner together. Bewildered at the frequent mention of people whom he did not know, Philip gradually became silent. Then the other two stopped. Philip sought for something to say. Alone with Hodges, silence was as good as talk, sometimes better. But to sit dumb with Baxter present — no sounds except the clink of knives and forks — was childish.

"Blackwood's back," he said to Hodges. "I saw him in the Yard."

"Is he?" said Hodges; and then, to Baxter — "Blackwood is quite nice. I think you'll like him."

Philip said: "The salt, please."

When they all knew each other better, things would go more easily. Getting acquainted was always hard for him.

When Baxter left them to go to his room in Perkins, Philip and Hodges went back to Hollis and, in pajamas, sat down for a last pipe. Desultorily they talked, giving brief, snatchy résumés of their vacations. Neither had done anything exciting. Hodges had worked for his father, a contractor, and had spent some time at the lake. Baxter had gone with him, and they. . . . Oh, yes? Well, Philip had done little: a while in Philadelphia, a while in Maine. The summer had gone fast, hadn't it? Very fast — too fast.

"Baxter seems a nice fellow. Known him long?"

"Oh, yes — a long time. He lives across the street. We were kids together."

When each went to bed in his little room, Philip lay awake. This was better than rooming alone. Rooming alone was the devil. Even the noise of the springs as Hodges turned over was companionable. This year was going to be a great year. He and Hodges . . . and, of course, Baxter.

The fall progressed. Baxter became a steady visitor at the rooms in Hollis, dropping in alone — "Hodges in? Well, tell him I was around. . . . No, thanks, just thought I'd stop by; see you later" — or coming back with Hodges — "Met Baxter in the Square. Any mail?" At dinner time he always showed up.

One can't force oneself to like a person. Philip tried to like Baxter. When he said something funny, Philip laughed and thought: "He's very entertaining and damned good company. In a little while I'll think as much of him as of Hodges." For now he realized how much he did think of Hodges; to him Hodges was the sun and moon and stars. That was silly — and he knew it. It was silly, too, to feel as he did when the other two left him alone.

"Baxter and I walked to Boston this afternoon."

"Did you? I just fooled around." He had waited all afternoon for them to come back from lunch.

Now Hodges was teaching Baxter to play squash. "He's rotten — as bad as I was." And when he burst in for his shower, Philip would be reading. "A swell game. Did you play?"

"No, I got interested in this book." (What was the book? He hardly knew.)

"Say."

Yes.

"You might get someone to play with while I coach Baxter. Then the four can interchange."

Fine — he would. But he never did, for Senior squash partnerships were settled rites, and he knew few underclassmen. Anyway — this he finally admitted to himself — Hodges was the only one with whom he liked to play.

Gradually, imperceptibly, it was less Hovey, Hodges, and Baxter, and just Hodges and Baxter. Things merely went certain ways. Philip had a class from twelve to one, the other two were free. They lunched then; that was natural — no use hanging around. The three would be meeting for dinner. Then the dinners, too, became infrequent.

"I was playing poker up in Perkins. We didn't quit till seven."

Philip said he had eaten — with Page. He said he had been up in Page's room most of the afternoon. (Why did he lie? Why didn't he admit that he had waited until seven and after?)

He came rarely to go to Baxter's room. At first he had gone, but when he began to beg off continually, Baxter naturally ceased to urge him. Hodges went often. He intended to go to Law School and said that he might as well start getting acquainted now.

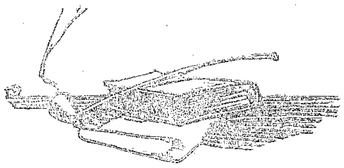
"Contacts?" asked Philip.

"What?"

Nothing. It was a good idea; the next year he wouldn't be an utter stranger.

"That's what Baxter thought," said Hodges.

It wasn't that things were all right on Tuesday, and then on Wednesday that Philip thought: "We're not very close any more — Hodges and I." Had he been asked to describe the gradual change, he could not have done so. He simply knew that by Christmas he was seeing Hodges very rarely. Yet, on meeting, they were as cordial as ever.



It was a dreary Christmas. He spent much of it preparing his thesis, which was due in March. Remembering his father's curiosity, he took especial care not to show that anything had happened. (Nothing *had* happened really.) Evidently his simulated gayety was successful, for his father beamed. His odd son had become not odd at all.

"And how's your friend Hodges? Is he a good roommate?"

"He's fine. We get along very well."

"Well, that's nice. I didn't like your rooming alone. It made you sulky."

His father was no help.

During the vacation he found himself wondering what kind of a time Hodges and Baxter were having out in Milwaukee. To his immense disgust he noticed that whenever he thought of them his hands trembled slightly and he felt queer, almost sick, inside. God, he was being a fool! It was worse than being in love — he had never been in love — and much more unnatural. He tried to understand himself and to analyze his friends; for they all were friends, weren't they? Why did he like Hodges so much? Why did he resent Baxter? He was a good guy, of course. But still his hands remained unsteady.

IV

BACK IN COLLEGE, studies claimed him. He felt he owed his father a *cum*, and that required work. But work was useful. When Hodges came in late, after having been somewhere with Baxter, it was easier to say that one had been grinding on a thesis than not to say anything at all; or to tell some petty lie; or, which he had never done, to tell the truth — that all evening, all day, he had been wondering constantly where Hodges and Baxter were, what they were saying, whether they were mentioning his name.

He ate hurriedly in cafeterias and lunch rooms around the Square and then went back to his stall in the library stacks. His thesis subject was Browning, and halfway through he decided that he never wanted to hear of the poet again. Then, the thesis three-fourths completed, he discovered that he could "appreciate" him once more. But Browning was secondary to Hodges. Bending over a page, he would see first Hodges' face, with the huge nose, and then Baxter. He would shake himself, curse his thumping heart, and reread the lines. When he came across "Time's Revenges" —

> I've a friend over the sea,
> I like him, but he loves me. . . .

he sat for half an hour, looking out at the snowy hill, checkered with rectangles of light from the library windows, which led up to the Union. To keep himself fit, he ran along the wintry banks of the Charles. Running alone wasn't much fun, though. Winter seemed endless, but finally spring came in, the streets dried, and the Yard trees wore buds. The thesis finished and turned in — "The Social Views of Robert Browning" — he plunged into preparations for his divisional examinations. He felt worn out and ill, but he continued to work harder than he had ever worked before. All Seniors were working now, Hodges too. Baxter had his examinations ahead and suddenly realized the importance of passing them. So Hodges was in more frequently; and then, steadily, he began to study late, rubbing his nose over English literature in a room heavy with smoke. Philip, coming back from the library, would stop and talk a short time.

Once he came in to find Hodges surrounded by charts.

How was it going? He wasn't going stale, was he?

Hodges puffed and pulled.

"Dates — dates. Damned if I'll try to remember dates."

Philip stood by the fireplace, moodily scraping his shoe on an andiron. He watched the heap of cold, fine ashes, and then, raising his head, saw Hodges looking at him. For a moment they stared at each other, full face.

Then Hodges said: "Phil, — "

Philip shoved the andiron with his foot and walked to the window and stood with his back to Hodges.

"Four more weeks and the damned exams will be over," he said. He remained, waiting, but all he heard was Hodges tapping his pipe out on a tray. He turned and saw Hodges' back bent over the desk. Neither spoke. Philip lingered and then said: "Well, I guess I'll say good night."

Hodges looked up. "Night, Phil," he said.

Philip lay listening to the pages turn in the study and then to Hodges as he paced the room, muttering: "Cynewulf, runes; Cædmon, stable and vision; Bede. . . ." Then he went to sleep. He was tired, dead tired.

Divisionals were over the first of May. He thought he had done well, but he was so dispirited that he did not care. It was enough to find that the sun shone, that life was really something besides printed words. For three days he was more or less constantly drunk; he did it as a ceremony — one always got elaborately drunk after divisionals. Hodges started the party with him — Baxter still had his exams to take — but went to New York the following day. The celebration was a sad thing, but at least they could say that they had honored their passing, or flunking. When all was over, Philip went to bed and slept soddenly for eighteen hours.

The weeks before Commencement passed uneventfully. Baxter, his exams finished, came around again. "You look like a ghost, Hovey. Divisionals must be stiff. . . . Hodges in?" Since Philip had almost completely divorced himself from their company, they rarely asked him to come with them, wherever they went. He spent his time reading — magazines, newspapers, detective stories, anything but "worthwhile" literature — and trying to distract himself. It was bad, bad, to be standing staring out into the Yard and seeing instead Hodges' face, and then to hear the door open and see Hodges himself — with Baxter at his heels.

"Hello — letter for you. Hello, Baxter."

"Anything new?"

"Oh — nothing much."

A week he spent at home and on returning could not give himself any reason for leaving Cambridge, except, possibly, to escape the heat, which happened to have been worse in Philadelphia.

COMMENCEMENT week came and the Yard was littered with parents. Philip conscientiously showed his father all he thought he ought to see, or would enjoy. Hodges' people proved amiable — the mother was gaunt and rather a *grande dame* — so *that* was where he got the nose — the father plump and jovial. They told Philip how much Lawrence had spoken of him (Had he? Had he really? But that was last year, of course. . . .) and said that they supposed the boys would hate giving up those lovely old rooms. What was Philip going to do? Oh, he didn't know? Well, so many didn't; it was perplexing, starting out. Lawrence's entering Law School postponed his difficulties. Lawrence would surely miss Philip; although, of course, he was to room with William Baxter, so. . . .

Yes . . . yes. . . . He knew that Lawrence would do well in law. And Baxter was a fine chap.

Commencement morning he and Hodges marched into Sever Quadrangle together. As they passed into the enclosure, they saw Baxter, who had waited over in order to drive back with the Hodges, standing on Widener steps, watching the file. He waved and Hodges waved back.

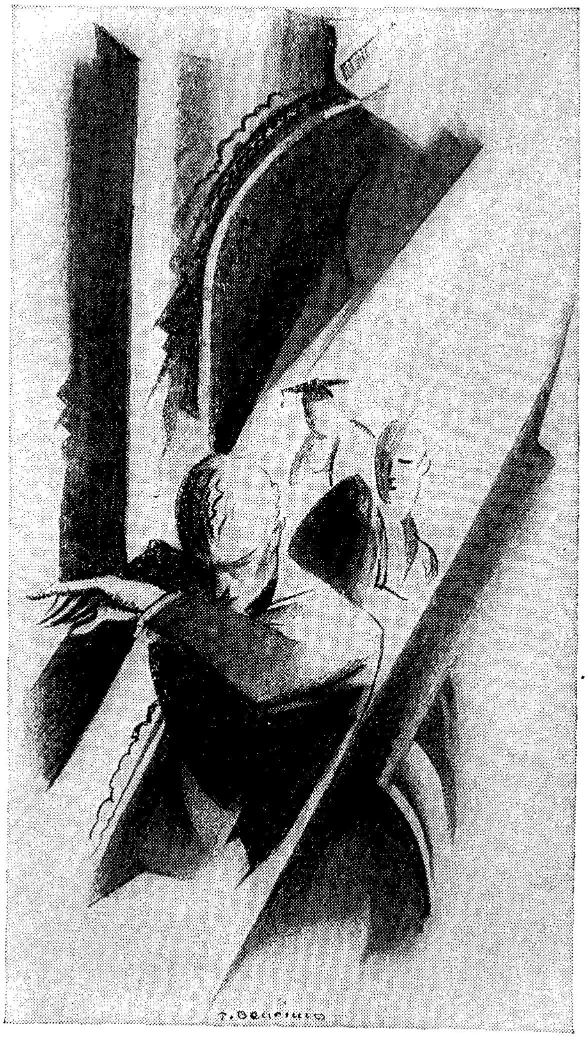
"There's Baxter. No, over there."

"Oh, yes — I see now." Philip, feeling slightly ill, nodded and smiled.

As he listened to the Commencement speakers, he wondered what Hodges, next to him, was thinking about.

Then it was all over — everything. Philip was finishing his packing, hurrying to be on time at the station, where he was to meet his father. The room, disheveled and echoing, reminded him of the night he first came. At last there was nothing left to do. Now, had he forgotten anything? He stood ready to leave and took a last look around him. Feet shuffled up the stairs. It was Hodges, in cap and gown.

Both were embarrassed. Hodges leaned against a box while Philip collected his luggage. He felt himself trembling and tried to control



himself. Hodges, standing there lighting a cigarette, seemed calm enough.

They shook hands, gripping hard. They must be sure to write now and then. If Hodges was in Philadelphia he was to look Philip up. And, of course, the same went for Milwaukee. Silence fell, and Philip, trying to make himself go, felt tied. He wanted to leave — to be outside, at the station, on the train.

Well, he guessed he'd be off.

Then, awkwardly, Hodges started to speak. This was what Philip had dreaded — he should have gone a moment earlier.

Hodges wanted to know now, before they separated, why Philip had changed, what had made him change. "I can't understand it. It seems so funny. . . ." It wasn't Baxter, was it? Baxter and he had always known each other. Surely it wasn't Baxter. Or was it — well, was it anything?

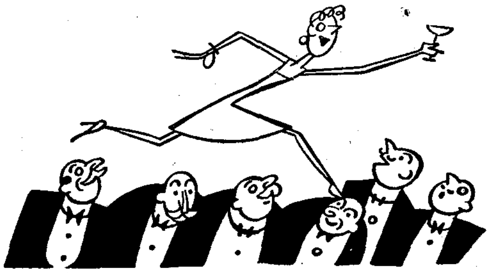
Philip mumbled and laughed idiotically. Nothing was changed, nothing at all. He had worked harder this year, that was all — getting that damned *cum*. He hadn't had time to — to play around much. Hodges was his best friend, he always would be. . . . "Always," he repeated.

He knew that his eyes were blurred and he bent down to adjust a strap. He saw Hodges' feet, his trousers, the black gown. He looked up, his whole body trembling violently, and felt terribly weak. Well, he had to go — that train. He clasped Hodges' hand and stumbled out, calling back "Good luck" to him.

In the hall he ran blindly against someone — it was Baxter. He shook the tanned hand and, dragging his suitcase, started for the stairs, leaving the other looking blankly after him.

As he ran down the brick walk (the train — how many minutes?) he kept bumping into people.

"Hodges. . . ." he sobbed to himself. "Hodges. . . ."



The Decline of Women

by DEARING WARD

In the face of the whole world, women are being rapidly pushed by men and by the less profound of their own sex out of the position which they have held for centuries. It is considered a platitude in most circles to state that women are on the upgrade; yet nothing could be more absurd, more grossly and tragically contrary to the facts. It may be too late now for any effort to reëstablish them, but I feel sure I speak for many women who realize that we have been betrayed from within.

Consider the peak of the nineteenth century. For generations women had undoubtedly had the larger share of leisure. A woman could, without loss of public esteem, live on the salary of her nearest male relative even if he had to keep his nose to the grindstone to support her. Slowly through the ages thoughtful women had worked to raise their sex to this position; had fainted when they were not tired, sighed when they did not have headaches; and now, in a few decades, their labor has been undone and their services forgotten. Women have suddenly exchanged leisure for equality — obviously the most stupid move ever made in history by a privileged class.

It is more than probable that the whole thing is really the completion of a cycle. The (so-called mythical) matriarchal age was quite possibly the period when women discovered the onerousness of being the responsible sex, and devised the idea that men should take over the securing of food, shelter, and communal safety. (The subsequent hushing up of the matriarchal age with the pretense that it had never occurred was very clearly a bit of feminine tactics.) Plain traces of this woman movement away from a strenuous feministic era and toward leisure may be found by the unbiased investigator. So late a writer as Sir Walter Raleigh says of the Amazons: "The memories of the like women are very ancient as well in Africa as in Asia . . . others in Scythia." Columbus, in a letter in 1493 to the Treasurer of Aragon, wrote of them: "These women have no feminine occupations but use bows and arrows . . . and cover and arm themselves with plates of copper, of which they have a great quantity."

Gone the Golden Age

Feminism appears to be an ancient discarded gadget. Literature and history bear out the truth with almost crass emphasis: "I have no other than a woman's reason!" Any psychoanalyst will tell you that there speaks no victim of an inferiority complex, but one complacent and pleased with her orientation. Not only did women make men into satisfied drudges and overseers, but they invented many rules and convenient customs which came to be ingenuously regarded as axioms by men. Certainly there have been no more charming laws than those enabling a woman to step forth and run up bills which her husband must pay, or forcing him to support her while she is not legally obliged even to serve his favorite dessert. Women invented the female slave idea and planted the pity for their sex which constitutes so much of chivalry. Obviously it was they who devised the rule of the moral superiority of women, by which, even to-day, any woman can keep any undesirable man conciliated and well-disposed toward her though refusing so much as to hold hands with him — if she does it on the ground that she is withstanding temptation. The very terminology was sympathetic to the woman; men were "seducers," women "frail."

Drawings by Julian de Miskey

Shortsighted talkers who wish to prove that the female intelligence has never had any past opportunity of flowering often advance the silly argument that women have never been philosophers or artists. It is a trivial observation. Women did not need to be philosophers; and people who are financially taken care of rarely labor to produce art. Some time ago Mr. Compton MacKenzie made some sneering remarks regarding women's contention that they had been held down and prevented from being great artists. He is right, of course. People who *are* held down become artists. In a word, men become artists.

At first glance, it seems a staggering theory that the feminine sex, reaching in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the crest of their world position — the time when at last men regarded them as practically irresponsible and almost helpless — should suddenly have thrown it all away. But the facts are there, incontrovertible and, indeed, a matter of history.

In the era culminating in the last century, men, by steady work, supported their own households and their female relations to the fourth degree of kinship and further. Women had time for calling, tea parties, and for embroidering thousands of antimacassars, working samplers, and mounting flowers on black velvet under glass. Even a laborer's wife could choose (or ignore) her hours of labor, while her husband reported to a master. And women got all this by swapping off a little shoddy pride of position and the somewhat hollow title — Head of the Family. It was a pretty enough bargain to please any sensible woman.

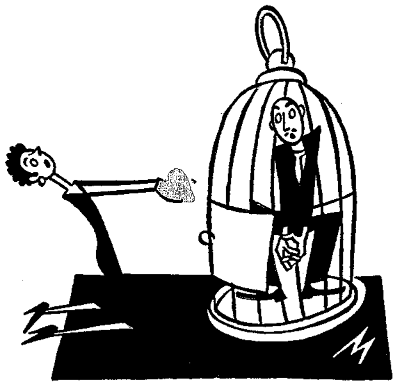
Abigail Adams, in 1776, wrote to her husband: "Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of husbands. Remember, all men would be tyrants *if they could.*" The italics are mine, but the words are hers, written in what was, according to the feminists, a period of great female subservience; and written, observe, to her husband.

It was the Golden Age of Women. But the duller of them could not continue to carry out the attitude that was necessary. Women of poise were not depressed by granting that men were superiors, but some of their less crafty sisters could not bear it, for they suspected it might be true. It is impossible to read twenty pages of a typical feminist's writings without coming upon evidence of a frantic rage against the mere wordy assumption of masculine eminence. On realistic examination, the case for the actual oppression of women at any time becomes more and more absurd. A catalogue of the women who, before the twentieth century, engaged independently in business would be tediously long — not to include queens and those unaccountable creatures who went to war when they might have stayed at home, lolling about in fresh dresses and eating feminine snacks of sandwiches for lunch. However, the stupid reaction had set in; and, meanwhile, men grew louder and more emphatic in their talk of superiority.

THE WORD-MAGIC OF EMANCIPATION

IN MOST INSTANCES, women who could have lived in leisure and comparative irresponsibility led the way, shrieking, to an age of equality between the sexes. They have fought for the right to work eight hours a day instead of doing a little dusting and having the day free. And they are dragging all women with them. To-day girls whose mothers had twenty-two or so free hours out of twenty-four are preparing in colleges to practice law, to play drop-the-handkerchief on settlement house playgrounds with the children of immigrants, to become secretaries to fat bank presidents. The pernicious influence in the air has spread with alarming virulence to men. Already it becomes increasingly difficult for even an active woman to find men who believe she is too fragile to stand in a street car, or too hare-brained to take in the details of the economic struggle.

And no commensurate gain has been made which could seriously be offered as balancing the losses. Women feminists enjoy quoting instances of men's outrageous laws for women before the era of "emancipation" set in; actually, however, our progress in social betterment shows a parallel tendency to abandon equally outrageous laws for men — such, for example, as hanging a man for poaching. It is at least doubtful whether, even in altruistic works, woman armed with equal rights gets any farther, or gets that far half so pleasantly, as woman amiably protesting her dependence on the male.



There is, in fact, a sort of airy gurgle noticeable in the pronunciamentos of female leaders — a note which everyday women associate with the naïve talk of politicians under the spell of their own voices. Susan B. Anthony announced that "Men and parties must pass away, but justice is eternal and they only who work in harmony with its laws are immortal." If this sentence means anything at all, it means no more than "The great American people are all prosperous," or some other such vocal exercise.

Feminine leaders are also feverishly agitating for a law that will set the same limitation on women's working hours as on men's. Anyone familiar with the wide practice in department stores and factories of forcing employees (often in spite of existing laws) to work overtime during rush seasons or lose their jobs, can see what this law would mean in actual operation to women workers. To propose such a law seriously is about as sensible as to write into the statutes that henceforth a goldfish shall be as strong as a whale. Most of the other political yells for equality, when not downright menacing to women, are tricky and two-sided in their implications. Any woman accustomed to mopping and dusting a modern house, getting together a dinner, and associating with men who regard her as a weak vessel, must begin to twitch nervously in the presence of people who predict equal pay for equal work.

But this is not the worst. The consequences of the rush for equality are reaching constantly farther and appear in ghastly signs and portents to thoughtful women. Already, after a few years, even men — the more cunning among them, of course — are beginning to see what it is all about. A few of their craftier writers are slyly calling themselves "feminists." They write of the New Woman in flattering terms . . . and announce that every woman should have both children and a career, that it is beneath a woman's dignity to accept alimony, and some go so far as to hint that women are capable of running governments and fighting wars. It is no meaningless coincidence that in the British Isles, stronghold of the dominant male, it was a man, not a woman, who started the battle for equality — John Stuart Mill, a writer, and a shrewd and thoughtful one. It has been taken up in the United States by the same kind of thoughtful men; for, as the authors of *Woman Suffrage and Politics* so pertinently observed, "Men of vision began to perceive that a powerful movement was under way." Undoubtedly there are such men of vision: several centuries ago they got Manhattan Island from the Indians for a few strings of shiny glass beads.

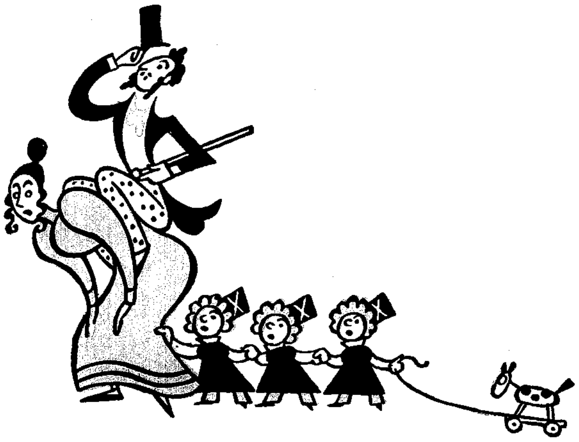
Observe the alarming change of sentiment that has taken place in the span of less than two centuries. Rousseau, writing in the eighteenth century, chortled innocently: "To please Us, to be useful to Us, to make Us love and esteem them, to console, to render Our lives easy and agreeable — these are the duties of women at all times and what they should be taught from their infancy." Robert Dexter, Ph.D., in his book on *Social Adjustment*, says coolly of the unoccupied woman: "There is no reason why this relatively large group should not form an important addition to the country's labor supply." What normal woman but must feel the uncomfortable contrast of that — "to please Us, to make Us love and esteem them" (all a rather vague set of duties and certainly outside the range of mandamus) — and — "addition to the country's labor supply."

DOWN WITH WOMEN'S RIGHTS

WHETHER it is now too late for a limited number of women to salvage the remaining bits of feminine privilege and start retrieving is a fine question. One might do something with a campaign of education, such as planting ideas in the minds of little boys while they are still left to feminine influence. The more energetic of us might go out as secret agents in the colleges for young women and impress on these girls individually, before they leave the scholastic walls, the seriousness of the situation. If it could be done before things go any further, it might even be possible to make a *volte-face;* for women as a body to explain to men that they simply wish to retract, that they have seen the light and want to take back everything that has been said about their rights; in short, that we do not want any rights at all, just privileges. Something should be done, and done quickly, if the female sex is to save even a few precious remnants of inequality. The potential danger may be more extreme than we foresee.

Turning to history for a clue, for a sign from the past of some like problem and its solution, one finds a startling hint in that reservoir of human experience — the ancient East. In a word, there is the inscrutable, silent woman of China — with bound feet. Why? Does anyone who knows ten normal women suppose that such an uncomfortable and sinister fashion was imposed on them? Obviously it was done as a last desperate resource in some crisis of masculine passivity — perhaps a culmination similar to the one toward which we are moving. By that maneuver, women who preferred gardens and lotus pools to equality simply bound their feet. The support of a masculine arm became necessary to walk steadily across a room.

At first blush, this idea that woman's new strength is proving her greatest weakness may seem a little extreme; but, with more and more men of vision joining the cry for equality, the danger is plain. It is necessary to remember Manhattan Island and the glass beads.



Scissor-cuts by Hunt Diederich

The NORDIC Myth

Do the Gods Prefer Blonds?

by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

I

"Is there a North here also?" asked a pretty, quick, intelligent, illiterate Spanish girl, transplanted to England during the war. It was not a foolish question — only premature. After all, it was but natural that, having swallowed so many miles of North in two days' traveling from Madrid to London, she should express some surprise at there being any North left at all. Moreover, had she continued but a few degrees more in the same direction, she would have reached the Pole, a point where her question would have had to be answered in the negative. For the Pole, being the North, has no North whatsoever.

Now consider the privileged position of a man standing on the North Pole. Not only has he the pride of knowing that his spine is in line with the axis of the world, not only has he the satisfaction of being able to choose whatever hour he likes in the day and call it his hour, not only can he, if he so wishes and the weather permits, meditate on the flattering fact that the whole world turns round him while he stands pat and turns round nobody — not only does he enjoy all these privileges, but also his superiority is higher and his majesty greater. His bliss is as perfect as bliss on earth can be, for he is the absolute Nordic.

All other Nordics are but relative. Repugnant as the idea may be to many an honest believer in the Nordic myth, unless one has attained the privileged position of a Northpoleman — a position, I take it, which can be enjoyed by only one person at a time — one is always a Southerner for those farther north on the map, however blond one is, however cool, however honest, however unimaginative, however high-treading and low-speaking; in a word, however Nordic. And, in passing, let me point out one of the sources of the Nordic myth. There is no doubt that the idea of Nordic superiority owes not a little to the fact that maps are hung with the north up and the south down — a purely historical fluke, due in its turn to the fact that civilization was born in the Northern Hemisphere (though among the Southerners thereof). Had civilization developed among the Northerners of the Southern Hemisphere, it is obvious that we should not think more highly of the Nordics than we now think of the Patagonians.

For good or ill, however, the maps are hung our way, which means a kind of race northward among the peoples of Europe in search of that elusive virtue — Nordic prestige. The Lombards may look down on the Neapolitans, but they must bow before the Swiss, who, in their turn, are but frivolous Southerners for the Alsatians, on whom the Dutch probably look down as *lazzaroni;* but the Dutch — yes, the Dutch who are the bedrock of New York and the substratum of New Amsterdam — the Dutch themselves are rollicky *méridionaux* to the Danes, who are preposterously Latin to the Swedes. As for the Norwegians, they managed to get that belt of land cutting off the Swedes from direct communication with the North-poleman, thus depriving them of their claim to represent the true milk of Nordic purity. Let us bow before Norway. The Nordic myth is written all over her very name. The Norwegians are the true Nordics. They are, indeed, so abundantly blessed with the advantages which the northern climate confers on its inhabitants that they seem disposed to make but a moderate use of them. These Northerners who possess vast territories within sight of the North Pole, crowd together on the southern end of their land, as if eager to see what those rascal Latins in Denmark are up to.

II

IT WOULD BE really delightful if one could classify the peoples of the world according to the parallel they inhabit. Think how that would simplify our statistics! Senate debates would attain a classical — no, the classics were Southerners — a Nordic simplicity. Immigration laws could be put in the form of tables showing quotas inversely proportionate to degrees of latitude. The civilization of a country could be gaged at a glance merely by looking at a map. Here, alas, as in many other ways, Nature is so utterly unruly as to make one suspect that the Creator Himself is of Southern extraction. Is there a city in the United States of America, however misgoverned by Irishmen — those Southerners of the North — or by Italians, which can compete in waste, disorder, dirt, brutality, immorality, and other wanton features — such as beauty — with Nature herself, God-governed as we must assume her to be? This question opens out so many vistas of controversy that we might just as well leave it unanswered.

The fact remains that in the matter of geographical distribution of qualities and defects, the world is a truly Southern creation — a maze of contradictions in which it is difficult to see what is Nordic and what is not. There is, of course, the color of hair and eyes. Golden is the metal of Zeus and blue the color of heaven. The Nordic attributes *par excellence* are therefore golden hair and blue eyes. The trouble is, that if we are to judge by such physical signs, the Nordics are often in the South. Thus in Britain, Kent would be Nordic but the west of Scotland would not. In Spain, Seville would be three times more Nordic than Bilbao. Should we prefer moral to physical characteristics, our difficulties will not be at an end. Assuming the North to stand for activity, reason, coolness, and efficiency, and the South for passion, passivity, fire, and disregard for practical values, we shall often find the Nordic in the South and the — can I call him Sudic? — in the North. Swedenborg was a Swede and Machiavelli an Italian. Moreover, the French Basque is a Southerner and the Spanish Basque is a Northerner.

In point of fact, these expressions apply with any degree of accuracy only with reference to a national center; psychological features are relative to a national type, which depends on place and history. The Norman, the Picard, the Flamand are Northerners, though living south of the men of Devon and Cornwall, who

are obviously Southerners with reference to the English type. The Limousin, the Marseillais, the Gascon are Southerners, though they live north of Northerners such as the Catalan, the Aragonese, and the Asturian. The national pattern cuts across the world pattern. Northerners are those people who by political tradition are made to look south; Southerners are those who are made to look north. Thus a subtle psychological and historical element comes to complicate further the network of race and climate.

* * *

Though relatively modern in its more blatant and militant aspects, the Nordic myth has an honorable ancestry. Ultimately, it may well turn out to date from the distant days when Latin civilization crumbled down before the barbarian hordes. The Romans entertained no qualms in the matter of Nordic superiority. The Northmen were barbarians — that is, strangers; and all strangers were under the misfortune of not being Romans. That was the end of it. But when the man came from the North, seized land and women, and established himself as the *mira-trabaja,* or "see-work," to use a telling Spanish phrase coined by the Chinese in the Philippine Islands, matters took a different turn. Despite moralists, socialists, and other idealists, mankind has always reserved the honey of prestige for the man who succeeds in making others work for him, and the fair-headed Nordic soon became synonymous with aristocrat, lord, and whatever names Europe coined to express what we nowadays describe as "the boss." Spanish classical literature would be searched in vain for a heroine or a beauty who is not fair-headed and green-eyed — a trace, no doubt, of the long period during which the Visigoths ruled the country with more force than capacity for creative government. A curious reminiscence of this tradition is to be found in South America, where, to this day, the Spaniards of Spain, when viewed as an overbearing, commanding type, are still referred to as *Godos* — Goths. The fact that the ruling classes of Europe were of Germanic descent, not only through the Middle Ages but even for the better part of the modern period, was in itself an excellent ground for the flourishing of a prosperous Nordic myth.

But the myth did not really take root in Europe until the Reformation came to complicate a fairly simple outlook on life. Europe was individualistic and æsthetic till the days of Calvin and Luther. There was no doubt much moralizing — in books. Aristotle and Seneca, and even Boccaccio in his moralizing moods, were ransacked for weighty sentences of good behavior. That was all very nice, particularly for scholars; moreover, it was generally written in Latin. Europe went gaily on. It was not deliberately wicked (is there such a thing except in the imagination of moralists?) but it just lived a straightforward life, trusting that God the Father would see what it all meant, and — as in the end of comedies — would forgive any mistakes made.

The Reformation started a revolution which was to go much beyond what its founders had dreamed in their theologies. The point has been put in a nutshell — though retrospectively — by Bayle in a paragraph of his *Dictionary* which I find quoted in a book to be recommended to present-day Americans: *Ebrietatis Encomium, or The Praise of Drunkenness*, by Boniface Oinophilus, London, 1703. Says Bayle: "It cannot be denied that the Christians of Europe are subject to two great vices, drunkenness and lewdness. The first of these reigns in cold countries, the other in hot. Bacchus and Venus share these two climates between them. We find that the Reformation having divided this portion of Christianity, that part which was subject to Venus continues as it was, but the greatest part of what was subject to Bacchus has renounced popery." To which the wily Oinophilus adds: "A thorough, true blue, hearty Protestant would conclude from this quotation that wine bestowed so much eloquence and penetration on these Northern people as to put them into that happy state to discover the truth and conquer all prejudices against it whatsoever."

In the absence of a better border line between the two types which the Nordic myth presupposes, this division between Bacchus worshipers and Venus worshipers might take us comfortably along for a little while. It might explain why there should be so much fuss about prohibition in northern countries, and why southern countries should lock up their girls as carefully as bottles are locked up in the North. I am aware of the tendency to suggest that the Nordic controls himself better than the Southerner. But, as a matter of fact, what happens is that both Nordic and Sudic control themselves whenever temptation is weaker than will; and they let go when the relation of forces is the reverse, which happens in different directions of the compass for each of the two types. Otherwise, why on earth put the bottle beyond the Nordic's grasp? The Nordic girl, on the other hand, goes about freely among the Nordic boys. "On the other hand," I said. Well — let it stay: I am told by statisticians that the number of illegitimate children in Nordic countries far exceeds that of southern lands.

IV

But then no Nordic child is wholly illegitimate, while it is always difficult to justify the birth of unruly Southerners, even when they are begotten in strictest wedlock. The crux of the matter is that "Nordicry" spells order and good government, steady political life, sound currency, cleanliness, and excellent city planning, while God knows what the Southerner is after in his narrow, ill-smelling lanes, his dictatorships and revolutions, fluctuating money, and shockingly high birth and death rates. The Nordic myth thus symbolizes the growth and victory of a certain outlook on life, which was born of the Reformation and which came to alter the previous unity of European life. It gives dramatic relief to the duel between civilization and culture which has provided Spengler with a frequently reiterated leitmotif. In one instance we have the rational-ethical-political-social conception, a framework of order within which individuals can develop, though carefully respecting the limits assigned them by the order itself; in the other, an individualistic outlook giving free scope to exceptional beings at the expense of order and continuity.

In other words, the Nordic myth gathers strength in the world when the set of values shifts from the individual to the community, when the religious outlook evolves toward the ethical, when man becomes a citizen and philosophy takes the turn which makes of it a branch of political economy. Then it is that the great cities begin to grow and with them the need of sanitary measures (hence the Nordomaniac tendency to identify civilization with sewage); and they also bring the demand for qualities of coöperation for which the cool North affords a better climate than the hot South. The respective features of the two sets of peoples have not changed, but the scale of values by which they are estimated has gradually evolved. It is then that the Spaniard, the Italian, and even the Frenchman begin to be at a discount, while the eyes of the world turn to Anglo-Saxon, German, and Scandinavian.

But may we look a little more closely into the matter? And, above all, may we discuss it with good humor and without attaching an undue amount of importance to it? We face a choice between two outlooks. We may even get rid of the troublesome factor of nationality by comparing two stages in the development of the same nation, in each of which one of the two outlooks in question predominated. The England of Elizabeth had an individualistic, æsthetic, unruly sort of outlook. The Great Britain of Gladstone had an outlook more closely akin to the "Nordic" conception — rational, collectivist, orderly. Far be it from me to suggest that Shakespeare's England is

absolutely to be preferred to Matthew Arnold's. But I do resent all attempts at asserting, or even suggesting, that Matthew Arnold's is superior to Shakespeare's. Let us now generalize. I do not say that the world should have as its sole aim the fostering of Leonardos, Michelangelos, Cervantes's, and Velasquez's. But I do say that the world should not overlook the conditions in which these elusive forms of creation prefer to appear, and that it should not be content with good government, pavements, sewage, currency, and punctual trains.

The ideal of good government is likely to be exaggerated. By dint of removing obstacles and unforeseen events from the path of its citizens, the good state may stultify the race and level it (down and up) to a uniform, estimable, and boring mediocrity. "Foods with too much honey cannot be eaten save by the addition of a little vinegar," wrote a medieval grammarian. A city or a state in which everything runs smoothly is not the best setting for those rich individualities which are, after all, the salt of life. Is it not a fact that men of genius, though often bred in poverty and even in misery, have never risen from the ranks of wealth?

The Nordic question thus rests — of course! — on the bedrock of all questions. What is the ultimate aim of man's life? What do we seek for ourselves and for our country? Do we want wealth and steady conditions for developing and keeping it? Do we wish our country to show a favorable commercial balance and to accumulate the balances thereof? Are we thinking of our collective life as a perfect machine into which individual pieces must fit and for which they must perform their work in utter perseverance — nay, monotony — and in complete self-denial? Or, on the contrary, are we convinced of the ancillary character of the community, which we see as the mere environment through which individuals must find themselves and work out their destiny? Is the position of finality occupied by the community or by the individual? Such is the dilemma which lurks behind the Nordic myth.

V

But let not logic run away with reason. We are dealing in mere tendencies. It is all a matter of more-or-less. The absolute collectivist and the absolute individualist are nowhere to be found, no more than the one hundred per cent Nordic or the past-praying-for Southerner. And this is perhaps one of the points on which I should be tempted to quarrel with the Nordomaniac. How tiresome the people who imagine that all is sedate, active, efficient, and decent in the North; all unruly, passive, indolent, and unreliable in the South! Anyone even slightly familiar with Sweden must have sensed the strong movements of passion, pride, stiff personality, original twists of this typical "Nordic" country; while no people on earth could show a quieter, cooler, more practical and constructive sense of collective life than those seen every Thursday at the door of the cathedral in Valencia, where five elderly peasants sit as a court of justice, without barristers, without books, and without a code of law.

But where the Nordic myth puts on its dyed hair (dyed red, of course), the cap and bells of folly is when it dictates schemes of immigration. For whatever the features of a race, they all depend on the soil and on the nation which has reared it. The territorial and spiritual tradition, the physical and mental food of a people are the true sources of its character. Change the land and the nation in which it grows and who knows what will become of it?

The English of England became the Americans of the United States. Reserved, aristocratic, exclusive, fond of privacy, slow, silent, distant, complicated, conservative, seafaring, monarchical — is there a single one of these English features which resisted the change? Not one. And yet, the Americans of the old stock call themselves New Englanders, with a stress on *England*, and they feel a difference between them and the other elements out of which America is being formed. But what will become of that difference when the new soil and history have fashioned a new race?

A new race which, with all respect to Congress, is not going to be Nordic at all. For when all is said and done to close up all American frontiers to the dreaded and despised Southerner, there is an immense open frontier admitting an all-powerful Latin to American citizenship — a frontier which no Senate can close. A frontier which lies open toward the blue skies. The Sun is the most unashamed Latin there is. And yet his hair is golden.

Don Juan

Or the Youth of Byron

Part IV

Pen and ink drawings by Earle Horter

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Translation by Hamish Miles

It was a troubled adolescent, divided against himself, who returned to Harrow for his last year of school. He was glad to go back. Like all shy people, he liked the monotony of an existence wherein the human beings are familiar and activities are well ordered. There nobody took the least notice of his limping leg, and his authority was increasing. The holy of holies at Harrow was an old classroom, the Fourth Form Room, its walls lined with dark oak paneling a full three centuries old. As a monitor, Byron had become one of the guardians of this sanctuary, and three times he had carved a bold vigorous BYRON in the wood, amid many illustrious names. There is always a small band of demigods who rule in an English public school, and of this sanctified band Lord Byron was now part.

But the gods themselves have their passions; and Byron was continually tormented by fierce and jealous friendships. The favored friend was now young Delawarr, "almost too beautiful for a boy"; but Clare was jealous, others likewise, and even on Mount Ida the Immortals were embroiled. Be it at Southwell or at Harrow, it was difficult to dream one's dreams in peace. Delawarr himself did not have so exalted a notion of friendship as Byron. The latter was ready to give his life, to sacrifice everything for his friends, and it amazed him to find that other people's sentiments were so weak and so lukewarm. Almost every day a poem of blame, or complaint, or scorn would hurl like a blazing thunderbolt on one of the too-well-beloved subjects of the youthful god:

> In thee I fondly hoped to clasp
> A friend whom death alone could sever;
> Till envy with malignant grasp,
> Detach'd thee from my heart for ever.

The "joyous band" who were the recipients of these letters were amazed — then smiled — and then forgot. But a graver event was threatening the happiness of Harrow and of Byron: the wise Drury was to retire at Easter. During these last few months he had not always been satisfied with his favored pupil. Byron was working better and was now third boy in the school, but his mind was the prey to a spirit of turmoil. His animal spirits were too vigorous, said the worthy Doctor. He was struck by Byron's deficiency of judgment; this lad was the most intelligent he had ever known, but he acted at times like a madman.

FAREWELL TO HARROW

Byron's last term at Harrow was wasted. He worked little, and was regarded as a brilliant but idle pupil. Nevertheless, he had learned plenty of Latin and a little Greek. On Speech Day in 1805 he made two public appearances, reciting this time in English, and was especially remarkable in *King Lear*. He had invited his sister Augusta to come and hear him: "*I beg, Madam,* you may make your appearance in one of his Lordship's most *dashing* carriages, as our Harrow *etiquette* admits of nothing but the most *superb* vehicles on our Grand Festivals." The tone was humorous, but it masked a real desire to dazzle his friends with the elegance of his sister, for it was something really fresh and delightful for him at last to find one member of his family of whom he was not ashamed. And doubtless he was satisfied that day, both with her and with himself, for he scored a great success, and saw himself as a second Garrick. He was more proud of his talents as actor and orator than of the countless verses he had written these three years back. His qualities, he afterwards said, were far more oratorical and martial than poetical; and Dr. Drury, his great patron, believed that he would become an orator. He shone most brilliantly in passages expressive of vehement passion. He also remained the great swimmer of the school, and, what was remarkable in one so lame, he played cricket well enough to take part in the Eton-Harrow match of 1805.

That was the very last episode of his schooldays. What did he bring away from Harrow? A keen zest for friendship, and a certain familiarity with the poets. Had he begun to grasp the many-sided enigma of life? No. One thing seemed unhappily all too certain — that other human beings felt far less than he did the need of sentiments unalloyed. Men or women, youths or girls, they all came prudently to terms with love, or with truth, or with God. Could he ever do likewise? He had no wish to — but what place was there in the universe for Lord Byron. After all, what could he hope for? Mary Chaworth? But she was to be married during the holidays. Women? But would not they all be something like her? His mother? A Fury. His home? A hell. The Carlisles? But did that elegant guardian really want to see him?

THE POETS' UNIVERSITY

HE WENT into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1805. For the first time in his life he found himself rich, for the Court of Chancery had allowed him an annual sum of five hundred pounds from his revenues — one of the handsomest incomes in college. He would have a horse, and a manservant, and he felt as independent "as a German Prince who coins his own cash, or a Cherokee Chief who coins no cash at all, but enjoys what is more precious, Liberty. I speak in raptures of that Goddess because my amiable Mama was so despotic. . . ." — "I shall be perfectly independent of her, and, as she has long since trampled upon and harrowed up every affectionate tie, it is my serious determination never again to visit, or be upon any friendly terms with her. This I owe to myself and to my own comfort, as well as justice to the memory of my nearest relations, who have been most shamefully libelled by this female Tisiphone." Harsh words, but Byron's childhood had been simply one prolonged "scene," in which a temperamental mother had screamed her most violent emotions from the house tops. In a sense of shame, or in subtlety, he had had no lessons.

Trinity College. A castellated gateway, flanked by twin towers, opened on an immense rectangular court surrounded by Gothic buildings. A flowered fountain in the center quickened the stillness of the background into life with its leaping jet of water. On the right of the court was the Chapel, and next to it the Master's house, covered with Virginia creeper. A vaulted corridor brought one to the second courtyard, Nevile's Court, more solemn and more somber, but nobly proportioned and with a cloister running right round it. Here were Byron's rooms, handsome apartments after his own heart, which he at once set about furnishing in a style befitting their splendor.

At the University no less than at school, it was his secret longing to become a center, a leader of men. He had the troubled ambition of the weak, tempered by a dreamy laziness. At Trinity all the undergraduates were of about the same age as himself, and there was no scope for that cherished taste of his for showing a protective tenderness toward his juniors. In the first few days he realized that, except for a few studious souls who strained their eyes in scanning Greek verses by candlelight, the correct thing was to do nothing. Those were the days when it was the fashion in England to drink deep and play high. Reading and culture, for which Byron had a sincere though haphazard taste, were worthless in the eyes of these undergraduates.

He dined in Hall at first. At the High Table, on the dais, the Fellows — and on occasion the Master — ate under the gaze of King Henry the Eighth. Byron soon looked on them with scorn. What savor did they draw from life, these pedants with neither poetry nor greatness of soul? They enjoyed feeble puns, erudite quips, college tittle-tattle, and good fat livings in the Church. After Hall, people met in each other's rooms, and there was drinking, with card-playing, far into the night.

Byron's tutor had soon realized that he had a pupil of whom he would see little, and who had resolved to do no work. Byron had bought a fine gray horse with the name of Oateater, which he rode every morning, in a white hat and a silver-gray cloak — an extravagant get-up, but it was the day of the dandies. Could he not be the Brummell of Cambridge? And then, if the weather was fine, he went off to bathe.

The writing of verses was becoming his greatest pleasure. He did not read nearly so much as he used to; nowadays he preferred to dream, to swim, and, above all else, to let himself sink benumbed into a seeming inertness, in the depths of which rhymes, rhythms, and strophes would rise into being.

MONEY TROUBLES

THIS LIFE would have been agreeable enough, and Byron, a creature of habit, would have grown used to it as to any other, if it had not been exceedingly costly. From November onward it became clear that the allowance of five hundred pounds a year, which had seemed so princely before his first attempts at independent living, was slender for an undergraduate who wanted to cut a fine figure. The end of every month brought its bill from the college kitchens, always a stiff one, because Byron entertained his friends in his own rooms instead of dining in Hall. He had left debts behind him at Harrow which had to be paid. At Cambridge he had had to furnish his rooms. He wrote to Hanson to demand an additional sum from the Court of Chancery. His relations with the lawyer had altered. He was no longer the small boy asking for help; he was the noble lord treating his agent — "that fool Hanson" — with haughty scorn. The attorney replied sternly that if Lord Byron led a simpler life his income should suffice him. Byron brutally retorted that if he were not given the wherewithal to pay his debts, he would negotiate a loan with the moneylenders. A young man who was the owner of Newstead and Rochdale, and not far from his majority, need have no difficulty in finding cash — at one hundred per cent interest. It was not long before Mrs. Byron had word of this, and she was terrified: "That boy will be the death of me, and drive me mad! — Where can he get hundreds? Has he got into the hands of moneylenders?" And, a little later: "Lord Byron has given £31.10s. to Pitt's statue. He has also bought a carriage, which he says was intended for me, which I *refused* to accept of, being in hopes it would stop his having one. . . . I much fear he has fallen into bad hands, not only in regard to money matters, but in other respects. My idea is that he has inveigled himself with some woman."

It was true that, having money in his pocket, he had not only ceased to do anything, but had even gone down from the University. He had taken up his abode at Number 16, Piccadilly, in rooms rented by Mrs. Byron for her visits to London. He kept a mistress, a girl of humble station, living at Brompton, whom he dressed in man's clothing and passed off as his brother. He took her down to Brighton on Sundays, where he had rented a small house facing the Pavilion. The strollers on the beach admired the agile grace with which this lame young man jumped into his boat. In town he spent a great part of his time with Jackson and Angelo, the Bond Street instructors in the various noble arts of self-defense.

"GENTLEMAN" JACKSON

JACKSON WAS a pugilist, Angelo a fencer, and their establishment was one of fashionable elegance. "Gentleman" Jackson, as he was called, was the champion of England, although he had only made three appearances in the ring, and was a magnificent fellow, who could sign his name with an eighty-pound weight placed on his fingers. His word was law in the sporting world. And Byron, who called him "my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism," admired his scarlet jacket, lace cuffs, breeches, and silk stockings, and treated him with deference. The violent exercise to which Jackson and Angelo submitted him made him lose flesh, and to grow slimmer was his keenest desire. Besides, where could he have gone if he had not Jackson and Angelo? He knew nobody. He heard much talk of the dandies, of George, Prince of Wales, the first gentleman of Europe and himself a great dandy, of Charles James Fox, the gay and open-handed; and he saw the women as they passed down St. James's smiling to Brummell in his regular seat in the famous window of White's. But he himself was solitary and friendless.

When he came back to Cambridge in the spring he brought his new circle with him. The young woman from Brompton was in his train; the boxer, Jackson; and the fencing-master, Angelo. He welcomed Angelo to Cambridge with full honors, invited him to dinner, sent out to St. John's for some of the capital beer for which that college was famed, and, a lord, even came to the stagecoach to offer his guest one last tankard of ale at the moment of his departure — to the amazement of the other passengers. His tutor reproached him with the company he kept. He retorted that Jackson's manners were infinitely superior to those of the Fellows of Trinity. His scorn of University life remained unaltered: "Nobody here seems to look into an Author, ancient or modern, if they can avoid it. The Muses, poor devils, are totally neglected, except by a few Musty old *Sophs* and *Fellows*, who, however agreeable they may be to Minerva, are perfect Antidotes to the *Graces*. Even I (great as is my inclination for knowledge) am carried away by the Tide, having only supped at Home twice. . . ." The life he was living was crazy. It bored his spirit and drained his pocket, but he felt in honor bound to lead no other.

FIRST LITERARY AMBITIONS

AT THE END of the summer term of 1806, Byron returned to Southwell with John Pigot after spending a few weeks on the Sussex coast and taking a short trip to Harrogate in company with his friend. This young man, the brother of Elizabeth, a medical student, was both pleasant and cultivated. During the whole trip he had been vastly amused by his companion's equipage. The doors of his chaise bore the Byron arms, with the motto — *Crede Biron;* a pair of saddle horses followed, in charge of a groom; inside the vehicle traveled Byron and Pigot, and with them Frank, the valet, and two dogs — Boatswain, a Newfoundland, and Nelson, a bulldog. When this menagerie arrived in Southwell, the poor Dowager was horrified; she wondered how such a caravan was to be provided for, but she dared not say a word for fear that her unaccountable son would be off again in high dudgeon.

Byron did not seek to deceive her as to the motives of this family reconciliation. He had spent all the moneylenders' loan, and had no funds either for traveling or for going back to Cambridge next term. The sole charm he saw in Southwell was that he could live there free of charge. Besides, with his astonishing passivity, a few days were enough to drop him into the Southwell groove; he began to follow a daily routine, and thereafter he was hardly less contented than in his rooms at Trinity. He had now a new goal in life — to become a poet. It was Elizabeth Pigot who had given him the idea. One day she had read him some verses, and he had told her, "I write some too." Then he read her his poem to Delawarr:

In thee I fondly hoped to clasp. . . .

The charming Elizabeth expressed her wholehearted admiration; and another day he was reading some verses of Burns to her, when he said, "I like that meter," and straightway on the same model composed the fragment:

Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
  Where my thoughtless childhood strayed,
How the northern tempests, warring,
  Howl above thy tufted shade!

Now no more, the hours beguiling,
  Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
  Makes ye seem a heaven to me.

Elizabeth was charmed by the poem, and touched by the recollection of this hapless love. She was a perfect friend for Byron — one of those delightful and tenderly devoted girls without a trace of coquetry, whom men in their folly do not love. She twitted him with his shyness. In his bad moments, this Cambridge dandy still found himself obliged to repeat under his breath: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. . . ." But Elizabeth's admiration gave him assurance. She offered to copy his verses and prepare a manuscript version of them for a publisher.

From now on Byron had what he liked — a routine. He spent the night working, went to bed very late, rose later still, and, when it was almost afternoon, went across the road to hand Elizabeth Pigot his work of the previous night. If other visitors arrived, the shy poet escaped through the window. He then went on to another friend, the Reverend John Becher, the young Southwell clergyman, a man of sound judgment with whom Byron had long conversations on destiny and the universe. Becher strove to convince Byron that the Providence against which he grumbled had dowered him with a rich diversity of boons — with rank, wit, a fortune (very shortly), and above all with "a mind which placed him above the rest of mankind." — "Ah! my dear friend," said Byron mournfully, placing a finger on his brow, "if *this* places me above the rest of mankind, *that*" — and he pointed to his foot — "places me far, far below them."

Reducing Exercises

In this Southwell retreat he pictured himself as an aged hermit, made misanthropic by wisdom and misfortune. He breakfasted face to face with the Dowager, but to reduce her to silence he read throughout the meal. The afternoon was given over to out-of-door pursuits. He bathed and dived in the river, borrowing objects from his friends to throw into the water for the amusement of recovering them; he startled all Southwell with pistol-shooting in the garden; and he rode on horseback — none too well, for his knowledge of horseflesh was so slight that once he expressed eagerness to buy some horses passing in the street without recognizing them as his own.

But the real aim of all these exercises was to keep slim. Violent activity and light diet were his rule. A game of cricket wearing seven vests and an overcoat, not an ounce of meat in the twenty-four hours, one single meal a day, no beer — at such a price his ribs were kept visible and his pale features took on a peculiar charm. The evenings he spent with friends, at the Pigots' or the Leacrofts'. Of young ladies Southwell had no lack, and these creatures he had by now come to know well enough to lose his fear of them. He paid his attentions to them all, sending them verses, trying to embrace them, and taking part in their private theatricals. With one girl, of very modest condition, he had an intimacy of a more sensual kind — a new Mary with golden tresses; and he was proud to show to the more reserved Julia Leacroft and Ann Houson a lock of hair she had given him. He preened himself on his inconstancy.

Day followed day, and their monotony was helpful to steady work. The mild stimulus of his flirtations provided at once an antidote to ennui and material for his poems. Byron was working well. He collected and revised his verses to Delawarr, Clare, and Dorset, his translations from Catullus and Virgil, a poem on Edleston's cornelian, his elegies on Newstead, and his love poems to various young ladies. The collection was shaping nicely. It could have been entitled: "George Gordon Byron — *Amatoria Omnia*." The author re-read his verses with charmed surprise. Was this little book going to bring him fame? Elizabeth Pigot thought so.

Byron had his volume printed by Ridge, a Newark printer, under the title of *Fugitive Pieces;* and when the first two copies were ready, he took them to Pigot and Becher. But the effect was far from being what Byron had expected and hoped. The young clergyman read his friend's verses, but so shocked was he by a poem addressed "To Mary," that he judged it impossible for Byron to issue the volume and implored him to suppress it. The blow was painful, but the response was instantaneous. Byron promised to destroy the whole edition, and fulfilled the promise that very evening. Every copy was burned, except the one which had already gone to John Pigot, then at Edinburgh University, and (rather amusingly) Becher's own copy. It is hard for a young author to have to renounce his first book. Byron was courageous in his sacrifice.

And then, without losing a day, he set to work again with the printer, suppressed "the unlucky poem to my poor Mary," and within a few weeks produced *Poems on Various Occasions*, which appeared in January, 1807. "This volume," he said, "is *vastly* correct, and miraculously chaste."

The author distributed copies to his old Cambridge friends, and to his new friends at Southwell. From Cambridge he received eulogies; in Southwell the book raised a storm. The

Leacroft family was up in arms. There was mention in one poem of a Juliet. Was not this their Julia? Another, entitled "To Lesbia," an ironic poem in Byron's pet vein of lofty scorn of love, looked also as if it might be addressed to her. At any rate, the whole of Southwell was saying so. It was intolerable. Julia's brother, Captain Leacroft, demanded an explanation from Byron. The latter consulted Mr. Becher and together they drafted a circumspect reply. But this mean trick of interpretation, this hypocritical shamefacedness, and the consequent imbroglio, finally sickened Byron with Southwell. Of the small town he had all the horror appropriate to those who have not yet known the city.

"HOURS OF IDLENESS"

HE STAYED a few months longer, to finish off a new and enlarged version of his poems, destined this time for the larger public. The title was changed, and the book was now called *Hours of Idleness*, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor. "A minor" — this was a comical touch; but he had written a preface which he thought would be sure to gain him indulgence: "These productions are the fruit of the lighter hours of a young man who has lately completed his nineteenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information. . . . To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement; I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time upon the public. . . . The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the poems of a noble relative of mine, 'That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed,' can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism than triumph in honours granted solely to a title." As soon as publication took place — in June, 1807 — he left for London to supervise in person the distribution to the booksellers.

It is agreeable, at the age of twenty, to find oneself in London on a fine June day, with a little money, a great name, and a book coming from the press. Henceforth the "*worthy* and *lamblike* Dame" was to be left solitary in her provincial midlands; the "cursed" Southwell was far away; and up there Elizabeth Pigot — "dear Queen Bess" he called her — received frank, straightforward letters: "Southwell is a damned place — I have done with it — at least in all probability; excepting yourself I esteem no one within its precincts. You were my only *rational* companion; and in plain truth, I had more respect for you than the whole bevy, with whose foibles I amused myself in compliance with their prevailing propensities. You gave yourself more trouble with me and my manuscripts than a thousand *dolls* would have done. Believe me, I have not forgotten your good nature in this *circle* of *sin*, and one day I trust I shall be able to evince my gratitude." He was sincere; for all these Julias and Marys who had allowed his caresses he had nothing but contempt; his "animal spirits" and his pride drove him into their pursuit, but deep in the inmost hidden shrine there lurked a Calvinistic little Scot clinging to his respect for virtue.

His main concern now was to know whether *Hours of Idleness* would make his name known as a poet. He was pleased enough with its success. One London bookseller, who had agreed to take a few copies into stock, had disposed of them and was asking for more. Ridge, the Newark printer, had sold fifty in a fortnight. Fifty — that was splendid! Doubtless the readers were mainly Southwell people, but for all his scorn the young author was curious to learn their opinion. "What ladies have bought?" he asked Elizabeth. "Are they liked or not in Southwell?" Regarding the judgments of those alarming and unknown creatures — the London readers — it was harder to obtain information. A few critics had taken notice of *Hours of Idleness:* "I have been praised to the skies in the *Critical Review*, and abused greatly in another publication. So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the book: it keeps up controversy, and prevents it being forgotten. Besides, the first men of all ages have had their share, nor do the humblest escape; so I bear it like a philosopher."

Nothing could be more diverting than to turn author, and already Byron was shaping plans of work for the future. He thought of collecting the old Gælic traditions of the

Scottish Highlands, and translating the ancient poems, which he could publish "under the denomination of *The Highland Harp*, or some title equally *picturesque*." He also conceived the idea of an epic poem on the subject of Bosworth Field; but that would be a work of three or four years. Pending the laurels of poetic fame, he cultivated those of the swimmer. Under Jackson's watchful eye, he swam through London, down the Thames from Lambeth for a distance of three miles.

BACK TO CAMBRIDGE

WHAT WAS HE to do with life? It could not be spent in swimming and rhyming. Toward the end of June he went up to Cambridge in order, as he thought, to bid the University farewell; and once again he saw the glorious court of Trinity, the smooth turf lawns of the Backs. So slim and ethereal had he become that neither the dons, nor his fellow undergraduates, nor the porter recognized the puffy youth they had known a year before. A strict and athletic regimen had given him the face of a young ascetic. His look was that "of a beautiful alabaster vase lit from within." Undergraduates unknown to him watched him admiringly as he wandered through the cloisters of Nevile's Court.

As Byron had deserted Cambridge for a whole year, the splendid rooms he had furnished had been given to another member of the college — Charles Skinner Matthews. Byron made his acquaintance and found him most agreeable. Matthews was a young man of wit and erudition, and a good writer both in Latin and in English. He had the reputation of being proud and rather difficult to know; but he gave Byron a pleasant welcome, and was very favorably disposed toward him. When he had been given these rooms, he had been told by his tutor: "Mr. Matthews, I recommend to your attention not to damage any of the movables, for Lord Byron, sir, is a man of tumultuous passions."

The phrase had delighted Matthews. When friends came to see him, he would advise them to be very careful in touching the door-handle "because Lord Byron, sir, is a man of tumultuous passions." He greeted his "landlord" by mentioning his "tumultuous passions" in an amusingly sardonic tone.

In Matthews' rooms Byron met a few other undergraduates of the same intellectual type, and glimpsed the possibility of living at Cambridge in a circle much more congenial than that of his freshman year. His tastes inclined him to intellectualism, his pride to dissipation. But in these new acquaintances he found a titillating blend of high living and high thinking which allowed one to be intelligent without repining. How was it that he had not known them sooner? It was easy enough to understand. During his first year at Cambridge they had looked down upon him. For what was he at that time? An overstout youth, shy and arrogant, without any merits to excuse his loftiness. He had been left severely alone. But now he was the author of a volume of verse, which Cambridge had read because it dealt in part with the University, and he was looked upon in quite a different light. He realized this, was pleased, and decided to come up again in October for another year.

THE FOUR MUSKETEERS

NEXT TERM he took back his rooms and thenceforth was part of a faithful band of friends. First of all there was Matthews, whom Byron greatly admired. Out of his hours of study, Matthews had a pretty taste for frivolity. He took Byron with him on nocturnal expeditions through Cambridge, shouting under the tradesmen's windows. He was a scholar, but fond of fencing and boxing and swimming — though Byron, the expert, criticized Matthews for his laborious style of swimming with his body too high out of the water. Matthews, on his side, was a vigorous and penetrating critic of Byron's ideas, and completed the destruction of the lingering relics of his Aberdonianism. Matthews believed in nothing, and laughed at God and Devil alike. A course of reading in Voltaire had already robbed Byron of the faith of his childhood, and Matthews' forthright opinions confirmed him in his skepticism.

His other intimate friend of that last year at Cambridge was very different. John Cam Hobhouse, the son of an important merchant in Bristol, was of Nonconformist stock and advanced Whig ideas; like Matthews, he was a scholar and a great lover of the classics. He was busy with an essay upon the origin and aim of sacrifices — "your Essay upon Entrails," Byron called it — and was a ready participant in the amusements of the group, but with a touch of cautious reserve not to be found in Matthews. He rode to hounds while the others went swimming — a fact which indicated certain distances between them. The cast of Matthews' temper was not exactly to Hobhouse's taste: the latter was an unbeliever, but in a very serious vein. During Byron's first year of residence, Hobhouse had looked askance at this limping lordling who sat his horse so badly and made himself foolishly conspicuous with his white hat and light gray clothes; but Hobhouse had a taste for poetry, and recognized the signs of a budding talent in *Hours of Idleness*. For Byron's feminine capriciousness he now felt merely a masculine and tender indulgence. In the little group of Byron's friends, Hobhouse was the personification of Common Sense; Matthews, of Fantasy.

The last of the four musketeers who held sway at Trinity in 1808 was Scrope Berdmore Davies. In bearing and dress he recalled George Brummell, the Beau. He was calm and reserved, but overflowing with wit, speaking in a dry, caustic tone that only heightened the charm of an irresistible stammer. In aquatic sports Davies was Byron's chief rival. He spent most of his time at the gaming table, and won largely, being a steady, calculating player. Byron had no instinctive taste for gambling, but took to it to please Davies; and he drew Hobhouse's sermons on his head in consequence. But Hobhouse was in a minority in the set, and life at Trinity that year moved pretty fast. Byron had introduced a new friend, in the shape of a tame bear. When the college authorities asked what he wanted it for, he told them, "to sit for a fellowship" — a reply which was not greatly relished. And there arrived from London a stream of jockeys, prize fighters, gamesters, and women — all to sup with "my lord Byron."

Yet the worthy Hobhouse retained his affectionate esteem for him — and, indeed, there was nothing really mean in this adolescent bereft of a proper upbringing. Out of his quarterly allowance of one hundred and twenty-five pounds he always earmarked five for old Murray, his Newstead retainer. He was a good giver and never had a penny-piece of his own. He went on borrowing, and the total of his debts was soaring dizzily. "I may, if possible," he wrote to Hanson, "convert my Title into cash, though I am afraid twenty pounds will be too much to ask as Times go, if I were an Earl . . . but a Barony must fetch ten, perhaps fifteen, and that is something when we have not as many pence."

In January of 1809, he owed over three thousand pounds to the Jews, eight hundred to Mrs. Byron, and a thousand to various women; and by March he was writing: "*Entre nous*, I am cursedly dipped; my debts, *every* thing inclusive, will be nine or ten thousand before I am twenty-one."

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM

He mingled hard work with fast living. The edition of *Hours of Idleness* was exhausted, and he was preparing another; but he made the poet a slave to the whims and humors of the man, suppressing or adding texts in accordance with the ups and downs of his loves and hates. For some time he had known by hearsay that a violently hostile article was being prepared against him by the *Edinburgh Review*, the great Scottish Whig organ; passages had been read from it at Lady Holland's. Nothing could have been more painful to Byron; but he awaited the onslaught with good spirits. The number did not appear until the end of February, 1808. Byron opened it feverishly and read:

"The poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. . . . His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title-page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. . . . He possibly means to say, 'See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!' But, alas, we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve, and so far from hearing with any degree of surprise that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences: that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

"Whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus; he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets; and 'though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland,' he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and whether it succeeds or not, 'it is highly improbable, from his situations and pursuits hereafter,' that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this Lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but 'has the sway' of Newstead Abbey."

FLOORED

It was an abominable article. The insistent way in which the young man's rank was flung in his face was simply an inverted snobbery, more stupid than the ordinary kind. Its tone lacked dignity and proportion. Byron was bowled over when he read it; a visitor who happened to come in when he had just finished it found him in such a state of collapse that he asked Byron whether he had just been challenged to a duel. He dined that evening with Scrope Davies and drank three bottles of claret in an attempt to drown his wrath; but nothing relieved him until he began to express his indignation in verse. After the first twenty lines he felt better.

Who was the author of this grotesque attack? For a long time Byron believed it to be Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh;* but it was actually Henry Brougham, a man with a wide range of malice. He criticized a physicist no less unfairly than a poet, and his article on Thomas Young's wave theory of light was a fair match in harshness and incompetence for his essay on *Hours of Idleness*.

Byron's first reaction had been to complete and publish at the earliest possible moment a satire against his enemies; but happily he realized that he would do better to wait, and that the best retort would be to compose a poem of real excellence. "I regret that Mrs. Byron is so much annoyed. For my own part, these 'paper bullets of the brain' have only taught me to stand fire." They had also gained a new friend for him in Francis Hodgson, a young don at King's College.

On July 4, 1808, Byron received the degree of Master of Arts, and left Cambridge. That last year had wrought a great change in him. Harrow had been the period of sentimental, almost amorous, attachments; Cambridge had opened his eyes to intellectual friendships. In that dry, bracing air of skeptical cynicism he breathed freely. With Hobhouse, Davies, and Matthews he could show himself light-hearted in love and at long last free. But with such a boyhood behind him, can a man ever be free?

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

What I Believe

Continued from page 281

you knew — dissolved. You stand — astounded — but without answer. No word of truth in regard to it all from either science or religion — but with science arguing eternal dissolution and religion barefacedly lying as to the what and how of the future. But no absolute truth. And struggle and contest and fear stirred in with a little pleasure for those who remain.

A dour credo?

It is all I have to offer. All I have ever intelligently accepted.

III

LET US NOW approach the chemical and physical combinations and processes which make the individuals and parts of this scintillant scene. And what a mystery! For here we have — what? Bricks, stone, glass, wood, plaster, paints, and what you will of the surrounding buildings. But representing what? In the last analysis, electrons, protons, quantums of energy in some amazing and constantly shifting arrangement of atoms and molecules which makes it possible for man, responding as he must to his instincts, pleasures, or necessities, to arrange them in this fashion.

And yet, when you go further and ask: "What is Man?" — behold, you are informed that he also is a diversified arrangement of molecules or atoms or electrons, protons, quantums (I am using the current scientific lingo for these amazing mysteries) — but in him masquerading as blood, gray matter, liver, kidneys, muscles, viscera, bones, hair, cartilage, and all their attendant powers, emotions, duties, etc., yet each constructed of the primordial cell, in numbers; which cells in turn are composed, in the last analysis, of molecules, atoms, electrons, protons, and finally (the last word of to-day) quantums. But all finally and inexorably, as the physicists see it, electrical — so that someone has already said that God is electricity. In other words, and to go back to the sentient Greeks, He is Jove with his bolts!

But then, what is electricity? Atoms. And what are atoms? Electricity. Wonderful!

But then, as I say, here I am, still looking at the passing crowds at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-seventh Street, and now asking why should electricity, or primordial energy, or what you will, wish to form itself, via electrons, protons, quantums, into atoms, molecules, and eventually cells — in other words, into such a troublesome and mysterious, if varied and æsthetic, scene as this? And why again, composed though we may be of this, that, and the other proton, electron, etc., etc., why should we not in some way be able to sense why we are as we are — assembled as we are of the same ultimate atoms and doing as we do? Why? Good God — surely in the face of all this sense of aliveness and motion and this and that, there should be some intimation of *Why*. But no — none.

And, furthermore, there is no intimation as to why these several electrons, protons, atoms, etc. should wish, assuming they could do so, to combine and recombine — via the long and voluntary or involuntary process of evolution — into wood and stone, heat and cold, snow, water, air, blood, bones, hair, teeth, viscera, etc., in order and at last, say, to make an individual who has to hurry to an office in a shabby suit to earn a meager wage; or a multimillionaire who thinks that the combining of one hundred and twenty-one minor banks into one large one is a great and even wonderful achievement. At best, whatever man does is something that can only prolong the struggles and worries and for the most part futile dreams of those with whom he finds himself companioned here in this atomic or cellular welter, and which in the last analysis may be just nothing at all — a phantasmagoric or cinematic shadow play. Signifying what? A momentary belief in being? Or happiness? Oh Jehovah! Osiris! Jesus! Jove!

This — nothing less and nothing more — is the significance of the scene at Broadway and Fifty-seventh Street. And as for myself on this bright, sunny morning, I find it pleasant and good, myself a living, if not exactly worthy, part of it.

IV

BUT NOW let us shift the scene to the Congo, where, likewise, is a panorama composed of electrons, protons, quantums, or let us say, atoms and cells. And all busy with the work or pleasure, as you will, and whether willing or not, of constructing an amazing succession of species or growths — such as the deadly snake, the killing fly and spider, the savage tiger and lion; in short, such a world of predatory beasts and flowers and trees and vines, poisonous or the reverse, as should be sufficient to lay forever the notion of a kindly directive force or intelligence in the universe. And yet each bent upon the apparently difficult and nearly always miserable labor of sustaining it or himself at the expense of every other. And for how brief a period! At best, from half a minute to a few years. And with seemingly no more knowledge of *Why* than we ourselves — unless sex, the chase, hunger, and the satiation of hunger be *Why*. In short, a kind of electronic or molecular hell, yet atomically no different from that which prevails — or at least produces the scene — at Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway, say, or the body of the Pope, or that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or Mahatma Gandhi, who is assumed to irradiate only the kindliest and most helpful of thoughts toward all.

And yet — so springs the thought in me at the moment — perhaps, in order to obtain so colorful a scene as this, it is quite necessary to have this angry show of contest and death. Perhaps there can be no true color or zest this side of it. Very well; but why, then, religion or a fixed moral code? Why not rather the Darwinian survival of the fittest, or a man-made series of rules governing the game here and not elsewhere?

As for myself, I see life — for most, at least — as a very grim and dangerous contest, relieved at best and but for a very little while by a sense or by an illusion of pleasure, which is the bait and the lure for all to all in this internecine contest.

Still, as I so often ask myself, can this be what the universe is for? Not really! For here are immense suns, hot or cold or dead, shouldering each other in space; minute planets spinning like moths humbly and meaninglessly — if this is all the meaning there is. And upon this particular and most minute of planets — ours no less, and the same quite invisible in space, I am told — robbery, oppression, false witness, cruelty, vanity, gluttony, sodomy, and what not else, and all seemingly fortified and entrenched — the weak or deficient, as in the jungle, preyed upon by the strong; the strong fortified by the weakness of the weak and their own strength, and motivated by what lunatic and ever-elusive dreams of happiness. In short, each seeking to establish his dreams for himself — and by whatever methods he may — and then rejoicing in the still more lunatic fanfare which his success in downright villainies at times seems to evoke in those who would be like him, the weaklings and dubs beneath him in position and power! Only meditate on the phrase: "God save the King!" — and then consider the departed kings of the world! Lust of flesh, food, show, applause — these seem to be the chief items with which the world I see is concerned. If I am wrong, let me be properly and appropriately flayed therefor!

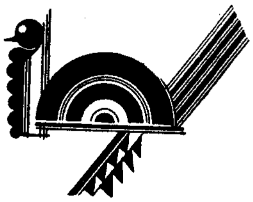
V

I AM NOT unaware that there are opposing points of merit that are not to be gainsaid. These merits I have many times and in many ways stated or sung. Rain-dark violets under rain-soaked leaves. Crimson fungus growths under drooping birch twigs. A brown path over a green hill down which streams a westering sun. A girl, arms akimbo, gazing at the sky at dawn. A sea a-shimmer in the sun. A beautiful gray rain amid the drooping leaves of the year. A seamed and weary face bent low in sorrow. A light-keeled boat upon an enchanted sea.

I am flooded with happiness — divine, demoniac dreams. I am seized with the very sting and tang of energy and desire, however fateful. So motivated, I can indeed front a universe that knows nothing of kindness, pity, wisdom. With the æsthetic principle here indicated at work among the threads and skeins and shuttles which make this amazing pattern we call Life, I can rest content, though I beg or suffer seemingly meaninglessly at the hands of it.

Moreover, there is the interest that attaches to struggle and defeat as well as to success and dominance among the creations of these atoms and cells — an interest that ranges from wonder at the struttings and show of ignorant power and force to the pathetic complaints and defeats of the incompetent; an interest that swings from applause and acclaim — or the enjoyment of it — to the hatred and vengeance that follow defeat. Indeed, the dominant human mind thus far developed, as I see it at least, is at best a petty piece of machinery, in the main registering states or customs of the silliest possible nature. What does my neighbor do? What is he called? How is he paid, acclaimed? Where is he? How does he feel I should act? Is he more or less successful than I am? Am I better-looking than he, or less? Has he more acclaim, or have I? And the more average the intelligence of the organized atoms, the more prevalent these conventional inquiries and thoughts and dreams. But these are deathless, indestructible atoms, please note, that produce these things or effects — eternal energy in eternal action or change. And this is the result here!

But why, as I now repeat, should eternal energy as presented by atoms and cells concern itself with the humdrum and nonsense that we see here on this planet? Is this all it has to do? Is it by any chance the best it can do? God!! Actually, as I see it, society or the constructive efforts of these atoms and molecules and cells comes to little more, on this planet at least, than a scheme or method of procedure whereby each form or species or tribe or race of things can, by contributing something — if no less or more than the bodies or lives of a portion of the totality of each — obtain permission to satisfy each itself in turn by feeding on the bodies or efforts of other organized forms that would like to live and flourish on this earth! And if that is true, what a coarse, grim, and even futile procedure, since so small a percentage of true delight is really achieved! And if not that, just what else, exactly, does the grand process of generation and struggle mean?



VI

AND YET, in the face of all this, I would not like to write myself down as a total pessimist. Having observed the process here over a period of years, I find that it has, in the main, the quality of interest — taken all in all, a fairly good show, albeit so filled with anachronisms and illusions and lunacies of one type and another as to make it discreditable either as reason or order. Rather, the best I can say is that I have not the faintest notion of what it is all about, unless it is for self-satisfaction in many and varied ways — all more or less achieved by cruelty or greed, as for instance, life living on life; man growing things in order to consume them; men or creatures preying upon the efforts of others in order to feed and maintain themselves with little effort. Think, for one thing, of the butcher shops at every corner. You do not *see* the abattoirs scattered throughout the world, but hourly they serve you, by murder, even though you dress in silks, sniff bouquets, and perfume your hands!

Of course, the anomalous thing in connection with such a viewpoint as this is that (at least in so brief a paper as this) it begs the question of æsthetics in nature as well as the presence of emotions, which, whether selfish or unselfish, religious, sexual, or purely æsthetic, cast over the innate savagery of life a gossamer veil of beauty which softens or blurs the essential blindness or indifference or one might almost guess (at times, at least) devised cruelty of it all. For here are, to begin with, the æsthetic forms of things, and on every hand. Architecture, flowers, mountains, the seas, rippling streams, silvery lakes, the depths and silences of forests, bird song, love, the beauty of every living and seemingly quiescent or dead form. Snows that are compounded of lacelike and inspiring designs; rains that are like drops of silver or thin, bright chains of steel. The beauty of a butterfly's wings; a snake's or lizard's skin; the flashing hues of birds or insects; the striding and contemptuous dignity of lions or tigers, at once proud and cruel in their power.

It snows, and the receded saps of life in tree and animal, flower and insect, leave only somber and yet moving and even colorful lines that somehow stir the heart with thoughts not only of a change that will not permit permanence, but a somberness which the inmost molecules of our being appear to respond to as charm. Comes spring — mere mechanical and physical rotation of the earth in sunlight — and ash saplings clash their twigs in rippling, flickering winds; a robin's song is heard; dog-mercury and arbutus bud under the dead leaves of an earlier year. A bit more of mere physical rotation, and yellow, full-grained wheat slumbers under a July sun; gold flies whirl and dance for an hour; songs out of bird throats thrill the fields — wood dove, thrush, lark — and cause the heart to faint or bleed the while we marvel at the seeming insensibility and cruelty out of which these same can and do take their rise.

Opposed to this consoling coat of beauty is the phenomenon of religion, which hourly — aye, from century to century — voices the plaint of man that all is not well here and that only elsewhere can there be satisfaction or compensation, in part at least, for the ills endured here. The fanfare in regard to it all! The temples, towers, prayers, and the profound stupidity that accompanies it! And not only that, but the fear and awe which throughout the ages have induced billions of creatures, compounded of these same universal atoms about which we are talking, to believe almost anything in regard to themselves or the order and rulership of the universe, and to subscribe humbly or stubbornly to anything which any charlatan or misinformed or misinterpreting philosopher or ascetic or dreamer might evolve out of his own fears or ignorance, and then choose to set forth as the truth, telling how this mysterious thing we call Life is arranged or come by. And yet, why should not at least some of these indestructible atoms or electrons in combination, and of which we are composed, know something of the order or meaning of the structures they erect, and so, via emotions communicated to the brain, say, suggest something of the meaning of life to us? Why not? And yet atoms or no atoms — silence, no less; no least intimation of their own significance or what they know — if anything — from them.

As for myself, I continue to be astounded by this fact: that here in all of these creatures who are so ignorantly worshipful, or those who like myself are not, are all of these same atoms or electrons and protons, and with them — if I can believe some biologists — their derivatives, the molecule and the protoplasmic cell, and all erecting, either intelligently or unintelligently, this thing called Man, or in a broader sense, all flora and fauna. And these underlying units a part (albeit a compound or construction or device) of this same sentient or mechanistic but universal energy which is everywhere — and which, if sentient, should know better, or be more kind, say, than to erect ignorant, pathetic, and groveling creatures who really know nothing of anything. And then afterward leave them here to develop all sorts of erratic nonsense in regard to what they are and where they came from; and, those failing, as they do and have, then to turn to all sorts of amazing and yet decidedly pathetic laboratories wherein this compound man proceeds to search or peek and perk, in order to learn, if possible, some minute nothing concerning his *howness* and almost next to nothing as to his *whyness*.

VII

WHAT a condemnation, this, of that seeming sentience below or above Man, this creative if blind energy that so condemns Man to this — this complete ignorance which he may not escape! The almost devilish indifference to the fate or state of creatures so erected, if not by its knowledge and will, at least out of its indestructible energy! I once accented and declaimed a "Mood" in regard to this — and here it is:

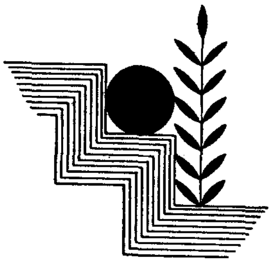
Suns and flowers, and rats, and kings.
Armies and electrons.
Saints and microbes.
The bacillus of cholera.
The prayers and dreams of St. Francis.
A Shelley singing.
A Landru murdering his twenty wives.
Buddha
And
The Marquis de Sade.
A hundred
Thousand
Million
Murderers in their cells
Or abroad
And
A million martyrs and saints
Singing and praying.
Nero, Mæcenas, Can Grande,
And this rheumy-eyed beggar at my door
Begging for a dime.
And Orion
And
This rushlike flame
By which I write
And space
And this little ball
On which we spin.

Yet I ask and ask, and ask.
I pray — by God —
On my knees.
I lift up my hands to know.
Yet you do not answer.
Or
You will not;
Or
You cannot.
Yet now,
Now,
I implore you.
I call upon you aloud —
Speak, speak!

Are you jesting?
Feigning?
Dreaming?
Raging?
Are you helpless
Like myself?
Do you know?
Plan?
Thrill?
Aspire?
Do you turn and toss?
Dream and wonder?
Do you hate?
Love?
Envy?
Rejoice?
Sigh?
Die, eventually?
Like myself?
Do you?

O you substance of suns, and flowers, rats and kings.

And if we are not so created, but are the result of chance, then what a condemnation of religion in general as an expression of a terrorized state on the part of energy that does not know what it is yet finds itself erected into creatures that without the slightest knowledge of their past, future, or fate in any form, must still struggle (and how bitterly at times) for the continuance of that which they find ill, perhaps, but hesitate to flee from for fear of encountering something worse — or nothingness! And yet, from this point of view, religion proves itself not wholly an evil nor yet an unmixed good, but only an illusion of the rankest character, yet which for the many at least has served as a nervous or emotional escape from a condition much too severe to be endured. In that sense, of course, the illusion has proved to be a medicament of value, however meaningless without the deadly and sensorially unendurable reality out of which it grew. On the other hand, what is to be said of a reality (these same underlying atoms, electrons, protons, cells, etc., either intelligent or unintelligent, and so mechanistic) that must fall back on illusion in order to endure themselves, or the things into which they have made themselves — men, animals, vegetables? Exactly what? Could universal ignorance do worse? Or evil less?



VIII

BUT NOW as to our so-called intelligence here on earth. Man, differentiated, as he assumes, from all other lower or lesser flora and fauna, asserts (the majority of *homo sapiens*, at least) a higher and selective intelligence which in its uppermost reaches is not to be differentiated from free will. He knows good from evil and is free to choose between them! The mechanist, of course, denies this. And to me also this has ever seemed the most unfounded and unintelligent of all assertions. For, as I personally have observed life, man responds quite mechanically, and only so, to all such stimuli as he is prepared, or rather constructed, to receive — and no more and no less. And by the same token, the range of his intelligence is limited by his five meager senses and the appetites or chemical calls they are compelled to register and later serve, or he suffers and eventually ceases as an organism. Not only that, but this constitutes the sum and substance of his free will and intelligence — responding to these various stimuli which are neither more nor less than the call bells of chemical, or perhaps better yet, electrophysical states which require certain other electrophysical or chemical atoms to keep them in the forms in which they chance to be.

And as one descends lower and lower the electrochemical or physical stair that leads to the cell and the atom, this same obvious and apparently unchanged sensitivity to stimuli — but nothing more — continues and gives the same seeming appearance of either intelligence or mechanical law, as you will, but that which in ordinary human response or exchange we think of as intelligence. Call any number of chemical or physical or biological masters together and ask. Their unanimous report will be that the sensory responses and reactions which masquerade as intelligence or free will in man never cease in protoplasmic matter of however low a state. Only, as they say, they may, and in most instances do, become less and less complicated, the necessary reactions to stimuli fewer and fewer. But complexity for complexity, the quality or degree of intelligence, or intricate mechanical response, as you will, which they insist is no more than the mechanics of physics and chemistry, remains the same.

As for myself, I really view myself as an atom in a greater machine, just as is the cell in the greater body of which it finds itself a part. But as for myself being a free and independent mechanism with a separate "spirit" of its own? — Nonsense! Science knows nothing of a soul or spirit. And I personally have never been able to find any trace of one, in me or any other. When I am dead, as I see it, I shall be dissolved into my lesser constituents; I shall then be, if anything, a part of universal force, but merged and gone forever. More, I cannot even think of a desirable continuance for myself as I am here, and therefore ask for none.

Enough that my meager electrochemical and physical content as it shows here must remain an indestructible trace maybe of the all in all — to be a part (however minute — scarcely a trace, say — but possibly that) of all light, heat, energy, planets, suns, flowers, rats, kings. To what extent I shall function, if at all, it will be with all that is; and with the poet (Thomas Hood, I believe) can truly say: "If my barque sink, 'tis to another sea."

IX

THE ONLY additional point I would like to make or perhaps reemphasize — for I have probably made it before — is that in spite of all this mechanistic response which disposes of the soul or entity, and in spite of obvious cruelty, brutality, envy, hatred, murder, deceit, and what not else, I still rise to testify to the æsthetic perfection of this thing that I see here and which we call Life. For look you! Here is this great, this enormous force, which as we plainly see, can and does evolve suns, planets, immensities of all kinds and descriptions, to say nothing of such animalcula as rats, bedbugs, flies, and lice. Still, at the same time it can and does achieve an æsthetic whole — beauty no less — and via the same elements that are in lice and bedbugs as well as in the most distant suns or sidereal systems — in fire and flowers, in Shelley and Christ. You and I may argue that rats and flies and bedbugs are not æsthetic and join no æsthetic whole, but examine more closely with lens and the concentrated interest of the mind and its response to organization and effort, and then judge.

Let us, indeed, witness a contest between animals or slum dwellers, a murder, a rancid pond or neighborhood, the seamed and hoary face of age, want, decay, the rocking and shouldering elephant, the awkward baboon, the pelican or kangaroo, as opposed to the swan, egret, heron, or bird of paradise. Is beauty wanting? To the eye and the mind, is the æsthetic sense lacking therein, not as fully satiated with the wonder of anachronism as well as with that of synchronism? I rise to inquire.

But let me close, and in doing so offer a briefer credo which I once prepared at the request of another editor. Here it is:

> I cannot make any comment on my work or my life that holds either interest or import for me. Nor can I imagine any explanation or interpretation of any life, my own included, that would be either true, or important, if true.
>
> Life is to me too much of a welter and play of inscrutable forces to permit of any significant comment. One may paint for one's own entertainment, and that of others perhaps.
>
> As I see him, the unutterably infinitesimal individual weaves among the mysteries a floss-like and wholly meaningless course — if course it be. In short, I catch no meaning from all I have seen, and pass quite as I came, confused and dismayed.

In order to offset the almost harsh and fatal finality of that, let me add two things out of my personal volume, *Moods*, which, to me at least, seem sufficiently expressive to qualify the above. The first I have entitled "For Answer," and reads:

The dark,
The rain,
The wind,
And these too cold regrets
That now,
Without,
Within
My soul
Clatter and mourn and squeal
Against my life —
Its follies,
Its defeats.

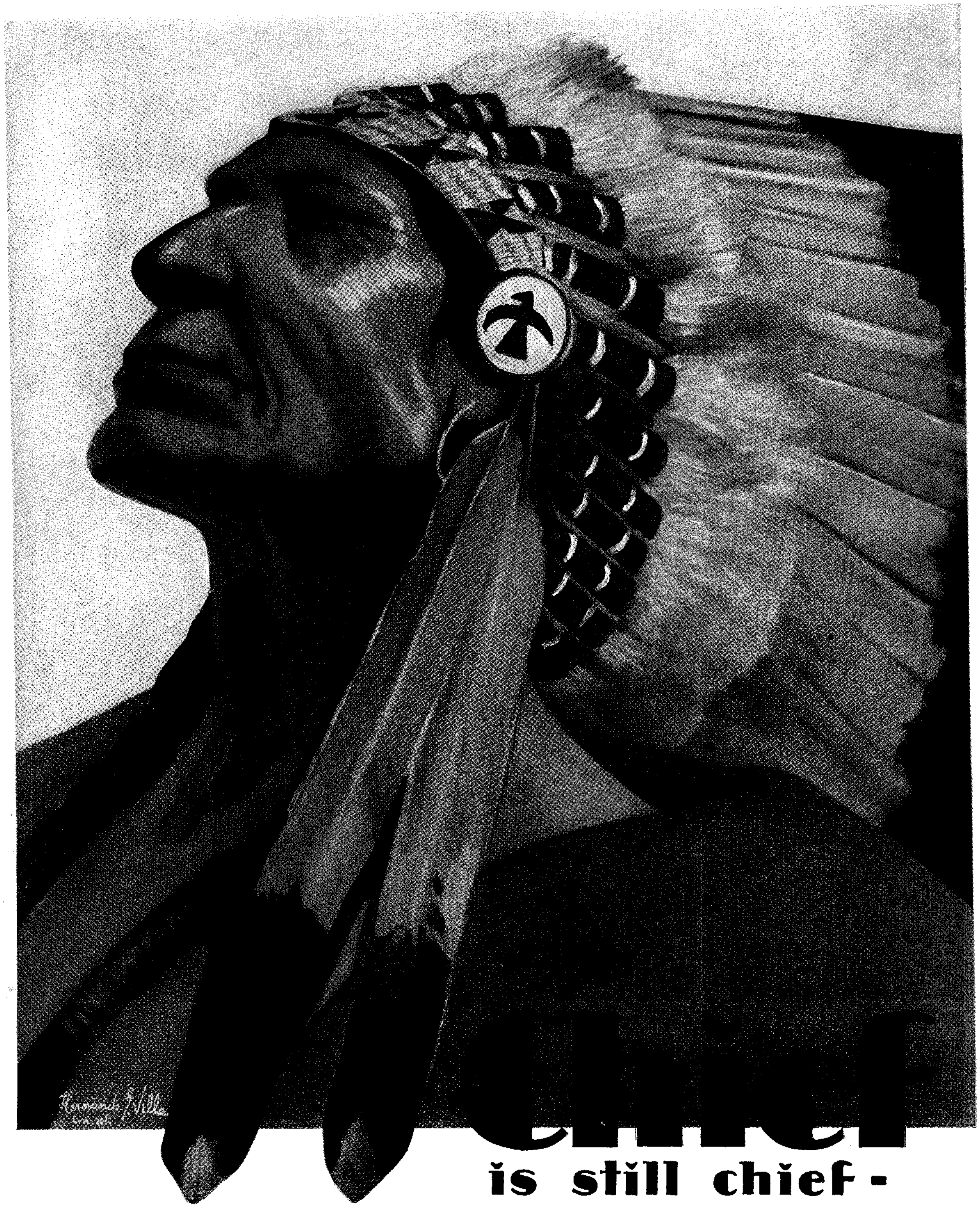
And yet,
This misery ended,
Rain no more,
Nor sun,
Nor mood,
Nor hope,
Nor pain,
Nor life —
Where then shall I —
Where then shall I —
Again
To make my heart to know its beat,
My soul itself,
My life its lust —
Where then shall I,
Where then shall I
Find rain
Or wind
Or dark
Or moods
Or vain regrets
To whip
And mourn
And squeal
And make me live?

And now the second, "Related," which reads:

This exquisite moment
Of pulsating relationship
Here —
Now —
To bird,
Rock,
Flower,
Tree,
Beast,
Rain,
Calm,
Sound,
Heat,
Cold —
This companionship
Here and now
With wind
And sun
And sea,
Gases,
Forces —
This integrality
In variety
And perfect balance,
Sentience of union with all
From moment to moment,
Hour to hour,
Generation to generation;
This changing
Yet not changing beauty,
Drama.
This responding,
You —
I —
All static or moving
Things,
In joy,
In pain,
In elations,
Despairs;
Each and all,
As in a song,
As in a dirge,
As in a great cry of elation,
As in a great sob of misery
Or sigh of indifference,
Or contest;
You,
I,
All things —
To what future?
In what forever?

My apologies for this I fear not too articulate or illuminating summation of my lack of beliefs and faith; but none the less, my compliments and regards.

Next month, the fourth paper in this series of living philosophies, by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen



is still chief -

fastest and only extra fare train to Southern California

No extra fare on the Santa Fe's six other daily California trains

Fred Harvey dining service is a distinctive feature of this distinctive railway.

The Indian-detour — Grand Canyon Line

Extra fast
Extra fine
Extra fare

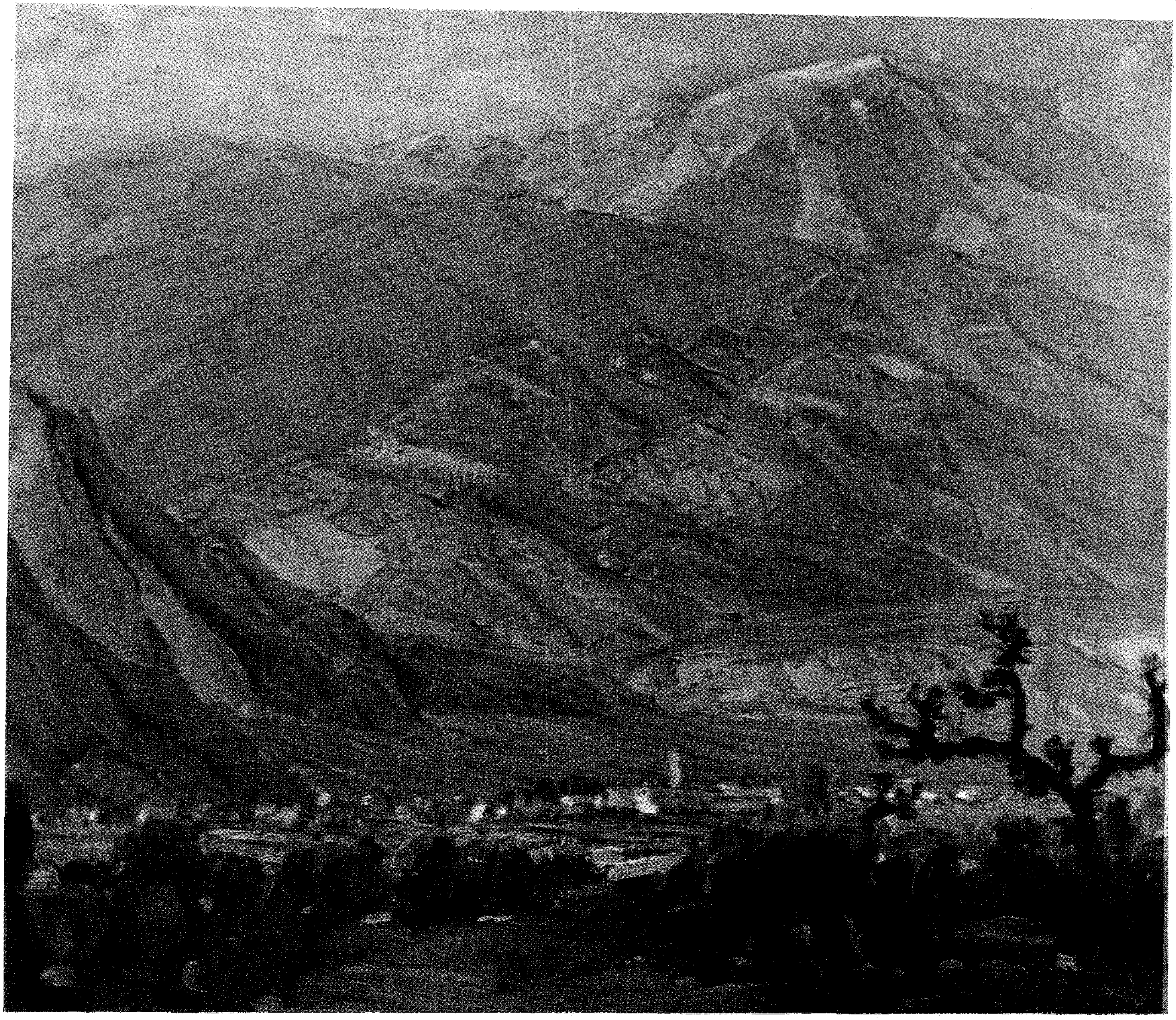
mail this coupon

W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr. Santa Fe System, 1240 Railway Exchange, Chicago Ill.

Am interested in winter trip to__________________ Please send detailed information and descriptive folders.

Name____________________________ Address____________________________

Colorful . . . FALL AND WINTER IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Colorful Palm Springs, Painted by Hanson Puthuff

© A-Y.C. 1929

MORNING in the desert! The sun rising edgewise over snow capped mountains . . . rimming the horizon . . . is the very same sun which greets you at home, yet not the same. There is an effulgent glow, a bejeweled nimbus about this great orb which you see at its best through the clear dry air of the desert country.

Noon in the desert is warm and summer-like. Grotesque shadows of the palm trees make silhouettes in black and white on the expanse of sand and sunlight. The air is crystal clear. Mountains fifty miles distant seem but a short hike away . . . over the sand and sage.

Sunset in the desert! Words are but feeble things . . . to tell of the aura of color . . . of the chromatic fantasy of tone . . . of the great blotched shadows of lilac, blue and green . . . painting the mountain sides . . . extending through canyons . . . and far out over the desert plain.

Night in the desert. In the cool of the evening . . . you sit on the edge of a lagoon and watch the biggest of moons come streaming up from the ink-black depths of a mountain range. All your familiar and favorite stars are there . . . high up in the lofty ceilinged sky . . . but in between them are so many more that your astonished eyes see no clear ether . . . the whole great, illuminated firmament is packed . . . and packed tight with stars. But what can you do in this marvelous desert country? Is it all sunset and scenery? How can one have a good time?

You may ride the hills; you may follow the winding trails across the mesa; you may explore the bridal paths of the canyons; you may golf . . . play tennis. Fine pools invite you to a morning plunge.

At five o'clock you may have conversation to the rattle of tea cups, and at night you may dance the hours away while the desert moon peeps through the curtain and tells of the marvels of the night without.

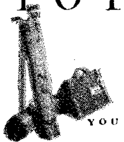
For the desert has been tamed. Here in a Southern California desert oasis surrounded by vast stretches of sandy waste you will find everything that civilization can offer. Fine hotels . . . sports . . . and the kind of people you like to meet and know.

Southern California has wonderful diversions to offer for your pleasure. Even her industry will thrill you. The vast oil fields of Los Angeles County make a memorable picture. The County's agricultural resources approximate $95,000,000 yearly.

Come early this winter. Come to her mountains . . . her deserts . . . her coasts. Come early . . . bring the youngsters, there are fine schools here.

Mail the coupon for a de luxe book "Southern California through the Camera." 71 large photographs show many of the places you will wish to see.

Southern California



"A TRIP ABROAD IN YOUR OWN AMERICA"

All-Year Club of Southern California, Sec. C-11
1151 South Broadway, Los Angeles, California

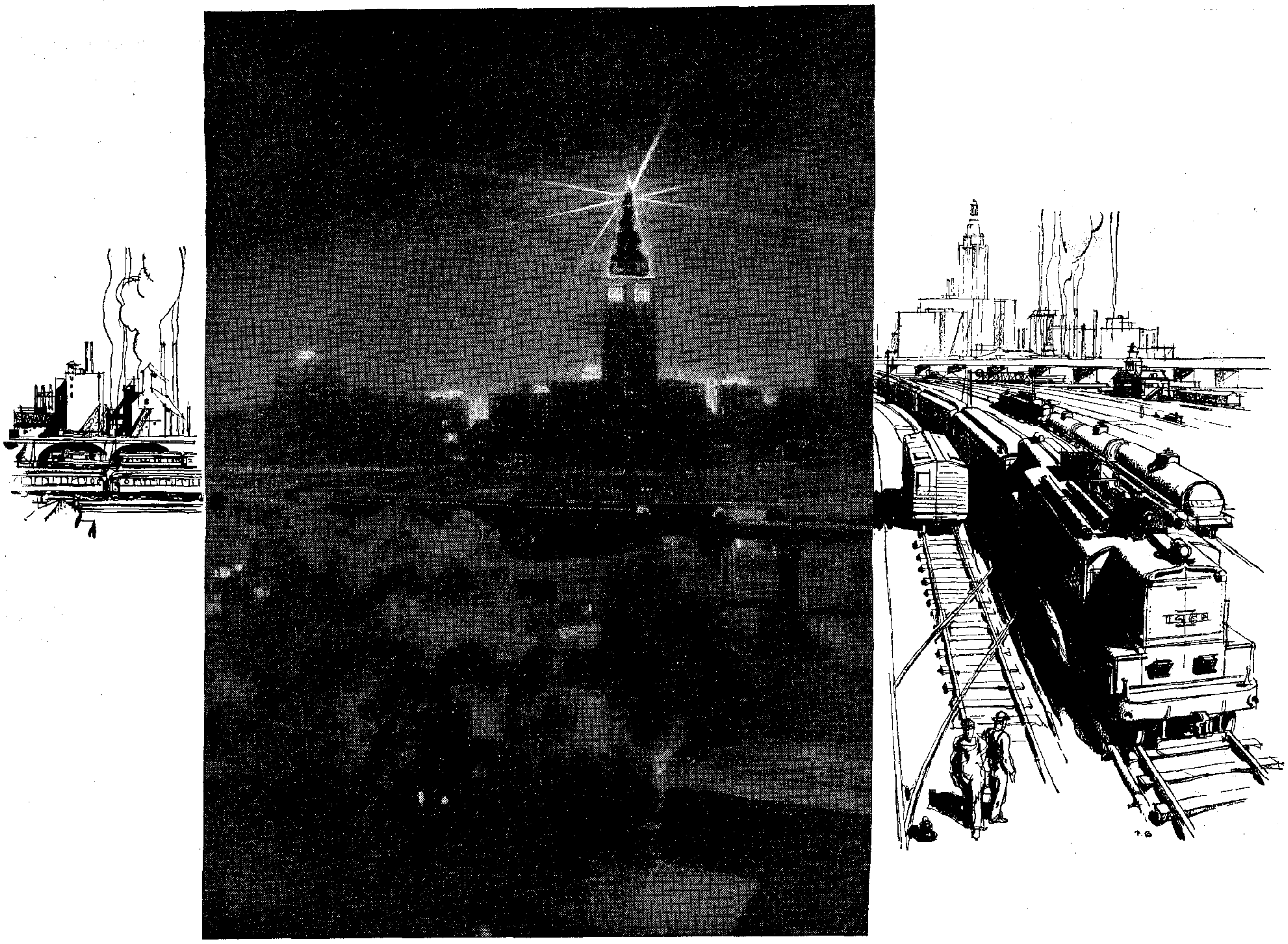
Please send me your free book "Southern California through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles
☐ Los Angeles Sports
☐ San Bernardino
☐ Orange
☐ Santa Barbara
☐ San Diego
☐ Riverside
☐ Ventura

Name______________________________
(PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME)

Street______________________________

City__________________State__________



Cleveland's New Railway Terminal Is G-E Equipped

THIS great $60,000,000 station marks the latest advance in the electrification of union passenger terminals in America. It will be opened early in 1930.

Seven railway lines, all heavy passenger carriers, converge at Cleveland. Only an electrified terminal could carry the daily thousands of travelers to and from the heart of the city—with the necessary speed and convenience and with the comfort and smoothness demanded of modern railways.

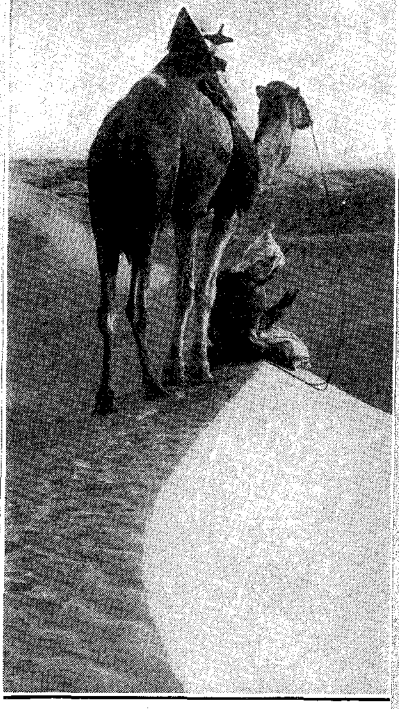
Twenty giant electric locomotives, each eighty feet long and each able to haul seventeen 75-ton Pullman cars, will be supplied with power by five 4000-hp. motor-generator sets. A single operator in the passenger station automatically controls the two power substations miles away.

All these new electric locomotives carry the General Electric monogram. So do the big motor-generator sets. So does the floodlighting system, which gives special distinction to the terminal tower. The same General Electric mark of dependability is also found on thousands of other electric products, such as MAZDA lamps and electric refrigerators,—home necessities which promote health and comfort.

95-628

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 9 P.M., E.S.T. ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK

GENERAL ELECTRIC



A Sahara Sunset
Burning Up the World

YOU'VE done everything? ❧ Not unless you've pushed off in a 12-wheeled Renault into the sun and silence of that sea of sand . . . aloof, horizonless, lit with the pale mirage, sown with the sudden gardens of oases. ❧ A striped tent spread with gorgeous carpets, chickens roasted with olives and lemons and peppery herbs ...kous-kous, the national dish, a feast in itself . . . coffee for gods, red grapes as cold as frozen rubies. ❧ North Africa is yours today . . . camp in the desert, motor along the perfect roads, that link the forty-six smart "Transat" hotels, Moorish palaces with French chefs. ❧ Take the *"Ile de France"* the *"Paris"* or the *"France"* across "the longest gangplank in the world" . . . . . . FIVE days in France afloat to Plymouth, England . . . then le Havre and the boat-train waiting, three hours to Paris . . . overnight to Marseilles . . . twenty-four hours by a French liner across the sapphire Mediterranean to Algiers.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

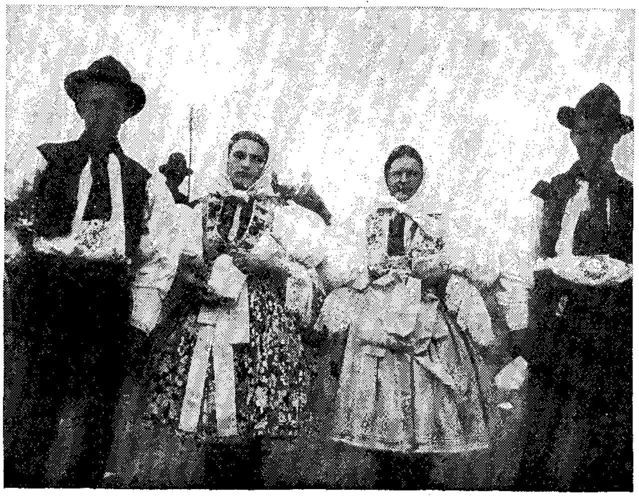
TRAVEL

Brawn and Color In Czecho-Slovakia

by HENRY GODDARD LEACH

THE SLAVIC tide has swept over Czecho-Slovakia. It has separated many Catholic churches from communion with Rome and erased the German names of places from the map. *Ulice* has supplanted *strasse* on the street corners. In Brünn, now Brno, the capital of Moravia, my wife and I found it difficult to navigate the city with the aid of the maps in a pre-war Baedeker. Outside the town we had been informed by a traffic policeman that the leading hotel now was The Slavia. Even in the beer garden very little German was spoken, in spite of the fact that in Prague we had been warned that Brno was "still a German city," and not characteristic enough to enable us to form an impression of the new Republic.

Bohemia is the westward spearhead of the Slav, and its people are an attractive advertisement for their race. The American industrialist will visit their glass factories and metal works and their careful banking houses and be surprised by their exactness and thoroughness. The more casual tourist, however, obtains his thrill from observing the superb physiques of the people and their love of color.

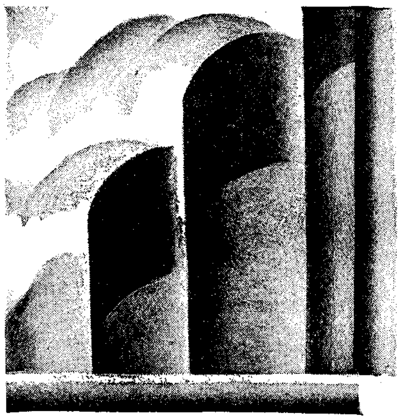


Two Betrothals

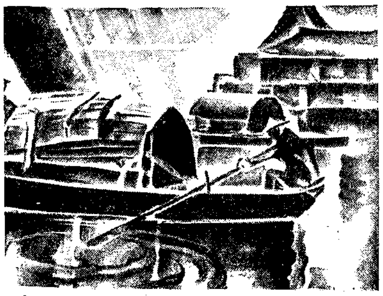
BOTH these exotic elements, athleticism and color, were presented to us in combination the night my wife and I attended the National Theatre in Prague. The performance was *The Legend of Joseph,* a pantomime by Richard Strauss. No word was spoken. Splendid bodies and multicolored draperies were interwoven with the strains of orchestral music into an interpretation of the temptation of Potiphar's wife.

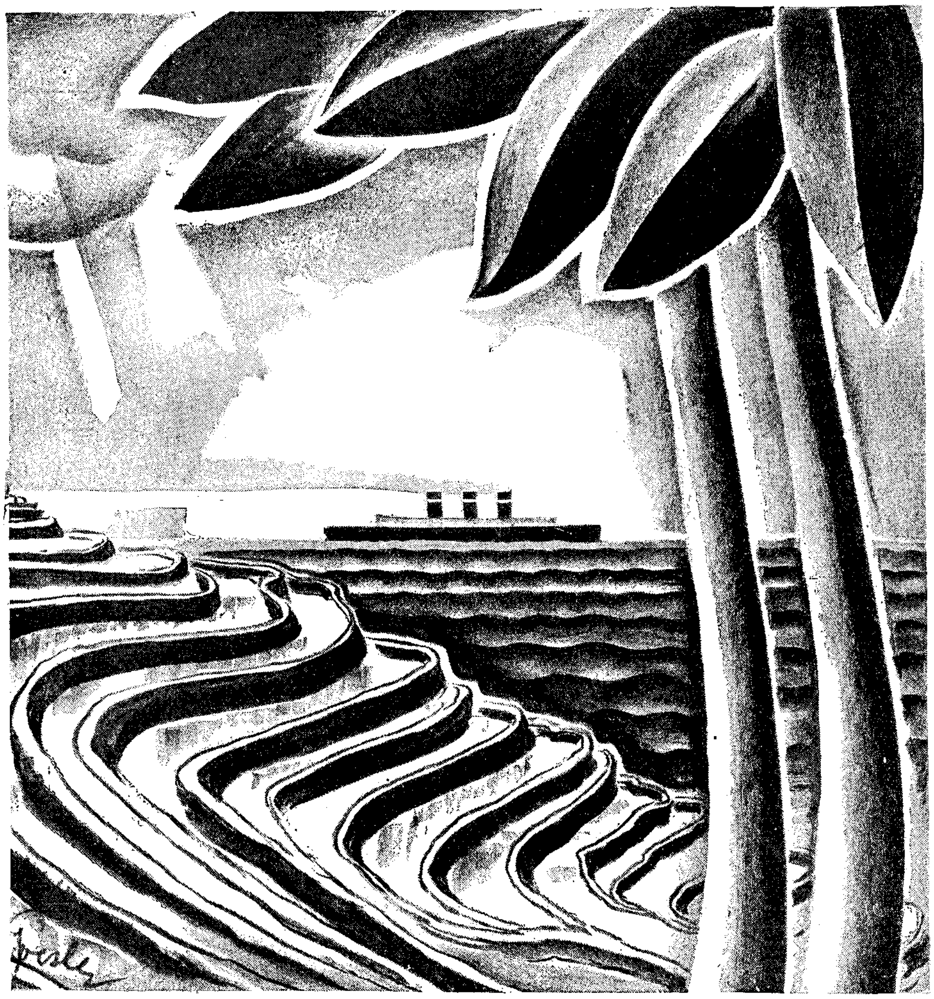
Only superlatives can do justice to that night's performance. Ziegfeld in all his folly never put on a better show. The Bohemian man was glorified equally with the Bohemian girl. The costumes of a Metropolitan Opera ballet would fade by comparison with Prague's blazonry of shifting color. I would cross the Atlantic gladly only to see that performance once more. Fundamentally the spell produced by the dancing lay in the exuberant health of the dancers, and in the nerveless poise of the Slavic peasant carefully trained in the radical creations of a luxurious art. Strauss' varicolored imagination had made rich use of his material.

In the brilliant setting of an ancient Egyptian court a series of dances are presented by the wise man before Potiphar and his wife seated like gods on their throne. Though the performers hold the audience spellbound they only bore the



HAVANA-NASSAU-BERMUDA CRUISES *by* ***Red Star Line.*** *Exotic, sunlit cruises ingeniously planned for that long list of moderns who like to make their winter escapes short and thrilling. All the balminess and tropic fragrance—all the brilliance and color that can be packed into 11 delightful days. The great* ***S. S. Lapland,*** *of the club-like atmosphere, sails from New York December 28, January 11, January 25, February 8, February 22, March 8. $175 up.*





NEW WORLDS OF MYSTERY, DRAMA AND ENCHANTMENT!

WORLD CRUISE OF THE BELGENLAND, *largest, finest liner that has ever circled the globe. From New York December 20 for 133 days of golden pleasures, adventures, drama. On her five former cruises the* ***Belgenland*** *has turned the charmed pages of world-travel experience for 2,000 enthusiastic passengers, and has established a reputation which is entirely unique. Cruise operated jointly by* ***Red Star Line*** *and* ***American Express Co.*** *$1750 (up), including shore excursions.*

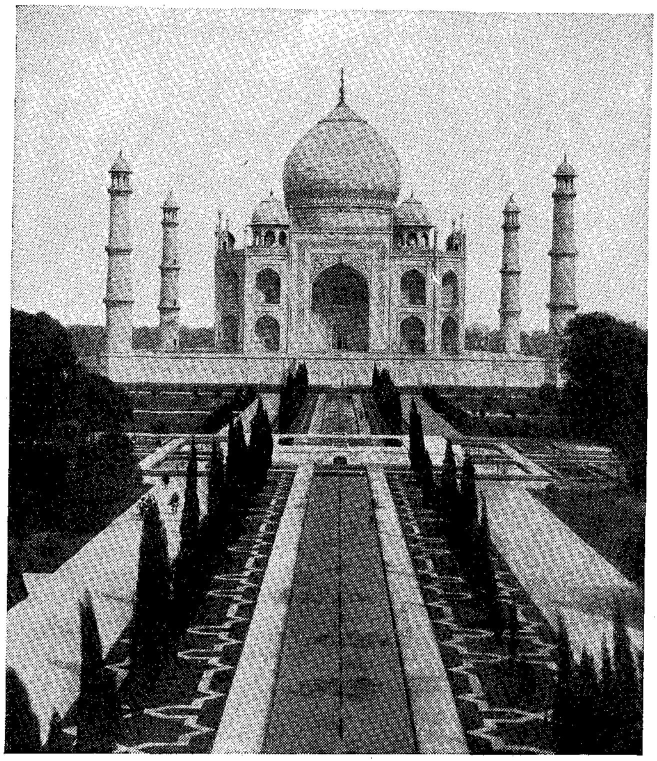
CRUISES TO THE MEDITERRANEAN *by* ***White Star Line.*** *46 days. Revel in sunshine...drink in fascinating sights that lure people to this earthly paradise from all quarters of the globe. Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, Sicily—and five days in Egypt. Sailings from New York:* ***S. S. Laurentic,*** *January 9, February 27;* ***S. S. Adriatic,*** *January 18, March 8. First Class $695 up; Tourist Third Cabin $420; both including complete shore excursions.*

RED STAR LINE
WHITE STAR LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

For full information address No. 1 Broadway, New York; 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 460 Market Street, San Francisco; our offices elsewhere or authorized steamship agents.

AROUND THE WORLD
ON THE CUNARD SUPER-CRUISING STEAMER
FRANCONIA
SAILING FROM NEW YORK JANUARY 11 NEXT



The Taj Mahal

Wonder of Wonders

India—palaces emblazoned with uncut jewels sparkling on golden spires . . . soft-voiced children playing in treasure-lined bazaars . . . and ghats, ever-burning by sacred rivers reflecting halls and mosques of Brahma, Siva and Vishnu . . . in Bombay and Benares, Agra and Delhi, Fatehpur-Sikri and Sikandra . . . just part of this living pageant.

A complete world panorama. A remarkable itinerary —ports never before visited by any world cruise— Amoy, Malacca, Pasuruan, Surabaya. On the ship that has the cruising viewpoint built into her—the largest swimming pool—the largest sport arena in the field of cruising steamers. 138 pleasure-packed days —the prestige and efficiency of two world-famed travel exponents with their 177 years of experience.

Literature and full information from your local agent or

CUNARD LINE
OR
THOS. COOK & SON

pampered tastes of the enthroned connoisseurs — until Joseph comes dancing and fills the woman on the throne with mad desire.

In the second act, after the temptation and threatened punishment, the Archangel of the Lord appears at the top of stairs at the back of the stage, with folded wings radiating light. Joseph ascends into the arms of the Archangel. The curtain falls, the music dies, the Czechs applaud wildly.

As it was only 8:45 when it ended, my wife and I sat on waiting for another act. Slowly we awoke from our trance to find the theater locked for the night and the watchman putting out the lights. He thought Americans hard to please if we expected more entertainment in one evening.

THE BEST day of our vacation in Czecho-Slovakia was a Sunday among the Slovaks of eastern Moravia, Corpus Christi Sunday, when we attended the pilgrimage to Saint Anthony's at Blatnice. All the countryside was a stage set not for acting but for the real life of religious enthusiasm, play, and pageantry, and the display of gorgeous costumes draped on healthy, statuesque bodies. We motored out from Brno toward Uhersky Ostroh. We had not been on the road fifteen minutes before we met old women rolling by like balloons in the wide hoop skirts of our grandmothers' days; and they wore puff sleeves. East of Austerlitz — the scene of Napoleon's victory — the roadside became crowded with men and women in gala dress.

We stopped at one village to see the elevation of the host. The entire population, in red and silver apparel, marched in front of the clergy bearing the host in a covered car and ringing a mass bell. From the church to the village they went, and back again.

In one town of considerable size practically all the swains and damsels paraded in gala. These people are the Slovaks of eastern Moravia. They are rich from prosperous farms, and a great part of their wealth is displayed on their persons. The dress, unlike that of the Bretons and Swedes, is seldom chic; it has endless variety and a too lavish profusion of color. Boots to the knees were *a la mode* for the women. They stood aside as we passed so that we would not splash their boots with mud. The women in bare legs on the roadside, our Czech driver told us, were "poor people and servants."

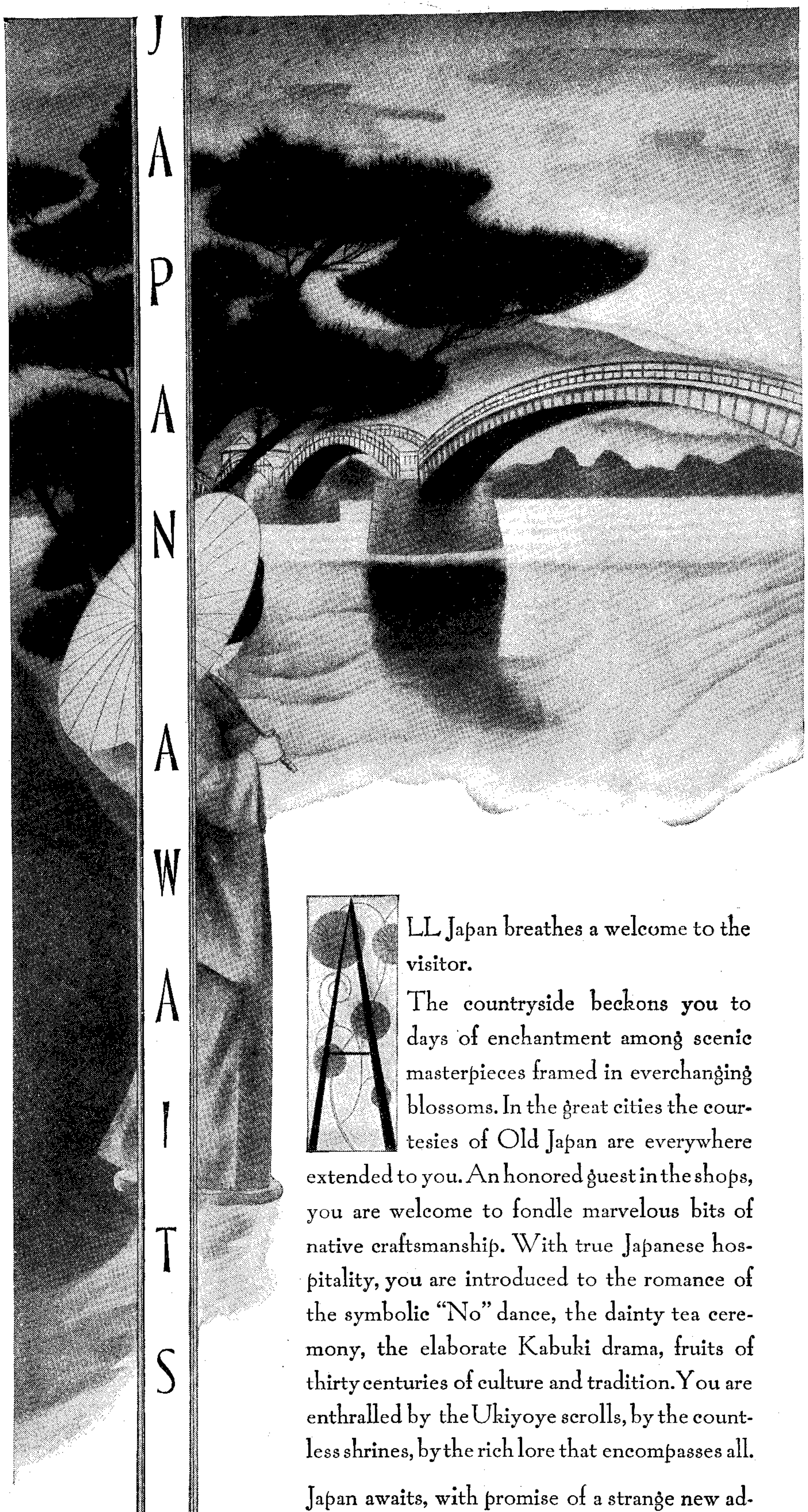
The goal of the pilgrimage of Sv. Antonička is five miles beyond the little town of Uhersky Ostroh. Here, God willing, we will spend the night the next time we visit this land of health and color, and watch parties of pilgrims pass through the town, and walk to Sv. Antonička with one.

At the tiny village of Velká Blatnice we saw on the left a great hill covered with meadow on the front and the back and on each side by a rich forest. On the crown in the centre stood the little church of St. Anthony, quite alone and visible for miles away over the rolling country. This hill was covered with thousands of multicolored human beings. They had come from thirty miles about, the inhabitants of each village walking behind their banner and crucifix.

It was not only a pilgrimage; it was a fair and a trysting place. Secular as well as religious rites were being performed here, merchandizing and matrimony. Our guide pointed out one tall girl in shining lacquered boots, an heiress for whom her mother wished to find a mate. Two men and two girls who seemed to be matched and well content with the day, posed for my kodak. There are but few of these broad-faced, cowhided Slovak maidens whom a Harvard senior could imagine falling in love with. The older and tougher they are, it seems, the more appealing. But I suppose the toughness of their Slavic fibre makes up for their lack of charm.

We arrived about noon, when the pilgrimage was beginning to break up. Parties were descending the hill in various directions, some to Blatnice to spend an afternoon imbibing its sparkling wines. We went up on foot, meeting them singing on the way, and gave all our coppers to the beggars who lined the route. There were few people beside ourselves not in costume. On top was a motley scene. We watched one group drinking the water of a sacred spring. We went in and out among the crowded booths. Over near the woods on the right were the long, decorated wooden carts of the very rich. One by one the families climbed in and drove away. In the valley on the other side of the hill were winding paths where processions wended to distant villages. Yet even after noon the tiny church was crowded with worshipers. Each village came on singing, with a boy bearing its banner and a priest in the ranks. They broke like waves against the side of the church and knelt at the door awaiting their turn. When they had passed inside another group took their places.

"Is this the twentieth century?" asked our sophisticated Bohemian guide. "Is this the Czecho-Slovak Republic of which we have heard so much in Prague?" And yet these people were more competent agriculturists than our own farmers in Iowa. Their devotion blazed with sterling virtue.



ALL Japan breathes a welcome to the visitor.

The countryside beckons you to days of enchantment among scenic masterpieces framed in everchanging blossoms. In the great cities the courtesies of Old Japan are everywhere extended to you. An honored guest in the shops, you are welcome to fondle marvelous bits of native craftsmanship. With true Japanese hospitality, you are introduced to the romance of the symbolic "No" dance, the dainty tea ceremony, the elaborate Kabuki drama, fruits of thirty centuries of culture and tradition. You are enthralled by the Ukiyoye scrolls, by the countless shrines, by the rich lore that encompasses all.

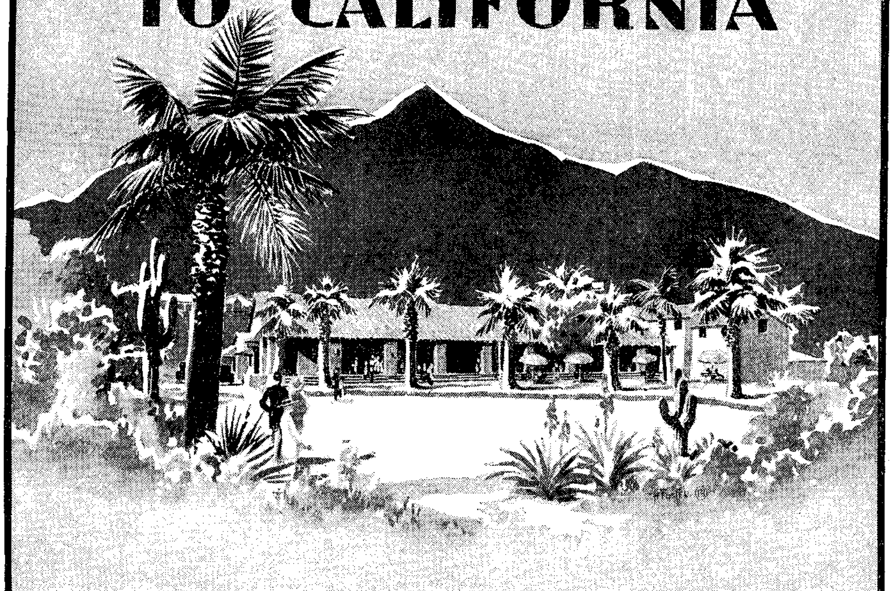
Japan awaits, with promise of a strange new adventure. But with modern railroads, European hotels and motor highways as well as golf and the smarter sports, to assure the travel luxury you have become accustomed to.

The wonderlands of Japan, Korea and Manchuria are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the Dollar Steamship Line, the American Mail Line and Canadian Pacific. Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, American Express Co., Thos. Cook & Son, any tourist agency, or by the

JAPAN TOURIST BUREAU

c/o Japanese Gov't Railways
One Madison Ave., N. Y. City

c/o Nippon Yusen Kaisha
545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City



Rock Island

NEW *de luxe*
GOLDEN STATE
LIMITED
TO CALIFORNIA

A Cruise Through a Topaz Sea

and its archipelago of green oases—through the glorious sunshine of Arizona to California—where mountain-hemmed resorts, luxurious hotels and unique playgrounds summon the traveler to rest and recreation in a land steeped in sunshine and color. Plan to stop over.

America's Newest, Finest Train

Convenient Schedule—Minimum daylight hours en route
—Only 2 days Chicago to California—
3 days from Coast to Coast

Every Travel Luxury—No Extra Fare

Rock Island-Southern Pacific Golden State Route

Best and shortest way Chicago to El Paso, Tucson, Chandler, Phoenix, Indio and Palm Springs. Quickest by hours. Thru sleepers from St. Louis and Minneapolis.

Direct low altitude route to Los Angeles and San Diego

ROCK ISLAND

THE ROAD OF UNUSUAL SERVICE

For detailed information, mail this coupon

Rock Island Vacation Travel Service Bureau
761 La Salle Street Station, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me literature descriptive of Arizona and California and full information regarding train schedules and service via Golden State Route.

Name ....

Address ....

Travel News

WORLD TOURS

SEVERAL of the larger steamship companies are now launching their world cruises — trips which are usually arranged so that the traveler may follow springtime around the globe. The popularity of these cruises grows with each succeeding year and the members return enthusiastically praising the charms of the Mediterranean in January, the Nile in "the season," and Japan in cherry blossom time. The tours are more or less elastic and stopovers are allowed for passengers who wish to investigate further certain seaports or who want to make excursions inland; when the visitors have finished with their exploring they are able to catch up with the boat farther on. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that wherever these cruises go, one is accompanied by the luxuries of American civilization.

THE SOUTH SEAS

WITHIN a month or so — depending upon your favorite weather bureau — the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness will be so far behind as to be almost forgotten, and the season of galoshes and unpleasant winds will have entered its reign. The best thing to do, for those who can do it, is to lay plans now for a post-Christmas migration to the South Seas. With improved transportation facilities, the islands near and around Samoa bid fair to become a popular winter resort. Hawaii is only four days from San Francisco, and the South Sea Islands lie but a few days farther on. Inaccessibility once made the islands a forbidden paradise, but that bar is now removed and Utopia is attainable to all.

LAND OF THE SKY

AT THIS TIME of year the Carolinas are at their best. There, in the "Land of the Sky," autumn is the most delightful of all seasons, and winter delays its arrival long after it is firmly entrenched in the northern states. Aiken and Pinehurst, of course, are the most fashionable — and most expensive — of the resorts, but there are others which, while less renowned, are equally charming. Hunting, golf, polo — either as a participant or as a spectator — and long drives through the mountains are the chief diversions; and the chief attractions — Indian summer of an unrivaled beauty, and the lazy, yet in this locality somehow crisp, atmosphere of the South. Hotels may be found to suit every purse.

AFRICA

BECAUSE North Africa is famous as a hot desert country, it is often assumed that extreme heat is characteristic of the African continent as a whole. This impression is entirely false. The higher elevation of certain sections of Central Africa actually makes winter sports possible in the equatorial regions all the year round. Extremes, however, may easily be avoided. A cold ocean current sweeps around the Cape of Good Hope and gives to the Cape Colony a delightfully mild climate at all seasons. The Golden City of Johannesburg enjoys a climate as temperate as that of California. But those who insist on a subtropical atmosphere will find plenty of it in the Natal Province in South Africa, which receives a warm current from a little north of the Cape.

THE DIM CITY

SOCIETY reporters have assured the world that London's heyday is in June. Accordingly, in that month one may see hundreds of Americans frantically searching for The Cheshire Cheese, devoutly going through the Tower, and hoping to get a glimpse of a real duchess. London in late fall, however, is not to be disdained. There is something about the gray November fogs, and lights going on early in the afternoon, that enhances the attraction of this murky metropolis. The atmosphere at this time of the year is perhaps more thoroughly English than at any other season. Travelers who have decided to avoid the summer rush and to go to a Europe populated by Europeans rather than tourists will do well to consider London as something more than a milestone on the route to Paris. They have the opportunity to see the London of Maugham and Tomlinson — an opportunity which should not be neglected.

MONTEREY

RESIDENTS of Los Angeles and San Francisco can never agree on the merits of their respective cities, but both groups unite in lauding the beauty of the middle ground — Del Monte. The National Amateur Golf Championship held last September focused all eyes not only on the defeat of Bobby Jones but also on the splendor of Pebble Beach. There is, however, a great deal more to be seen on the Monterey peninsula than this famous course. Here, if anywhere, is the American Riviera. Here is where "the mountains look on the forest and the forest looks on the sea." And here, too, is one of the chief gathering places for the aristocracy of this democratic country. Less florid than Southern California, more gracious than the northern territory, Monterey has a magnificence of its own and one which cannot be excelled on this continent. The city of Monterey lies in an amphitheatre formed by gently sloping pine-clad hills. Before the coming of the Americans this was the gayest city of California, and it was here that the San Carlos mission was founded.

HAWAII » Starlight Skies and Tropic Moon Gild Winter With Enchantment

THE call of Hawaii is the song of the South Seas bidding you "Come." It sings of beaches silver under a tropic moon . . . of smart hotels in settings of coco palms . . . of kingly mountains in rainbow robes. It tells of a land that knows no winter . . . of a Christmas Day whose reds and greens are living flowers scattered in reckless profusion against a verdant carpet stretching from sea to sky.

The lure of a climate free from extremes has made the Island Paradise unique among winter resorts. Eager sun-seekers have established a Winter season beginning in Fall and running through Spring. Tonight, little groups of the advance guard are lolling on palm-fringed shores or sporting in starlit waters. Voices that have echoed at Deauville and Cannes blend with soft Hawaiian cadences on broad lanais overlooking the sea.

There is so much to do in Hawaii, so much to see, that even the lengthened season hardly provides time in which to absorb its myriad delights. Each of the major islands has its own attractions, its distinguishing charms. Over all, major and minor, hovers an atmosphere of primitive beauty, of idyllic enchantment.

Make your plans now. No matter where you live the miracle of modern transportation has brought Hawaii to your doorstep. From the four gateways of the Pacific, splendid liners as proud as any that float make the journey in from four to six days, according to the ship selected. Sun-smoothed seas know no season. The voyage becomes a blissful interlude of rest if you wish, or if you prefer, a period of enthralling diversion.

And remember, Hawaii is part of the United States. There is no bother of passports or other formalities.

Hawaii Tourist Bureau

San Francisco, Calif.
1115 Monadnock Building

Los Angeles, Calif.
655 P Chamber of Commerce Building

MATSON Line *from* SAN FRANCISCO
Portland and Seattle
535 FIFTH AVENUE - - - - - - NEW YORK
140 SOUTH DEARBORN - - - - - - CHICAGO
215 MARKET STREET - - - - - SAN FRANCISCO
723 WEST SEVENTH STREET - - LOS ANGELES
1319 FOURTH AVENUE - - - - - - SEATTLE
82½ FOURTH STREET - - - - PORTLAND, ORE.

LASSCO Line *from* LOS ANGELES
in Southern California
730 SOUTH BROADWAY - - - - - LOS ANGELES
521 FIFTH AVENUE - - - - - - - NEW YORK
140 SOUTH DEARBORN - - - - - - - CHICAGO
685 MARKET STREET - - - - SAN FRANCISCO
213 EAST BROADWAY - - - SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
609 THOMAS BUILDING - - - - DALLAS, TEXAS

Any travel agent will gladly give you full particulars and arrange your bookings

To break the back of a long winter . . . a Cunard-Anchor West Indies Cruise . . .

Ten cruises of varying length from 8 to 26 days. An excellent way in which you can economically exchange the depression of winter for sun . . . for gaiety . . . for continental life done up in the golden wrapping of the tropics. Switch your summer vacation to winter and follow the sun! Revel in the color of sun-splashed ports . . . of golf in Nassau . . . swimming in Bermuda . . . dancing in Havana. Substitute a charming chintz-hung Cunard stateroom . . . Cunard vacation genius . . . Cunard service, for traffic jams . . . heated rooms . . . subway skirmishes. Invest in the sun via Cunard and draw nerve-relaxing, joy-inspiring dividends for all the rest of the year.

VARIED ITINERARIES INCLUDING

San Juan, Santiago, Santo Domingo, Port-au-Prince, St. Pierre, Fort de France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda.

Sailing Date from New York	Steamer	Duration of Voyage	Minimum Rates
Dec. 3, 1929	s. s. Franconia	16 days	$200
Dec. 18, "	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Dec. 21, "	s. s. Franconia	16 days	200
Dec. 26, "	s. s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, "	s. s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, "	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, "	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Mar. 15, "	s. s. Caledonia	18 days	200
Apr. 12, "	s. s. Samaria	12 days	175

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR
WEST-INDIES CRUISES

OUR ROSTRUM

Quack or Ostrich?

by HENRY KNIGHT MILLER

The following article was written in answer to "Quacks" by A. A. Roback, which appeared in the May issue. Dr. Roback attempted to show that while "every science has contributed to the lingo or jargon of the 'pseudosophist,' . . . no field has offered richer opportunities to the quack than that of psychology." Mr. Miller does not deny that there are many "fakes, charlatans, and quacks preying upon human ignorance," but he contends that the academic psychologist is not in a position to judge fairly between the quack and the honest student who tries to make a legitimate application of psychological theories to real life. Indeed, Mr. Miller suspects that the very academicism of the theorist makes him all too ready to shout "Quack" at any man who, by making a practical application of these theories, succeeds in giving them a cash value.

THAT QUAINT and whimsical product of the evolutionary process known as *genus homo* has been wont to ridicule a distant relative, the ostrich, because of its traditional habit of hiding its head in sand. And yet some of those who laugh most vociferously emulate that particular species persistently. There are many human ostriches. Occasionally one wanders into a college faculty. He buries his head in the arid sands of academic dogmatism and because his vision carries him no further than the laboratory, test tube, and class room, he repudiates as the rankest of heresy and quackery all that his buried head fails to perceive. Dr. A. A. Roback appears to be such a one. His recent FORUM article captioned "Quacks" was one of the most unscholarly and uncritical that we have ever amused ourselves by reading. While modestly admitting that he is a bona fide scientist, he proceeded to violate that basic principle of scientific procedure which demands a critical and honest investigation of facts.

Dr. Roback complains bitterly about the activities of a group of lecturers who are attempting to popularize psychology and apply psychological principles to the interests and activities of the average man and woman in simple, untechnical, and inspirational form. In the animus which motivated this indiscriminate protest, Dr. Roback is not altogether alone. He appears to be one of a group, gradually diminishing in numbers and academic prestige, who resent the fact that their sacred science is being rescued from the inert obscurity of technical experimentation and academic discussion and carried by unholy hands, shorn of its technical terminology, to minister to the needs of the non-collegiate masses. It is the selfish and infantile resentment of all forms of entrenched scholasticism against lay interference. The opposition of the priest to lay preaching is somewhat analogous. In both cases it is doubtless motivated by a sincere desire to preserve the masses from erroneous teaching, and also, in part, by professional jealousy.

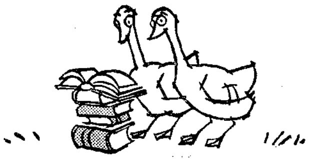
The irresistible movement among college professors of psychology is in the direction of an empirical statement of the science with a reinterpretation and application to human needs. But there is a small group of academic "die-hards" consisting of men who have been specializing too long in the technical and theoretical phases of their subject, and these men fail to perceive that their science is dynamic with potentialities for personal and social betterment. Anyone who, with keener insight, dares to take the lifeless hulk of the science, to breathe into its inert teachings the breath of life, and carry it out, instinct with transforming power, to lift the masses from the dull ruts of mediocrity to the aspiring heights of purposive endeavor, must expect to be assailed as a quack.

Does the professor of mathematics assail as quacks those who apply the principles of mathematics to the transaction of business? Has any professor of chemistry said that those are quacks who build great industries on the application of chemical formulas? Would any sane teacher of physics insist that the field of that science is limited to the college laboratory? Would not an asylum for the mentally deranged be the refuge of a member of a medical school faculty who objected to the application of the principles of surgery to the saving of human life? What, then, is amiss with the point of view of a professor of psychology who contends that students of that science should not carry out what they have learned in college, should not apply their knowledge in conditioning the responses of men and women with the object of improving their behavior in the various relationships of life?

One academic psychologist recently insisted that psychology has nothing to do with health, happiness, or success. Well, that may be true if botany has nothing to do with flowers, or geology with rock formations, or astronomy with the star-studded heavens. Such professors may know a great deal about laboratory experimentation and the fifty-seven varieties of theoretical psychology, but they remain profoundly ignorant of the experiments being performed daily in the vast laboratory of human experience. These experiments upon tens of thousands of men and women have demonstrated — so that all but an ostrich may see — that when the potentialities of psychology are perceived and properly applied, this science may play a strategic part in aiding mankind to achieve the three priceless boons of health, happiness, and at least a relative degree of success.

The professor who declared that psychology has nothing whatever to do with health ignored all the cures of Freud, Jung, Adler, Wittels, Brill, White, Jeliffe, and other masters of analytical psychology; the cures effected by Coué, Boudouin, and other practitioners of suggestive psychology; the cures of Mesmer, Boris Sidis, Quackenbos, Fox, and other practitioners of hypnotic suggestion. He buried his head in the sands and refused to see or consider the unimpeachable evidence showing that psychology can and does play an important part in the matter of health. Any honest and intelligent physician could enlighten the ostrich professors by pointing out the prevalence of functional disturbances, neuroses, hysteria, and hypochondria, and the physician will admit that in such cases the proper treatment is not medical but psychological.

Another outstanding professor offered the astounding observation that brains have nothing to do with success, luck being the only factor involved. He allows no place for attention, observation, imagination, memory, will, self-control, industry, thrift — qualities which psychology may aid in developing. He attributes success solely, or at least primarily, to mere



T LINE
PARIS
PARIS

The Helpful Hand *for* Voyageurs Abroad

It is when you step ashore from the steamer's gangplank that your foreign trip REALLY begins and it is at this precise moment that the American Express, through its uniformed representatives, extends the Helpful Hand of Service.

To voyageurs abroad the Helpful Hand has an important duty to perform—that of making travel easier and simpler. Travelers consult it about passport intricacies, hotels, railroads, steamship reservations and knotty travel problems. And whatever the question may be this Helpful Hand knows the answer or will find it with courtesy and dispatch.

The Helpful Hand is a guarantee of carefree travel service, and an automatic introduction is YOURS the moment you purchase American Express Travelers Cheques. Recognized and accepted for almost two generations this sky-blue currency has earned a popularity and use second only to America's own dollar bill. Issued in denominations of $10, $20, $50, and $100. Cost 75c for each $100. Sold by 22,000 Banks and at offices of the American Express and Railway Express Agency.

for safety and spendability
AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travelers cheques

Steamship tickets, hotel reservations, itineraries, cruises and tours planned and booked to any part of the world by the American Express Travel Department

Spain

—a land of surprises and contrasts

Your European trip can scarcely be complete without a visit to the scenes of ancient splendor and modern color that typify romantic Spain. Let Spain be your gateway to the continent! You will find it unlike any other land . . . unlike anything you may have imagined. That, perhaps, is its greatest charm . . . the constant surprises Spain unfolds for the traveler, for Spain is untouched by the deadening process of modern uniformity. Spain welcomes you . . . and provides comfortable, modern facilities for your travel.

Ancient towns clambering up the hillsides . . . quaint odd corners . . . flourishing market places . . . historic palaces . . . thrilling bullfights . . . gay fiestas . . . let us tell you more about these and help you plan your trip. There is no cost or obligation — we have nothing to sell.

Spanish Tourist Information Office
695 Fifth Avenue New York

Spain is easily accessible from the continent, or direct by new and luxurious Spanish Royal Mail Liners. Booklets and bookings from any travel bureau, or Spanish Royal Mail Line, 24 State St., New York; 80 Boylston St., Boston; 230 Post St., San Francisco; 423 West Fifth St., Los Angeles.

Our Rostrum

fortuitous circumstances. Such a statement reveals how specialization in one phase of a science may blind an otherwise able scholar to all of the larger implications and basic facts of the science of which he perceives but a mere fragment. If this statement were not a patent absurdity, it would kill all ambition, close every college, and make all effort useless and ridiculous.

In his article Dr. Roback calls one of the most brilliant popular lecturers a quack, citing as partial evidence that she lectures on "How to Make a Million Dollars." It happened that in the same issue of The Forum there was an article entitled "Twenty Ways to Make a Million."* Surely the good professor would not allege that The Forum is a quack magazine!

Dr. Roback makes an indiscriminate attack, in his article, on a magazine which is seeking to apply the principles of sound psychology to the interests and needs of the average individual in the myriad activities and perplexities of life. Concerning this periodical he alleges that the only articles by men of accepted academic standing are "excerpts from the works of well-known psychologists, as if these men were paid contributors." But what are the facts? The publication he assails has published authentic interviews setting forth the positions of such leaders of psychological thought as the late G. Stanley Hall, Harry Overstreet, William McDougall, Donald Laird, Havelock Ellis, Edward Carpenter, Alfred Adler, Fritz Wittels, and many others — with the consent and coöperation of those interviewed. Among college professors who have been contributors, nearly every one of whom has accepted payment for his material, are William McDougall, Louis E. Bisch, George Humphrey, Henry Chellew, Charles Boudouin, Elizabeth Hurlock, A. K. Weinberg, Yale S. Nathanson, A. A. Brill, and many others. Thus it is evident that Dr. Roback wrote not as a scientist but as a biased partisan who was "agin' somethin'" and did not discriminate as to where he threw his verbal brick-bats.

Concerning the literary quality of the magazine in question, Dr. Roback says that its principal contributors are "writers who keep repeating themselves *ad nauseam* on almost every page." Again what are the facts? In addition to the able contributors enumerated above, this magazine has published articles by Chancellor Elmer E. Brown, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, William J. Fielding, Thomas L. Masson, Jane Burr, Basil King, A. R. Orage, Wainwright Evans, Nina Wilcox Putnam, H. V. Kaltenborn, Charles W. Wood, the late Dr. Frank Crane, Ralph Waldo Trine, Orrison Swett Marden, Basanta Koomar Roy, Edward Earl Purinton, James R. Crowell, Alfred Stuart Myers, Alvin F. Harlow, and many other sincere, earnest men and women of unquestioned literary taste and ability.

After misrepresenting the publication which is the mouthpiece of the movement to popularize psychology, Dr. Roback pays his respects to its editor who is honored by a special place in the gallery of quacks. A quack is usually a man without education. This particular editor may not have spent as many years in college as Roback — some of us learn more rapidly — but he spent three years in undergraduate work at Ohio Wesleyan, graduating with a B.A. degree the following year from Wesleyan University. Then followed postgraduate work at Yale, Union Seminary, and courses in New York University. He is quite willing to have his own writings judged as to sincerity, strength, sanity, and usefulness in comparison with the writings of Dr. Roback. Concerning his activity in the field of psychology, he must digress a bit.

If the academic, die-hard group form the North Pole of psychology, the popular lecturers and pseudo-psychological spellbinders represent the equator. We should say South Pole to indicate extreme remoteness, but these lecturers are too hot for that! They are primarily men and women of ingratiating personality but limited educational background. Much that they say is true; much is absurdly unscientific and unsound. They lack the critical faculty to distinguish between the valid and the false. Their teachings consist of a weird jumble of New Thought, Christian Science, Theosophy, Oriental philosophy, hygiene, metaphysics, occultism, and psychology. In their minds it is all psychology because some "teacher" with equal lack of discrimination taught it to them as psychology. They ignore academic psychology because they know nothing about it.

Some of these lecturers are conscious fakes, charlatans, and quacks preying upon human ignorance, cupidity, and greed. They are "putting it over" on an uncritical public with scant service commensurate with the extravagant promises upon which they rely to lure the gullible into their courses. Others are self-deceived enthusiasts who have taken a course or two from some untutored

---

*Editor's Note.—This article was by Roger W. Babson, the statistician of business, in which he listed twenty new inventions for which the world is waiting, any one of which, he said, would be worth a million dollars to its inventor.

ALL EXPENSE CRUISES TO THE

WEST INDIES

and CARIBBEAN

by the splendid oil-burning turbine sister-ships "**VOLENDAM**" and "**VEENDAM**"

18 DAYS Leaving NEW YORK, **January 25th**

Visiting: Nassau — Havana — Kingston — Colon (Panama Canal) San Juan (Porto Rico).

17 DAYS Leaving NEW YORK, **February 15th**

Visiting: Port-au-Prince—Kingston—Colon (Panama Canal)—Havana—Nassau.

17 DAYS Leaving NEW YORK, **March 8th**

Visiting: Port-au-Prince—Colon—Kingston—Havana—Nassau.

17 and 18 Day Cruises $230. up.

29 DAYS Leaving NEW YORK, **February 11th**

Visiting: Nassau — Havana — Santiago — Kingston—Colon—Cartagena—Curacao — La Guayra — Trinidad — Barbados — Martinique — St. Thomas — San Juan — Bermuda. Rates $385. up.

Glorious winter vacations of recreation and romance, offering unsurpassed cruising comfort; excellent cuisine, a pleasing personal service; comprehensive excursions ashore and enjoyable recreation aship.

Shore arrangements and special cruise features by the Frank Tourist Co.

Illustrated booklet "3", with full details, sent on request.

HOLLAND - AMERICA LINE

21-24 State Street, New York

Branch Offices and Agents in all principal Cities and FRANK TOURIST CO., *542 Fifth Avenue, New York*

Mediterranean

57 DAYS ~ $495

An all expense cruise. Other tours:
Europe, 37 days, $295; Bermuda, 13 days, $106.
Send for Booklet

ALLEN TOURS 154 Boylston St., Boston

OBERAMMERGAU
19
30
WORLD FAMOUS
PASSION PLAYS

ALL ARRANGEMENTS THROUGH

AMEROP TRAVEL SERVICE

574. 5TH AVENUE. NEW YORK CITY
132. N. LA SALLE STR.. CHICAGO
627. UNION TRUST BUILDING. CLEVELAND

EUROPE

EGYPT—PALESTINE

WINTER—SPRING
SUMMER

Send for booklet

TEMPLE TOURS
INCORPORATED
447 F PARK SQUARE BUILDING
BOSTON, MASS.

Our Rostrum

teacher, have their pictures taken in a faultless tuxedo or gorgeous evening dress, and herald themselves in their circulars as "The World's Greatest Psychologist." They probably believe it, too, though they would flunk a freshman examination in psychology at any third-rate college.

With all of their limitations, however, these popular lecturers have rendered an invaluable service. They may have confused the thinking of some, but they have also caused countless thousands to think, to whom such exercise was quite unknown. They have awakened masses of people from a state of unaspiring mediocrity and aroused an ambition to develop life with a purpose. They have stressed the immense importance and almost unlimited potentialities of the subconscious mind, which academic psychology has for the most part stupidly and blindly ignored. They have led tens of thousands from the haunting, self-depreciatory feeling of the inferiority complex to a sense of rugged self-confidence. They have given innumerable others an idea of the tremendous power of auto-suggestion as an aid in achieving health, happiness, and success. These lecturers have forced the die-hards to think of their science in terms of its values for life. To meet this extra-collegiate competition, college professors have recently published hundreds of useful books applying the principles of psychology to various human problems.

The *self-appointed defender* of an obsolete psychological position rails, in his "Quack" article, about the use of such terms as "animal magnetism," "occultism," "secret forces," "ageless wisdom," "subliminal reserves," "transcendental depths," "telesthenia," "transliminality," and "astral colors." We do not know in the reading of what literature Dr. Roback specializes, but we do know that the magazine he so intemperately assails has never used one of these phrases nor championed any of the ideas or theories they imply in the more than six years of its publication history. Against this whole mass of vague conjecture and unscientific teaching the particular magazine he singled out for criticism has stood as a mighty bulwark.

The last six years the writer has been constructively laboring not only to popularize psychology but also to force the popular psychologists to be more scientific. Vast numbers of their students read the periodical in question. It is slowly but surely shaping their teachings and leading them away from uncritical conglomerates to a sound, sane body of teaching which is an outgrowth of the implications of scientific psychology. It does not profess to be a technical journal written for frozen intellects. It is a periodical in which each living truth is presented in a

THE DELUXE

MEDITERRANEAN

CRUISE

Frank's Eighth Annual Cruise
DeLuxe, Cunard R. M. S. Scythia
from New York, Jan. 28, 1930

54 years' travel experience brilliantly culminates in Frank's eighth cruise to the Mediterranean . . . aboard a ship seven times tried and proved superb for winter cruising.

67 perfectly planned days . . . over a skillfully planned sea-path to ports of pleasure, fashion and romance . . . with an exceptionally long visit in Egypt and the Holy Land . . . and including such unusual ports as Cattaro, Tunis, Venice, Palermo, Taormina, Malta, Ragusa . . . in addition to the usual Mediterranean countries. An itinerary turned into a thrilling adventure, a daring sum-total of all others.

Naturally such a cruise has a wide appeal . . . essentially necessitating early bookings, at rates from $950 . . . including an elaborate program of shore excursions, Cunard's finest First Class service and cuisine, a free stopover in Europe and return by any Cunard steamer. The membership is strictly limited to 390 . . . half capacity.

Full details on request

Established 1875

FRANK TOURIST COMPANY

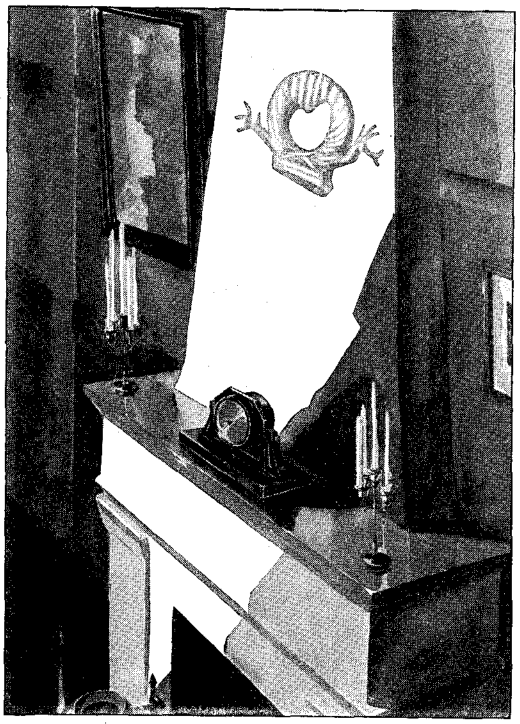
542 FIFTH AVE. at 45th ST., NEW YORK
480 PARK AVE. at 58th ST., NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA . . . . . 1529 Locust Street
CHICAGO . . . . . 175 No. Michigan Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO . . . . . . 29 Geary Street
LOS ANGELES . . . . . 408 So. Spring Street

PUT THE ROMANCE OF SEVEN SEAS ON YOUR MANTEL

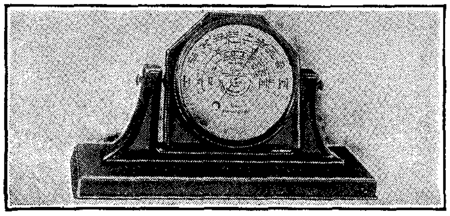
Deep-sea associations cluster about the Stormoguide, modern descendant of the old-fashioned barometer. Into any home it brings the colorful romance of far places...of hard-driven clippers and rusty-sided ships.

As a Christmas gift, the Stormoguide is a graceful compliment, implying a taste for the beautiful and unusual. It's useful, too. A yachtsman or golfer will be glad for this friendly weather-forecaster. In planning a fishing trip, a 'cross-country flight, or what to wear, the Stormoguide will tell what tomorrow's weather will be.



Taylor Stormoguide, same as above, without Stand, $10

A unique gift indeed for home or office, and not likely to be duplicated. Housed in a graceful cabinet of polished walnut finished bakelite. Has 4½″ gold-toned dial, good grade aneroid movement and is adjustable for uses in altitudes from 0 to 2500 feet. The Taylor Stormoguide (*Standing Pattern*) is priced at $15. If your dealer cannot supply you, we invite you to use the coupon below.



Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.
CANADIAN PLANT, TYCOS BUILDING, TORONTO
MANUFACTURING DISTRIBUTORS IN GREAT BRITAIN
SHORT & MASON, LTD., LONDON

Taylor STAND PATTERN *Stormoguide*

COUPON

Taylor Instrument Companies, 99 Ames Street, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Please send one Taylor Stand Pattern Stormoguide for enclosed $15. I understand safe delivery is guaranteed.

Name..........

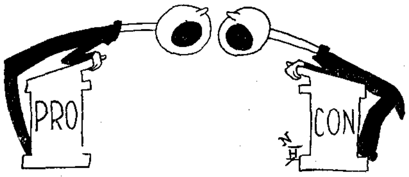
Address..........

City.......... *State*..........

Our Rostrum

manner level to the average understanding and designed to minister to the common needs of men and women in order that they may face the daily battle armed with facts and inspiration that will help them in the struggle to win. If this be quackery, let Dr. Roback make the most of it. However, Dr. Henry Chellew, psychologist and lecturer of the University of London, said: "The founding of this magazine was one of the most significant and momentous events in the entire history of psychology." The Society of Psychological Research, an organization reputed to consist solely of academic psychologists and physicians, by unanimous vote of its directors instructed its president to write the editor congratulating him upon the sane, sound character of the editorial guidance of the magazine.

Who, then, is the quack? The one who perceives the immense value of applying the principles of sound, scientific psychology, and a wholesome, optimistic philosophy, to the needs of the masses and proceeds to help scores of thousands to a degree of larger, fuller life; or the intellectual snob who resents any effort to carry over into the problems of real life the psychological laws, dynamic with immense potentialities for racial regeneration, and who seeks to limit psychology's domain to such procedure as "measuring willed reactions on smoked paper" and "chewing quassia wood in memory experiments?" The writer, without thanks, declines the designation; but even if the accusation did have a shred of justification, he would much rather be a quack than an ostrich.



Let's Have Neither

To the Editor:

One becomes wearied with the old controversy between religion and disbelief, for no one seems to be able to offer anything new on either side. This letter merely points to a menace arising out of atheism to take the place of the present religious menace.

Atheism it seems will eventually triumph over religion, for in the nature of things every action brings about a just and corresponding reaction. The pendulum had to swing back, and already it is half way on its backward course. Organized religion became too dogmatic to stand, too dictatorial to be tolerated, and naturally its following is dwindling with surprising and even gratifying rapidity.

On the other hand atheism offers a threat equally as great as that formerly imposed by religion. Within recent years the denial of a God has been rampant. No longer are people willing to submit to something they can learn nothing about, and God was one of the first things to go on the dust heap. Atheistic societies, speakers, books, and other literature have spread to the most remote parts of the United States, and to-day an attitude as arrogant and domineering as religion's has sprung up. There is small doubt that, once entrusted with power, atheism would be just as intolerant and unbearable as religion.

Perhaps there is a path away from religion and atheism; there scarcely can be a road between. At least one hopes some day to find that path, leading like a gleam of light through the darkness. Dogmatic assertion and dogmatic denial each seem equally vicious and untruthful. Why cannot some of our sincere thinkers advance a new method?

Brice O. Taylor
Sulphur Springs, Texas

What is Conscience?

Forum Definitions

The following have been chosen as the best definitions submitted this month.

1. Conscience is that inner and individual sense of involuntary approval or disapproval following all our conscious and voluntary utterances, actions, decisions, and contacts, manifesting and identifying itself by distinct feelings of moral, mental, and spiritual discomfort, or by a serene satisfaction and a pleasurable contentment of one's whole being. (*Henry J. Weeks, Laguna Beach, Calif.*)
2. Conscience is that attribute of the human mind that condemns self when the boundary of right, as outlined by that particular individual, is overstepped. (*Gorman R. Burtner, Los Gatos, Calif.*)
3. Conscience is the critical and discriminating faculty of the normally intelligent person, having the distinction of functioning specially in the domain of morals, automatically approving or disapproving his conduct while engaged in the performance of any particular or important duty according to what is then its best conception of what is right and just in the premises. (*L. W. Baxter, Philadelphia, Pa.*)
4. The individual's conception of right and wrong, built on the foundation of his lifetime reaction to social approval and condemnation. (*Nathaniel Tischler, Bristol, Pa.*)

Next: — *What is* SANITY? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by November 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition.*

Two Factors
of *timely* importance
to investors . . .

THE current popularity of equity securities is tending somewhat to subordinate regard for basic security values.

Despite styles and markets, fundamentals do not change and security prices generally seek their proper level . . . based eventually on intrinsic worth. Therefore, not only is it prudent but usually it is more profitable to consider fundamentals whenever securities are chosen.

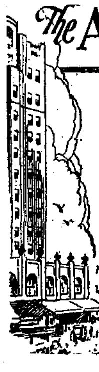
Two factors especially have an important bearing upon the sound value of securities: Capable management in the company; the proven and potential growth in earning power of the business.

Shares of such companies, bought for investment, usually bring far more satisfaction than those chosen less conservatively and less with the idea of permanent investment.

For many years this organization has regarded capable management and sustained earning capacity as most important to the securities it sponsors. Our current investment suggestions are available, without obligation, upon request. Write today for list 189.

George H. Burr & Co.
57 William Street, New York
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL INVESTMENT CENTERS

FORUM FINANCIAL SERVICE
will supply upon request booklets regarding investments, insurance, etc. There is a list of Investment Literature available in the current issue.



The Ambassador
ATLANTIC CITY

Spend November by the Sea
A season that is truly glorious here by the sea . . . a balmy, healthful climate . . . with plenty of sports and attractions . . . golf, horseback riding, swimming in the Ambassador sea-water pool.
At the AMBASSADOR luxurious accommodations-matchless service.
European Plan
Daily Rate { $5 to $14 Single / $8 to $16 Double
685 Rooms 685 Baths

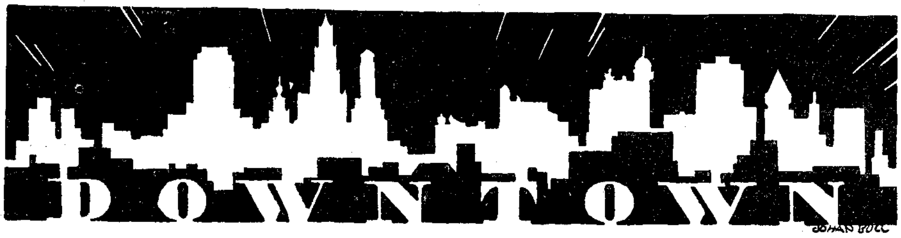
SOUTH AMERICAN CRUISE TOUR
60 DAYS—$975. UP
First Class throughout. Visiting Barbados, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Trinidad.
By S.S. VOLTAIRE
from New York Jan. 18, 1930. Returning to New York March 19.
Rate includes hotels and conducted sightseeing ashore.
Apply to your local agent or,
LAMPORT & HOLT LINE
26 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

TURKEY
—AND NO TROUBLE

COME DOWN for a Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Thanksgiving, where everything is done for you. Turkey—and no trouble. Tables crowded with festivity—and no confusion. Dining-rooms—luxuriously appointed . . . and sun-rooms, a gymnasium, squash courts, Sandy Cove—a playroom for children; the near-at-hand ocean — all are here. And over all is the homelike spirit that makes people come and bring their families to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall.

Come with your family for the whole week. Golf a little, ride a little, or bask in a deck-chair in the sun. Write for rates and literature. A Motoramp garage adjoins the hotel.

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
ATLANTIC CITY
American and European Plans
Leeds and Lippincott Company



Investment Trusts

by DONALD REA HANSON

JUDGING by the relative proportion of new capital raised by different industries in this country during the current year, it would seem that our greatest industry in 1929 has been the business of trading in stocks. And the principle medium through which capital has been obtained for this industry has been the investment trust.

Last August this movement reached its maximum, although there is no assurance that the volume of investment trust financing for August will not be greatly exceeded before the end of this year. At any rate, more than $430,000,000 of financial corporation stocks and bonds were offered and sold to the public during August, out of total financing for the country of $644,000,000 according to an estimate made by the Journal of Commerce. During the first eight months of 1929 an aggregate of $1,778,210,000 of financial corporation securities were offered to the public, out of a total new capital issue for the country of $5,734,000,000 for that period. In other words, about 69 per cent of the new capital issues for August consisted of securities of financial corporations, and in the first eight months of this year 31 per cent of the new financing was for this group of companies.

The figures for investment trusts cannot easily be segregated. For one thing, the term "investment trust" has been broadened so as to include almost any type of corporation that is organized primarily for the purpose of reinvesting its funds in securities. When the investment trust movement was first launched in the United States the type most commonly adopted followed the British pattern. The plan, broadly, was for these corporations to make more or less permanent investments of a widely diversified nature. This diversification was not only geographical and industrial, but financial as well. That is to say, funds were invested in many different countries, in many different types of industries, and in bonds as well as stocks. The motive was to secure safety of principal through broad diversification of risk and to assure a reasonable dividend return from the venture. It was a scheme that had worked out particularly successfully in England and Scotland, and it met a definite need of investors in this country after the war, when it became evident that there were attractive opportunities for investment in foreign countries. Where the individual investor would find it difficult to diversify his funds in foreign securities and keep in close touch with conditions that might affect the value of those securities, the investment trust, handling the funds of a multitude of investors, was in a position to maintain a trained staff of statisticians and executives closely in touch with conditions abroad as well as in this country.

RAPID GROWTH OF TRUSTS

AT THE CLOSE of the World War there was but one investment trust in this country, that is, organized purely as an investment trust. By 1924 there were not more than a dozen. To-day there are probably not less than 450 investment trusts, and in addition many small, private affairs have been organized whose stocks have never been offered publicly. Instances are known where associations of employees in banks and in industrial concerns have been formed for the aggregate investment of their funds. Some of these have been designed after the type of systematic savings associations, with small sums contributed weekly for the purpose of broadening the scope of investments and participating in the rise in the stock market.

How much capital is controlled by investment trusts in the aggregate can only be estimated. An actual count last April placed the total amount of capital in the hands of investment companies at $1,750,000,000. It is known that securities publicly offered since that date would add at least $840,000,000 more. By the end of the current year it seems altogether reasonable that $4,000,000,000 will be at the disposal of investment trusts already organized or trusts which will be organized meanwhile.

This rapid growth has led to innumer-

"He had built a small shop for making screws"

"Today this young man is one of the largest depositors of this Bank"

Mr. Dick Miller, President of the City Trust Co., Indianapolis, Ind., tells a story of two young business men, and the contrast in their present fortunes

"THESE two young men furnish a dramatic contrast," said Mr. Dick Miller. "One of them inherited $35,000; the other, an experienced mechanic and a hard worker, started with a small savings account.

"The first young man came to me one day and said he wanted to sell out all his securities, that he had a chance to buy an interest in a Broadway theatrical production. 'I can make $150,000 in this thing, Dick,' he told me earnestly. 'It's a friend of mine who's staging the show, and he has had two successes in two years.'

"Nothing I could say could dissuade him. He sold out his $35,000 in securities, and put it into the theatrical production—'that was sure to be a whirlwind success.'

"Today he is working a few doors down the street for $30 a week.

"The other young man, the mechanic, came to us a few years ago, wanting to borrow the money to buy two automatic screw machines. We looked him up. He had a savings account with us. He had a modest reserve of sound securities. He had built a small shop for making screws and had paid for the machinery he already had out of his earnings.

"We gladly loaned him the money. He paid off his notes regularly out of his increased business, and the moment the notes were paid he started right in again saving money and making conservative investments.

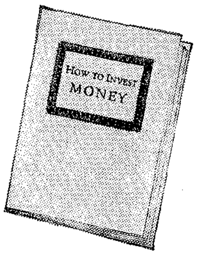
"Today this young man is owner of a substantial, thriving business, and is one of the largest depositors of this bank."

✢ ✢ ✢

Prominent bankers in hundreds of communities are giving depositors in their banks the benefit of their well-rounded knowledge of safe securities. Like Mr. Miller, they feel a very deep responsibility toward the men and women whom they advise on investments. That is why they recommend, above everything else, safety as a first principle of investing.

Good yield, of course, they regard as important, yet always only after safety of principal has been properly judged. Indeed, the average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his own banker, or a high grade investment banker, for advice.

In hundreds of communities, bankers have chosen from Straus offerings for recommendation to their depositors and for purchase for their own bank reserves. Among Straus offerings are bonds of widely diversified types, real estate mortgage, railway, municipal, public utility, and foreign bonds.



Mr. Dick Miller, *President of the City Trust Co., Indianapolis, Ind., formerly President of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, is prominently identified with the business and industrial development of the Indiana metropolis.*

Send for this booklet—As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money". Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for booklet K1003.

ESTABLISHED 1882 **S. W. STRAUS & CO.** INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDINGS . . . *In New York,* 565 Fifth Ave., *In Chicago,* Michigan Ave. at Jackson Blvd., *In San Francisco,* 79 Post St.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, a copy of Booklet K1003, "How to Invest Money".

*Name*____

*Address*__________________________ *City*________________

©1929, by S. W. Straus & Co.

MERGED
MAY 6, 1929

Wherever American Business Extends

WHEREVER American business extends, it receives active and effective coöperation through the facilities afforded by the Guaranty.

The volume of domestic and international business transacted by us, the facilities of our European branches, and the standing of our numerous banking connections in both hemispheres, place us in a position to be of exceptional service to our commercial customers.

We invite executives to discuss with us the banking problems connected with their domestic and foreign business.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS
LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED
PROFITS MORE THAN $285,000,000

able variations and modifications of the investment trust idea. For a while fixed trusts were very popular, as contrasted with the general management type. In such companies a given list of stocks was approved and investments were confined solely to those securities, with provisions for a *pro rata* investment in individual issues. Fixed trusts were organized for investment in railroad stocks, in public utilities, in oil stocks, and for investment in a diversified list of representative securities. The plan has its advantages and disadvantages, but never has it been as popular as the general management trust.

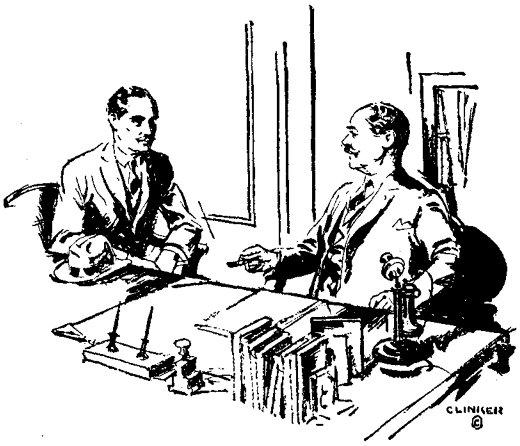
Within the past year, however, the trading corporation type of trust has been the most common. The largest trusts organized lately have been of this type and, judging from the manner in which the shares of such corporations have been eagerly absorbed by investors, they are most popular with the public. Ordinarily the managers of these trading corporations are given the broadest powers. In the public advertisement accompanying the organization of one of the largest of these corporations it was specified in this connection that the company was organized "to buy, sell, trade in, and hold stocks and securities of any kind, to participate in syndicates and underwritings, and to exercise such other charter powers as its board of directors may from time to time determine." Thus the investment trust in the United States has evolved from small associations of investors, looking primarily to the safety of the principal of their investment, to gigantic corporations, investing or speculating with hundreds of millions of dollars, whose managers are possessed of almost unlimited power and discretion in the exercise of the functions of the trust.

CONDITIONS FAVORABLE

NEVER HAVE conditions been more favorable for the organization and the administration of investment trusts than in the past year. Up to the time that this is being written high grade stocks have pursued a steadily mounting trend. Call money rates have been high all the year. These are two important requisites for an investment trust at any time; they are especially important to an investment trust of the trading corporation type. The earnings statements that have been issued by trusts from time to time indicate that large speculative profits have been reaped from securities bought and sold and account for the bulk of the trust income. Typical income sheets of trusts published for the first half of this year have indicated often that as high as 75 per cent of the income has been derived from profits realized from the sale of securities.

Rising prices for securities have made

Why over 500,000 investors own Cities Service securities



There are good reasons why over half a million investors own Cities Service securities—

First—Since its incorporation in 1910, Cities Service Company has paid its stockholders over $185,000,000 in cash and stock dividends. Of this amount, the Common stockholders have received more than $112,000,000.

Second—The nature of Cities Service business is sound and unaffected by seasons or styles. It supplies essential things in life—electric light and power, natural and manufactured gas, and petroleum products, including oils, greases and gasolene, to millions of people in 4000 communities throughout the United States.

Third—The future for Cities Service is bright because the market for its products and services is constantly growing.

Fourth—Cities Service Company securities possess the merits of ready marketability and high collateral value.

No matter how small your income, you can share in the earnings of this great industrial enterprise and prosper as it prospers by investing a portion of your income each month in Cities Service Common stock. At the current market price this well protected security yields over 6% in cash and stock dividends.

Mail the coupon below and you will receive an attractive booklet telling you more about the possibilities of this investment stock and how you can purchase it on the Doherty Partial Payment Plan.

◆ ◆ ◆

An investment in Cities Service Company protects you against the risk of putting all your eggs in one basket. Your dividends come from the earnings of more than 100 Cities Service subsidiaries spread over 35 states and doing a day-and-night business in modern necessities . . . in electric light and power, manufactured and natural gas, and petroleum products.

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY

Fiscal Agents for Cities Service Company

60 Wall Street, New York. Branches in Principal Cities

HENRY L. DOHERTY & CO.
60 Wall St., New York City

Send copy of booklet describing the investment possibilities of Cities Service Common stock.

Name..
Address..
City...2454-176

CASSATT & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1872
PHILADELPHIA

Five Nassau Street
New York

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

MEMBERS
New York Stock Exchange
Philadelphia Stock Exchange

Monthly investment list
sent upon request

BALTIMORE, MD. PITTSBURGH, PA. SCRANTON, PA.
WILKES-BARRE, PA. HARRISBURG, PA. WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
YORK, PA. ELMIRA, N. Y. ALTOONA, PA.
JOHNSTOWN, PA. DOVER, DEL. CHAMBERSBURG, PA.
NEWARK, N. J. ALLENTOWN, PA.

Downtown

the problem of the trading corporation comparatively simple this year, but of no less importance is the prevailing high market for call money.

TRUSTS INFLUENCE PRICES

With a half dozen or more trusts each controlling more than $100,000,000 of funds for investment, it is obvious that their operations in the market for a given security can and do have a powerful effect upon the price of that security. In this respect a trading corporation is in a position to exercise the same effect upon prices that the traditional Wall Street pool has for years past. It is not a coincidence, when stocks like General Electric, American Telephone, and United States Steel are whisked up a hundred points or more, that some months later large investment trusts should report large holdings in these stocks. It is a matter of cause and effect. Buying by the trusts has been instrumental in absorbing the floating supply and forcing prices upward. Ordinarily, however, after a large block of stock is taken out of the floating supply in the market the competition between smaller buyers for shares is enough to bring about the sharp price advances which are daily reported in the financial press.

The transactions in the small floating supply of a given stock are the transactions that make the price for the whole outstanding capital. Take United States Steel, for instance. About 2,000,000 of the outstanding 8,132,000 shares of Steel outstanding comprise the floating supply; that is, stock listed in brokers' names and traded in as street certificates. The remainder is registered in the names of investors, trustees, and others and is more or less permanently placed. Time and again, last summer, transactions in between 200,000 and 400,000 shares per day in Steel common were sufficient to advance the price of the stock five or ten points. The power of investment trusts, with tens of millions at their command, to influence price movements of this sort cannot be questioned. Whether such operations are being undertaken for the establishment of quick trading profits by investment trusts is not so clear, but their power to do so is manifest.

TOO MUCH POWER?

It seems fairly evident now that investment trust operations in the stock market are a far more dominant factor in the trend of prices of selected high grade issues than the old fashioned Wall Street pool ever was. Not many years ago a 25,000 share pool was considered a very substantial one in Wall Street. A 100,000 share pool was considered huge. Yet a

How *Big* Is a Town?

RANKING towns and cities by their human population is not the best way to compare them. When manual toil created most wealth, the man power of a community determined how much it could produce. But in an age of electrical power, usable anywhere any time, available man power no longer sets limits upon the wealth and buying power of a town or village. The notion that the choicest markets are to be found in dense swarms of humanity comes from mental habits inherited from the older day.

The Middle West Utilities System provides electric power to four thousand small and medium-sized communities with a population of 6,000,000. A population of that size has about 2,400,000 people gainfully employed. The power distributed to these communities is equivalent to the working capacity of over 11,000,000 able-bodied men working eight hours a day the year round. No mere "counting of noses" can measure the productive capacity of these towns.

Electric power used in the small communities goes directly into net gains of productive ability and better living. The power used in great cities is largely absorbed in moving people to and from their jobs. The larger the city the more power must be diverted to traction, elevators and other means of combating the handicaps of congestion. In one great city a 15 per cent gain in population caused a 50 per cent increase in car-riding.

In the smaller community no such pyramiding of power use is required. It follows that electric power put to work in a small town profits its people more than the same amount of electric energy in a great metropolis. Electric power brings to the small town a greater per-capita productive ability than it can possibly bring to the big city.

All-pervading net-works of electric power systems, which can be tapped anywhere, have equipped the small town with this productive advantage.

▾ ▾ ▾ ▾

Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in 29 states.

Middle West Utilities Company

The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

In short—
to make profits

That is what your business is trying to do—there's no question about that. But where to make profits and how to make profits are questions.

Where to make profits?

Where there is a market. Where there are many people with plenty of money, high standards of living, liberal habits of spending. Where large sales volume and low sales cost leave respectable margins of profit. No market fills these requirements like metropolitan New York—that is where to make profits.

How to make profits?

In New York ask Bush Distribution Service to show you how it can keep your costs down and raise your sales volume. Your sales force can concentrate on selling—and we will receive, store and deliver your goods. We can save you money on this—as we are saving on the costs of 3,000 other businesses that distribute through us in New York (some of them have saved from 28% to 50%). We can help your volume of sales: first sales are easier and faster with spot stocks well serviced; and re-sales are more certain when the dealer can count on twenty-four-hour deliveries with no mistakes and no damaged goods. Bush Service builds prestige and good will with the trade by getting your goods to the retailer when he wants them and in the quantity and condition he wants.

Some concerns coming into New York use Bush Negotiable Warehouse Receipts, so that their spot stocks in New York supply working capital for New York sales.

Ask us for further details. Your copy of the Bush free booklet, "More Profits in New York," is waiting for you. When you write for it, describe your product and your methods of sale and we will send with the booklet a Bush Service letter telling precisely how we can help your business to succeed in the New York market.

Bush Distribution Service
Bush Terminal Company
100 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

100,000 share pool in the average stock would not require an aggregate capital commitment of more than $10,000,000 or $20,000,000. What shall be said, then, of the power concentrated in the hands of investment trust managers who can swing a $10,000,000 commitment alone, and combined can throw several times that sum into the market in order to influence price movements?

So long as that power is not abused it may not invite criticism; but if investment trusts are to be used as a vehicle for the manipulation of prices in the security markets it will be surprising if it does not draw censure.

SEASONING NECESSARY

In fairness it can be said that so far there have been no external indications that the investment trusts, singly or collectively, have abused the powers that now rest in their hands. The investment trust as it was originally conceived has served a constructive purpose in permitting small investors a breadth of diversification that has never been attainable by them before. It has also simplified the settlement of inheritance taxes for estates. A private estate might have investments in a dozen states and be subject to inheritance taxes in all of them; an investment trust might have the same diversified securities, but the holder of the investment trust share escapes this multiple taxation.

The trading corporation serves a useful purpose in the mobilization of capital and its diversion into industry. Some even visualize the time when corporations in need of capital may deal directly with the trusts as bankers. But the entire movement is too new to foresee its ultimate ramifications.

Almost any industry which has grown from nothing to billion dollar proportions in such a short time requires adjustment and needs the acid test of adversity to determine its weak spots and emphasize its strong ones. The railroad boom after the Civil War suffered growing pains and went through a costly seasoning process in the early nineties. Similar instances of seasoning could be cited in other industries and the securities of those industries. Forty years ago the investment trust movement in England and Scotland went through a period of mushroom growth, a growth which was nourished by the active speculation in the security markets of the eighties. The deflation of the nineties took its toll of the unsoundly managed concerns, but it also demonstrated the mettle of the trusts that had been soundly conceived and well managed. Doubtless it will require an industrial depression and a bear market in securities in this country to determine which principles are sound and which unsound.

You get better values, whatever type of room you prefer, at a . . .

HOTEL STATLER

and you have

RADIO IN EVERY ROOM

. . . and more for your money, always: radio when you throw a switch—ice-water when you press a valve—the morning paper under your door—a good library at your disposal—a reading lamp at your bed-head—your own private bath—all these things, whatever the price of your room, at no added cost.

Restaurants, from lunch-counter or cafeteria to formal a la carte dining rooms, in each hotel.

Fixed rates are posted in every Statler room.

there are Statlers in

Boston

Buffalo

Cleveland

Detroit

St. Louis

New York
[Hotel Pennsylvania]

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.
Established 1818

59 Wall St., NEW YORK

1531 Walnut St.
Philadelphia

60 State St.
Boston

World-Wide Relationships

Foreign Trade
Financed through
Commercial Letters of Credit

Foreign Travel
Facilitated by
Travelers Letters of Credit

Foreign Exchange
Bought and sold

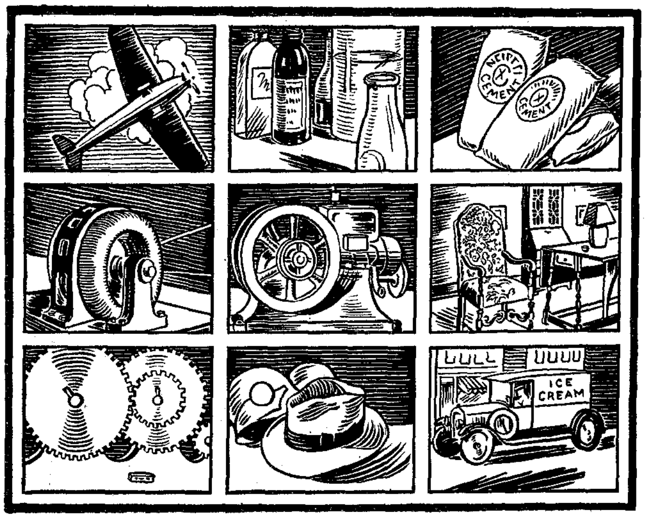
Foreign Securities
Bought, sold and underwritten

Domestic Fields Similarly Covered

BROWN, SHIPLEY & COMPANY

Founders Court, Lothbury, LONDON, E. C.
Office for Travelers, 123 Pall Mall, LONDON, S. W.

No. 8 of a series of Advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated



... From Aircraft to Zinc

AIRPLANES, Bottles, Cement, Dynamos, Engines, Furniture, Gears, Hats, Ice Cream, Jewelry, Knives, Linoleum—from A to Z you can go through the alphabet and list products of manufacturers using electric power or water supplied by subsidiaries of the American Water Works and Electric Company.

... power and water, the daily bread of a thousand industries ...

As these industries grow there will be an increase in the demand for American Water Works and Electric Company service and in the earnings from which the interest and dividends on its securities and those of its subsidiaries are paid.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED
50 Broad Street, New York

[Information about this company, or any of its subsidiaries, will be furnished on request. Write for Booklet K-4.]

© 1929

Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN. A descriptive booklet of the properties owned and operated by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be mailed upon request.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WILLS AND PERSONAL TRUSTS. A booklet dealing with the various types of trusts, their application to individual needs; methods of handling estates; inheritance tax problems; and the services of the bank as executor, administrator, custodian, and guardian. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

MONTHLY MARKET LETTER. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

PROTECTION AND A GOOD INCOME. A booklet describing the benefits of a sound public utility preferred stock with a long record of earnings and dividend payments; well illustrated with photographs of the properties described and charts showing how this stock meets the requirements of a sound investment. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

LOOKING AHEAD FINANCIALLY. A humanly interesting presentation of the surprising accumulation which results from systematic investment and reinvestment, made graphic with tables and illustrations. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE? This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

Financial Department

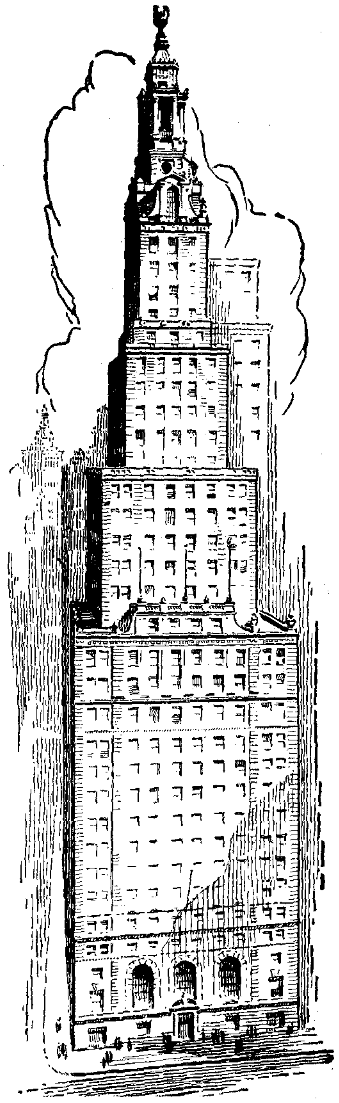
FORUM MAGAZINE

441 Lexington Avenue NEW YORK

Individual Service Since 1784

INDIVIDUAL service is one of the principles on which the Bank of New York and Trust Company was founded by Alexander Hamilton in 1784.

In the one hundred and forty-five years of its existence, this bank has adhered to that principle, adopting new methods only as they were shown to contribute to the success of such a policy. In this way it has achieved a personal and cordial relation with its clients resulting in a sympathetic understanding otherwise difficult to attain.



Bank of New York & Trust Co.

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS OVER $19,000,000

48 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

Uptown Office

Madison Avenue at 63rd Street

NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE MEMBERSHIP NUMBER ONE

★

WEEKS, MONTHS, YEARS—

A Lifetime!

What happens in the minds of those convicts condemned to a living death behind the prison walls? Is it safe to hazard even a guess?

No! The story of an ex-convict proves beyond imagination. In an unusual record to be published in the December FORUM Magazine, Ralph Chaplin, former political prisoner at Leavenworth, sketches in vivid color the conditions which incite men, already desperate, to mutiny.

Frankly an indictment of the prison system as it exists to-day, this personal history gives the public an opportunity to see behind the bars and interprets the psychology of the trapped criminal. *Read*—

SHARE MY CELL!

in the December FORUM

Forum Financial Service

Mr. Donald Rea Hanson, Editor of *"Downtown,"* will be glad to give *Forum* readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

Address
EDITOR "DOWNTOWN"

THE FORUM
441 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.

The PESSIMISM of Protoplasm

by **DONALD F. ROSE**

As a journalist, one who must wring from the death rattle of a typewriter his modicum of daily bread, I take all knowledge to be my province. There are no secret places, no forbidden fields. Others may shrink from the deadly autocracy of fact, others may glue shut the darker pages of the Encyclopaedia in order to protect innocent youth, but I must know all. Or nearly all.

In the throes of this professional curiosity, not even a Constitutional amendment could isolate me from the temptations of Evolution. It is impossible for me to move into the Solid South, and elsewhere Evolution is in the air. It is being done by our best people. It is approved by our leading newspapers. It is frankly practiced in our more advanced institutions of learning. As a man who has once had a letter published in *The New York Times*, it is incumbent upon me to know all about it. Or nearly all.

I discovered Evolution one day during my diurnal devotional readings in the *Britannica*, nestling coyly midway between Eugenics and Excommunication. Deep I drank of its intoxicating verbiage, its heady hypotheses, its aspiring and inspiring speculations. The pattern of the past and the fate of the future were spread before me, and I myself at their crisis and conjunction. The universe pivoted about me. It was a swell sensation.

Thereafter I searched everywhere for light, more light. I searched the night clubs, the popular science magazines, and the whole natural history of the common pole, or civet, cat. I made a pilgrimage down to the Aquarium and considered the embryological implications of its frustrated fish. I snatched solemn and sacred moments at the Zoo in Central Park, eating meanwhile an offering of peanuts at the shrine of my ancestors. I went to Hoboken, and to the Metropolitan Museum, and to Woodbury, N. J. By way of the lending library I crossed over to Java, and there met *Pithecanthropus Erectus* in all her fragmentary loveliness. I found a long-lost brother in the Heidelberg Man and kept Old Home Week in the caves of the Cro-Magnons. I talked to the brother-in-law of a scientist who writes syndicate articles for Mr. Hearst.

And at last sheer inspiration — the sort of inspiration for which we journalists pray nightly to the shade of Horace Greeley — suggested that I go directly to original sources. I would go to New York University.

I asked a sophomore to show me Dr. Alexis Carrel. He threw his cigarette into a Grecian urn, put his hands in his pockets, and nodded me down a corridor. There in a cubicle sat an unmistakable scientist. "You are Doctor Carrel?" I asked. "Heaven help me, I am," he answered.

I stood on tiptoe in my eagerness. "You have a piece of protoplasm," I said anxiously.

"No doubt about it," said the doctor. "So have you. It's nothing unusual."

"You misunderstand me," I said, hurt tears crowding into my trustful eyes. "You have a piece of cell tissue, a living scrap of essential protoplasm, a fragment of the mystery of life. You keep it in your laboratory and feed it salt water."

The Doctor looked at me reproachfully. "You've been reading the newspapers," he said. I hung my head. "Never mind," he consoled. "One must read something. Come on in."

He took me down another corridor and into a bathroom without a bath or other evidence of habitation. On a marble slab under a glass dome was a small soup plate, and in it a scrap of meat. Just that and nothing more, but I recognized it at once as the protoplasm. Thrills ran up my back and lost themselves in the roots of my hair. I thought of Columbus and Balboa and Darwin and Clarence Darrow. I, too, was on the threshold of unexplored immensities. "Is this it?" I breathed. "It is," he agreed.

"Where did it come from?" I asked. "Out of the nowhere into the here, I suppose."

"No," said the doctor. "It came from the heart tissue of a White Brahma pullet. The rest of it is kept under glass in the Campus restaurant, with or without mayonnaise. One of our proudest collegiate traditions."

"Wonderful," I said. "And it is really alive?"

"Practically," said the doctor. "About as alive, let us say, as Monday morning at half-past three. No more. It eats and grows and multiplies. It hardly thinks at all — certainly not beyond elementary metaphysics and Pre-Raphaelite aestheticism. It never says a word — never. Admirably good company, though."

"They say," I remarked, "that it doubles itself every day, and if left alone might fill the universe."

"I wouldn't say that," said the Doctor. "We haven't tried it, you know. We scientists must be so careful."

"May I talk with it — interview it?" I said, masking my eagerness back of a casual tone. He nodded. "And have you a microscope handy?"

"It won't do you any good," he said, pulling one from his hip pocket. "It looks very much like the Democratic Party on a wet Sunday in Pennsylvania. But go ahead. Don't poke it or excite it — it's just had its breakfast." He went out.

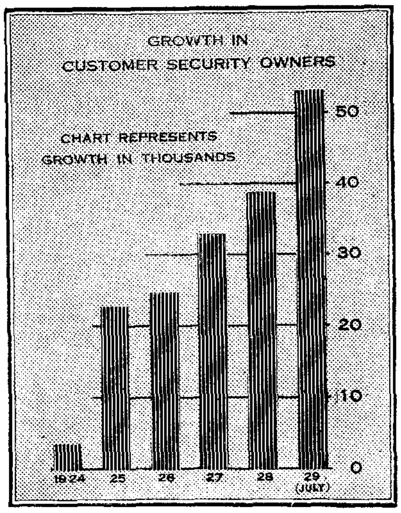
I ADJUSTED the microscope to my eye, expertly enough, for my grandfather was once a British Major-General. I looked at the protoplasm. Disappointment smote me like a blow. The doctor was right. It didn't look like anything. It looked like Heywood Broun. With a sigh I laid the microscope aside.

There must be some way, I thought to myself, very much as Sherwood Anderson would have thought in a like emergency. Here was life — vital, living life, pulsing, eager, fertile. Crying across the great gulf of biology, crying its inarticulate emotions from the protoplasmic depths of time, crying its chicken heart out, no doubt, for sympathy and understanding. This was my brother, no less; my brother's door was open to me; why should I not open my door to my brother?

Protoplasm called to protoplasm out of my hidden depths. Cell sang to cell; I heard as if from afar their amœbic harmonies. I loosed the buttons of my vest and relaxed my collar; I took off my garters. Released from the restraints of the flesh, my spirit was suddenly free. I took off my shoes. The protoplasmic pæan sang out sure and clear. I bowed my head to the fragment; it loomed up, it filled my vision,

Associated System

Founded in 1852



52,300 Customers
Have Invested $42,000,000

One in every 24 of the 1,200,000 customers served is an investor in Associated securities. As daily users of electricity and gas they participate in the success of the business serving them.

The population is increasing in the territories served, and the demands for electricity are increasing at an even greater rate. Steadily growing earnings, and the wide extent of the operations, have made the Associated System a major public utility and given its securities an established investment position.

Write for our 16 page booklet "P" on the Class A Stock

ASSOCIATED AG&E GAS & ELECTRIC 1852 SYSTEM

Associated Gas and Electric Company
Incorporated in 1906
61 Broadway New York City

SPENCERIANS
100% write!

FINE ~ MEDIUM ~ STUB
DOME-POINTED ~ BROAD-EDGE

No 42

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY, 349 Broadway, New York City
For. 11-29
Enclosed find 25c for an expert CHARACTER ANALYSIS of my handwriting, and sample pens. (Ask any questions about yourself or your vocation.)
Name.......................... Address..........................

WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU
of
THE FORUM MAGAZINE

¶ Since the inauguration of the Women's Club Bureau a month or so ago we have had the pleasure of outlining a number of bibliographies on a wide range of topics for use in club programs.

¶ The discussion of present day questions of civic, social, economic, and international interest presents a very real difficulty to the inexperienced speaker. If your club has a particular subject for study the Women's Club Bureau will be glad to outline a course of study, a series of programs, or an individual speech.

¶ All inquiries addressed to the Women's Club Bureau—The Forum, 441 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt and adequate attention. *There is no charge of any kind for such services.*

A Service for Club Women

Table Talk

it overhung me like a mountainous cloud, fervid with thunder eddies. At their center sat the ancient, amœbic, and ancestral cell, just emerging from a subdivision. He was a little pale, a little haggard, but entirely self-contained.

"This," said he, "is by no means an exciting existence. I find myself, as usual, not a little depressed by a sense of febrile futility, and by the monotony of this everlasting amœbic separation into indistinguishable identities. Life, for me, is simply one parting after another. I am not complaining, but I frankly do not feel that I am getting anywhere in particular."

I spoke humbly. "If you will pardon me, I think you do very well. You bear up splendidly under what seems to be an exacting destiny; your head is bloody, I suppose, but certainly unbowed."

"Rather neatly put," he said, swelling up a little, but stopping suddenly as though in fear of premature division. "Quite good, in fact."

"It's not entirely original," I murmured.

He rolled over and looked at me with a little scorn. "Of course not. The whole idea of originality is entirely specious. Outside of myself and my associates in parallel lines of endeavor there are, of course, no originals. There never have been; I doubt there ever will be."

"Oh, come now," I expostulated, dimly resentful. "We make some progress, you know. Times have changed since, for instance, the Paleozoic age."

"I haven't," said he. "I don't think you have. The Paleozoic difficulty was simply an incident. Beastly weather, of course, but just an incident. You're wearing a different shirt, of course, but plasmically you're not so much. You never were."

I CHANGED the subject. "You're looking very well," I said.

"Oh, I get along," he admitted, with perhaps a faint blush of pride. "I've got stamina. I'm a credit to my primordial protoplast, if I do say it myself. I carry on. Lots of them went out, you know, during the Interglacials — weak-kneed, spindly jellyfish. I'm a tough baby. But does it get me anywhere? I ask you." He sighed, and looked down his back where the cleavage of a new division was already well defined.

"It's something, you know," I urged, "for a plasm to carry on the life history of the domestic hen. Why, it might be oysters. Or scallops. Or amateur violinists."

He turned away. "You'll have to excuse me a moment," he said. I watched, fascinated, while he divided neatly and expertly and shook off his new neighbor. He wriggled a little and went on. "Oh, it's all right. But you can't blame me for wishing I could better myself. There's that horse crowd. They've done some rather neat things. Eohippus, Protorohippus, Neohipparion — a whole lot of new models. How's your own line getting along?"

"Rather well, I think," I said. "There're several types, of course. There's me, for instance, and Aldous Huxley. It has taken a long time, but we think it was worth it."

"Who is this Huxley?" said the cell suspiciously. "One of those Neanderthals?"

"My dear fellow," I remonstrated, "you're behind the times. That was ages ago."

"Time doesn't make a whole lot of difference," he said, gloomily. "You have your experiences. You change your name, you change your size, you change your shirt — and what of it? You're still the same old plasm. Don't talk to me — I know. I had my cock-eyed ambitions once, and I put in the whole Tertiary period on them. And what did I get? A long-tailed rooster with corns!"

"How old are you?" I asked. "That is, if it's not too personal a question."

"It doesn't matter," he said. "But if all my biological experiments were laid end to end, it would make a positively stupid and practically interminable exhibition. Hens and eggs, eggs and hens, with a rooster or so for comic relief — simply appalling."

"And which," I asked, trembling a little at my boldness, for I was at last at the Gordian knot, "which came first?"

He winked at me. "You'd be surprised," he said.

"That, sir," I said indignantly, "is no fair answer."

"It's no fair question," he replied, "especially to one in my condition. Can't you see I have a division coming on? Hey, there," he addressed his neighbor offspring, "move over!" And again he subdivided.

"You should be in the real estate business," I said, sadly.

A cool, firm hand fell on my shoulder, the faint, fresh breath of formaldehyde brushed my brow, and the protoplasm shrank swiftly away. There was a white-frocked nurse at my side. "I'm afraid you are over-exciting our little patient," she said kindly. "And it is time he had his bath and shave."

"Excuse me," I mumbled and incontinently fled. And on the steps I met a pedagogue — a professor, or perhaps a president. "A glorious day," he greeted me, cheerily. "A day for achievement, for happy visions, for the high hopes of youth. How good it is to be alive in this best of all worlds."

"You can blame it on the weather," I said, sourly enough, and walked around to the back of him. Sure enough, by the evidence of his frock tail coat, he was already about to divide down the middle.

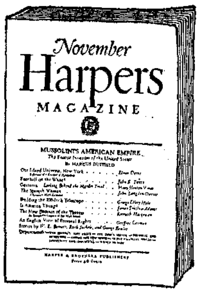
Will you accept at our risk this

Special Introductory Offer

6 MONTHS

of Harper's Magazine

for only $1.00!



Harper's Magazine has more than doubled its circulation in four years — proof positive of its appeal for alert-minded people. We feel sure that once you have enjoyed its vigorous youthful personality, you too will become a permanent reader. And if you are not satisfied after reading the first issue you receive — which ordinarily costs forty cents — we will gladly refund your dollar.

Each month, Harper's will bring you brilliant, authoritative presentation of subjects and points of view in which cultured people naturally take keen interest. In circles where educated Americans gather, where talk is spirited and fearless, discussion so frequently turns on some new article in Harper's!

The November issue is typical. In "Mussolini's American Empire," Marcus Duffield shows how Il Duce — claiming dictatorship over four million American citizens — taxes them, conscripts them for military service, and punishes them for any but undivided loyalty to him!

Elmer Davis — who knows his New York as well as any man living — tells some new things about it in "New York — Our Island Universe." John R. Tunis asks — and answers — the question, "Is Football on the Wane?" And there are stories by Ruth Suckow, W. R. Burnett, and George Bowles.

Norman Hapgood recently called Harper's "one of the few American magazines with any mental vigor." You will agree when you have read this and following issues. Won't you protect yourself against missing these issues by using the coupon now?

HARPER'S MAGAZINE F-11-29
49 East 33rd Street, New York

I am enclosing one dollar for your six months' offer to new subscribers. I understand that if the first issue is not satisfactory to me, you will return my money.

Name ....

Address ....

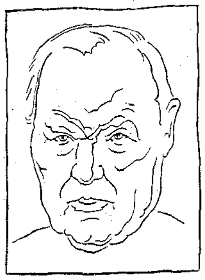
....

TOASTS

America may claim some credit as a contributing factor in George Bernard Shaw's life, in spite of the fact that to date he has refused to visit this country. In 1875, after hearing the American revivalists, Moody and Sankey, in Dublin, Mr. Shaw asserted that if this was religion, he, G.B.S., was an atheist. And when, in 1882, the American Socialist, Henry George, visited England, Mr. Shaw was speedily converted to his way of thinking. To write the biography of such a man as Shaw is no easy task, but versatile Archibald Henderson has undertaken to do so — with considerable success. A dual life leads most people into difficulties, but even a triple life holds no terrors for Mr. Henderson. As a staid and sober scientist, he reads abstruse papers before national scientific societies and lectures on Einstein. In another incarnation he is a historian, digging deeply into the records of the eighteenth century life of pioneers such as Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clarke, and their confreres. Then, shedding the skins of the scientist and the historian, he emerges as a dramatic critic, man of letters, and biographer of G.B.S.

For the past twenty-nine years Dr. John Joly has occupied the chair of Geology and Mineralogy at the University of Dublin. An editor of *The Philosophical Magazine*, Dr. Joly has received the Royal Society's medal for research in Physics and Geology, and the Murchison medal in recognition of his inquiries into the thermal properties of minerals and the relation of radioactivity to geology. Dr. Joly has also made important contributions to the study of color photography and to the theory of biological processes.

Some time ago Clarence Darrow said that after observing his seventieth birthday he had decided to spend the rest of his days in writing, speaking, traveling, reading, loafing, and other pursuits which accomplish what Anatole France called the purpose of life: killing time. But unless Justice speedily reforms, Mr. Darrow will probably continue defending unfortunates in his career against capital punishment. As lawyer for the defense in many of the most spectacular criminal trials of this century, he has always been on the side of the under dog — consistently humanitarian.



Clarence Darrow

Since returning to New England from Earlham College in Indiana, where he has been lecturing on modern literature, E. Merrill Root has devoted most of his time to his poetry. Robert Frost considers Mr. Root one of the most promising of America's younger poets.

Margaret Emerson Bailey, a native New Englander, began her career as a journalist. *Round Robin Hood's Barn*, her first book, was a collection of essays. Now poetry is holding her attention and a book of poems is in preparation. *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and The Forum have all published her verse.

Theodore Dreiser

As author, playwright, and journalist of Continental renown, Sil-Vara gained American fame last year when the New York Theatre Guild produced his play *Caprice*. Sil-Vara claims to have been born twice: the first time in Austria, and the second some eighteen years later when he first arrived in England. He says in a recent letter from Hollywood, "I think I have gone through nearly everything life has to offer, and I am glad of it. I love life, but am awfully curious to know what it will be like on another plane. And I share the conviction of the mystics that there are eternal laws governing the Universe and that the planets influence each other and you and me."

In spite of the extreme heat of New York City in August, Theodore Dreiser spent most of his time there, editing the proofs of his new book, *A Gallery of Women*, which Horace Liveright will soon publish. Then, too, Mr. Dreiser has been busy putting in order the third of his novels in the Cowperwood trilogy, that series in which *The Financier* and *The Titan* are volumes one and two.

Study and practice in the subjects of neuro-psychiatry, speech-correction, and other forms of mental hygiene have occupied Dr. Smiley Blanton since his undergraduate days at Vanderbilt University. At present Professor of Child Study and Director of the Nursery School at Vassar College, Dr. Blanton is constantly making new experiments, lecturing, and writing on child psychiatry. He is the author of *Speech Training for Children* and *Child Guidance*, both of which Century has published. Associated with Dr. Blanton at Vassar is Dr. Woodbridge Riley, who has been Professor of Philosophy at that college since 1908. Dr. Riley has lectured on this subject both in Europe and America, and is the author of *American Thought — From Puritanism to Pragmatism* and *From Myth to Reason*.

A London newspaper has described Dr. James Murphy as "one who looks at the world with the heart of an Irishman and the mind of a philosopher." A true cosmopolitan — he was educated in Ireland, France, Germany, and Italy — Dr. Murphy speaks several languages and has delivered lectures before native audiences in French, German, and Italian. During the war the Northcliffe press sent Dr. Murphy to Europe as special correspondent, and since the war he has continued his wanderings, studying and lecturing on world conditions. He is particularly interested in the possibility of an eventual United States of Europe.

A middle-westerner by birth, Richard T. Sherman graduated from Harvard in 1928. While there he served a literary apprenticeship on *The Harvard Crimson*, and is now on the Editorial Staff of The Forum.

Dearing Ward was born at "Otterbourne," a place near Lynchburg, Va., which has belonged to her family since before the Revolution. Her first Ward ancestor in America was one Major John Ward, who was so beloved of the Indians that after his death they performed their ritual dance of mourning on his front lawn. A descendant of several Colonial governors of Virginia, of that Colonel Charles Lynch who patriotically started what is now lynching, and of Patrick Henry, Miss Ward says that it is probably natural that she should regard quite seriously her article on "The Decline of the Female Sex." Three years ago she came to New York, was a shop girl for a week, designed tapestries for several months, and danced on the stage.

As lecturer, author, and Chief of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations, Salvador de Madariaga is recognized as an authority on international relations. His discussions of world affairs appear frequently in The Forum.

The new novel by André Maurois, *Atmosphere of Love*, is having as satisfactory a reception as have his biographies, *Ariel: The Life of Shelley* and *Disraeli*.

Having left the post of book reviewer for The Forum, Donald Rose is finding more time to devote to the writing of his humorous verse and essays — that is, when he can temporarily forget his duties on the Editorial Staff of *The Philadelphia Public Ledger*.